English Minor Poems
Paradise Lost
Samson Agonistes
Areopagitica

BY JOHN MILTON



WILLIAM BENTON, *Publisher*

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CHICAGO LONDON TORONTO GENEVA SYDNEY TOKYO

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BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

JOHN MILTON, 1608–1674

JOHN MILTON was born in Bread Street, London, on December 9, 1608 "My father," he wrote, "destined me, while yet a little boy for the study of humane letters Both at the grammar-school and also under other masters at home, he caused me to be instructed daily " At the age of seventeen he was admitted to Cambridge Here his first years were darkened by unpopularity and a quarrel with the college authorities, but he worked diligently and by the time he received his Master of Arts degree in 1632, his unusual powers had won him recognition and esteem At Cambridge he decided to abandon his original plan of entering the service of the Church, giving as his reason that he preferred "blameless silence before the sacred office of speaking, bought and begun with servitude and forswearing "

Milton's literary gifts were apparent early *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity* was written while the poet was still at Cambridge *L'Allegro* and its companion piece, *Il Penseroso*, two masques, *Arcades* and *Comus*, and *Lycidas*, an elegy for a college friend drowned at sea, were the fruit of six years of study, chiefly of the classics, that followed the termination of his university career These years, passed quietly with his father in the rural setting of a small Buckinghamshire village, were succeeded by fifteen months of travel in France and Italy where he was widely received He made a special visit to Galileo, "grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition for thinking in Astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought "

Even in the pastoral setting of *Lycidas* there were unmistakable stirrings of Milton's concern with the problem of church reform When, in 1641, this became one of the crucial issues in the rising tide of civil war, Milton emerged from his life of study and teaching Renouncing his poetry for militant prose, he scourged those who favored Episcopacy, holding them responsible for arresting the course of the Reformation His attack was framed in a series of pamphlets, the most elaborate of these being a treatise entitled *The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty*

In 1643, when he was thirty-five, Milton married Mary Powell, the seventeen-year-old daughter of a Cavalier family After a few weeks she returned to her home and seemed to have no intention of continuing the relationship Two years later, however, she came back, and their married life was resumed There were three daughters of this union and a son who died in infancy Mary Powell herself died in childbirth in 1654

In the same year that his wife left him, Milton wrote his famous treatise, *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce, Restored to the good of both sexes from the Bondage of Canon Law and other Mistakes*, asserting that marriage being a "private matter" could be dissolved in cases of incompatibility This incendiary tract and another on the same subject happened to have been published without a license immediately after the enactment of a

new ordinance requiring the licensing of all works Accordingly proceedings against Milton were instituted His answer was *Areopagitica a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing* published the following year without a license

With the fall of the Stuarts in 1649 Milton mobilized his energies in the service of Cromwell and the Commonwealth In answer to *Eikon Basilike* a work of disputed authorship purporting to be the last meditations of Charles I he wrote *Eikonoklastes* a point by point refutation Published the same year was a pamphlet entitled *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates proving that it is lawful and hath been held so in all ages for any who have the power to call to account a Tyrant or wicked King and after due conviction to depose and put him to death if the ordinary Magistrate have neglected or denied to do it* This was probably instrumental in Milton s appointment as Latin Secretary to the Council of State a position he retained until 1660 The poet continued to defend the Commonwealth against the attacks of continental writers in a series of Latin tractates This controversy raged for four years with an extraordinary degree of violence and personal vituperation Milton s participation against the advice of physicians brought him to total blindness

Turning once more to domestic affairs Milton focused his attention on church reform advocating the complete separation of Church and State and mutual tolerance between Protestant sects In 1660 on the eve of the Restoration and with full awareness that his was one of the last voices to be raised against the readmitting of kingship Milton published *The Ready and Easy Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth* and a number of other pamphlets outlining a plan for a permanent parliament

The Restoration put an end to Milton s public life and forced him to go into hiding Just why he was not executed with the other prominent supporters of the Commonwealth is not clear At the age of fifty two after nineteen years of stormy political activity he again turned to the studious and literary pursuits of his youth To this last period of his life belong his greatest poetic achievements *Paradise Lost* (1667) its sequel *Paradise Regained* (1671) and finally *Samson Agonistes* (1671) His prose writings of these last years include a miscellany of scholarly and historical works and *De Doctrina Christiana* the final statement of his religious position which by a series of mischances was not published until 1825

Underlying this vigorous literary activity was the loneliness of Milton s personal life Totally blind at the time of Mary Powell s death he lived in helpless dependence on his motherless daughters who grew up resenting him and careless of his comfort and wishes This bleak home life was interrupted briefly in 1656 by the poet s marriage to Katharine Woodcock who died in childbirth less than a year later In 1663 he married Elizabeth Minshull then but twenty five She seems to have brightened his last decade which was passed in quiet study tempered with music and the company of friends Weakened by the gout and other maladies he died on November 8 1674 and was buried beside his father in the church of St Giles Cripplegate

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

On the Morning of Christs Nativity

Compos'd 1629

I

THIS is the Month, and this the happy morn
  Wherin the Son of Heav'ns eternal King,
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring,
For so the holy sages once did sing,
  That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace

II

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,
Wherwith he wont at Heav'ns high Councel-Table,
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside, and here with us to be,
  Forsook the Courts of everlasting Day,
And chose with us a darksom House of mortal Clay

III

Say Heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no vers, no hymn, or solemn strein,
To welcom him to this his new abode,
Now while the Heav'n by the Suns team untrod,
  Hath took no print of the approching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright

IV

See how from far upon the Eastern rode
The Star-led Wisards haste with odours sweet,
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet
Have thou the honour first, thy Lord to greet,
  And joyn thy voice unto the Angel Quire,
From out his secret Altar toucht with hallow'd fire

THE HYMN

I

It was the Winter wilde
While the Heav'n born childe
  All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies
Nature in aw to him
Had doff't her gawdy trim
  With her great Master so to sympathize
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun her lusty Paramour

II

Only with speeches fair
She woo's the gentle Air
  To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow
And on her naked shame
Pollute with sinfull blame
  The Saintly Vail of Maiden white to throw
Confounded that her Makers eyes
Should look so neer upon her foul deformities

III

But he her fears to cease
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace
  She crown'd with Olive green came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphear
His ready Harbinger
  With Turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing
And waving wide her mirtle wand
She strikes a universall Peace through Sea and Land

IV

No War or Battails sound
Was heard the World around
  The idle spear and shield were high up hung
The hooked Chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood
  The Trumpet spake not to the armed throng
And Kings sate still with awfull eye
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by

V

But peacefull was the night
Wherin the Prince of light

His raign of peace upon the earth began
The Windes with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joyes to the milde Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While Birds of Calm sit brooding on the charmed wave

VI

The Stars with deep amaze
Stand fixt in stedfast gaze,
Bending one way their pretious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or *Lucifer* that often warn'd them thence,
But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,
Untill their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go

VII

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The Sun himself with-held his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferiour flame,
The new enlightn'd world no more should need,
He saw a greater Sun appear
Then his bright Throne, or burning Axletree could bear

VIII

The Shepherds on the Lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sate simply chatting in a rustick row,
Full little thought they than,
That the mighty *Pan*
Was kindly com to live with them below,
Perhaps their loves, or els their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busie keep

IX

When such musick sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortall finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blisfull rapture took
The Air such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echo's still prolongs each heav'nly close

X

Nature that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
  Of *Cynthia's* seat the Airy region thrilling
Now was almost won
To think her part was don
  And that her raign had here its last fulfilling
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union

XI

At last surrounds their sight
A Globe of circular light
  That with long beams the shame-fac't night array'd
The helmed Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim
  Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displaid
Harping in loud and solemn quire
With unexpressive notes to Heav'ns new-born Heir

XII

Such Musick (as 'tis said)
Before was never made
  But when of old the sons of morning sung
While the Creator Great
His constellations set
  And the well-ballanc't world on hinges hung
And cast the dark foundations deep
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep

XIII

Ring out ye Crystall sphears
Once bless our human ears
  (If ye have power to touch our senses so)
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time
  And let the Base of Heav'ns deep Organ blow
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to th'Angelike symphony

XIV

For if such holy Song
Enwrap our fancy long
  Time will run back and fetch the age of gold
And speckl'd vanity
Will sicken soon and die

And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould,
And Hell it self will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day

XV

Yea Truth, and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Th'enameld *Arras* of the Rain-bow wearing,
And Mercy set between,
Thron'd in Celestiall sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down stearing,
And Heav'n as at som festivall,
Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace Hall

XVI

But wisest Fate sayes no,
This must not yet be so,
The Babe lies yet in smiling Infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss,
So both himself and us to glorifie
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakefull trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

XVII

With such a horrid clang
As on mount *Sinai* rang
While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out brake
The aged Earth agast
With terrour of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the center shake,
When at the worlds last session,
The dreadfull Judge in middle Air shall spread his throne

XVIII

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins, for from this happy day
Th'old Dragon under ground
In straiter limits bound
Not half so far casts his usurped sway,
And wrath to see his Kingdom fail,
Swindges the scaly Horrour of his foulded tail

XIX

The Oracles are dumm,
No voice or hideous humm

Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine
With hollow shreik the steep of *Delphos* leaving
No nightly trance or breathed spell
Inspires the pale ey'd Priest from the prophetic cell

XX

The lonely mountains o're
And the resounding shore
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament
From haunted spring and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale
The parting Genius is with sighing sent
With flowre inwov'n tresses torn
The Nimphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn

XXI

In consecrated Earth
And on the holy Hearth
The *Lars* and *Lemures* moan with midnight plaint
In Urns and Altars round
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the *Flamins* at their service quaint
And the chill Marble seems to sweat
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat

XXII

Peor and *Baalim*
Forsake their Temples dim
With that twise batter'd god of *Palestine*
And mooned *Ashtaroth*
Heav'ns Queen and Mother both
Now sits not girt with Tapers holy shine
The Libyc *Hammon* shrinks his horn
In vain the *Tyrian* Maids their wounded *Thammuz* mourn

XXIII

And sullen *Moloch* fled
Hath left in shadows dred
His burning Idol all of blackest hue
In vain with Cymbals ring
They call the grisly king
In dismall dance about the furnace blue
The brutish gods of *Nile* as fast
Isis and *Orus* and the Dog *Anubis* hast

XXIV

Nor is *Osiris* seen
In *Memphian* Grove, or Green,
  Trampling the unshowr'd Grasse with lowings loud
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest,
  Naught but profoundest Hell can be his shroud,
In vain with Timbrel'd Anthems dark
The sable-stoled Sorcerers bear his worshipt Ark

XXV

He feels from *Juda's* Land
The dredded Infants hand,
  The rayes of *Bethlehem* blind his dusky eyn,
Nor all the gods beside,
Longer dare abide,
  Not *Typhon* huge ending in snaky twine
Our Babe to shew his Godhead true,
Can in his swadling bands controul the damned crew

XXVI

So when the Sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
  Pillows his chin upon an Orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale,
Troop to th'infernall jail,
  Each fetter'd Ghost slips to his severall grave,
And the yellow-skirted *Fayes*,
Fly after the Night-steeds, leaving their Moon-lov'd maze

XXVII

But see the Virgin blest,
Hath laid her Babe to rest
  Time is our tedious Song should here have ending,
Heav'ns youngest teemed Star,
Hath fixt her polisht Car,
  Her sleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending
And all about the Courtly Stable,
Bright-harnest Angels sit in order serviceable

A Paraphrase on *Psalm* 114

This and the following *Psalm* were don by the Author at fifteen yeers old

When the blest seed of *Terah's* faithfull Son,
After long toil their liberty had won,
And past from *Pharian* fields to *Canaan* Land,

Led by the strength of the Almighties hand
Jehovah's wonders were in *Israel* shown
His praise and glory was in *Israel* known
That saw the troubl'd Sea and shivering fled
And sought to hide his froth becurled head
Low in the earth *Jordans* clear streams recoil
As a faint host that hath receiv'd the foil
The high huge bellied Mountains skip like Rams
Amongst their Ews the little Hills like Lambs
Why fled the Ocean? And why skipt the Mountains?
Why turned *Jordan* toward his Crystall Fountains?
Shake earth and at the presence be agast
Of him that ever was and ay shall last
That glassy flouds from rugged rocks can crush
And make soft rills from fiery flint stones gush

Psalm 136

Let us with a gladsom mind
Praise the Lord for he is kind
  For his mercies ay endure
  Ever faithfull ever sure

Let us blaze his Name abroad
For of gods he is the God
  For &c

O let us his praises tell
That doth the wrathfull tyrants quell
  For &c

That with his miracles doth make
Amazed Heav'n and Earth to shake
  For &c

That by his wisdom did create
The painted Heav'ns so full of state
  For &c

That did the solid Earth ordain
To rise above the watry plain
  For &c

That by his all commanding might
Did fill the new made world with light.
  For &c

And caus'd the Golden-tressed Sun,
All the day long his cours to run
For, &c

The horned Moon to shine by night,
Amongst her spangled sisters bright
For, &c

He with his thunder-clasping hand,
Smote the first-born of *Egypt* Land
For, &c

And in despight of *Pharao* fell,
He brought from thence his *Israel*
For, &c

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain,
Of the *Erythræan* main
For, &c

The floods stood still like Walls of Glass,
While the Hebrew Bands did pass
For, &c

But full soon they did devour
The Tawny King with all his power
For, &c

His chosen people he did bless
In the wastfull Wildernes
For, &c

In bloody battail he brought down
Kings of prowess and renown
For, &c

He foild bold *Seon* and his host,
That rul'd the *Amorrean* coast
For, &c

And large-limb'd *Og* he did subdue,
With all his over hardy crew
For, &c

And to his Servant *Israel*,
He gave their Land therin to dwell
For, &c

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our misery
  For &c

And freed us from the slavery
Of the invading enimy
  For &c

All living creatures he doth feed
And with full hand supplies their need
  For &c

Let us therfore warble forth
His mighty Majesty and worth
  For &c

That his mansion hath on high
Above the reach of mortall ey
  For his mercies ay endure
  Ever faithfull ever sure

The Passion

I

Ere-while of Musick and Ethereal mirth
Wherwith the stage of Ayr and Earth did ring
And joyous news of heav'nly Infants birth
My muse with Angels did divide to sing
But headlong joy is ever on the wing
  In Wintry solstice like the shortn'd light
Soon swallow'd up in dark and long out-living night

II

For now to sorrow must I tune my song
And set my Harpe to notes of saddest wo
Which on our dearest Lord did sease er e long
Dangers and snares and wrongs and worse then so
Which he for us did freely undergo
  Most perfect *Heroe* try'd in heaviest plight
Of labours huge and hard too hard for human wight

III

He sov'ran Priest stooping his regall head
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes
Poor fleshly Tabernacle entered
His starry front low-rooft beneath the skies

O what a Mask was there, what a disguise!
  Yet more, the stroke of death he must abide,
Then lies him meekly down fast by his Brethrens side

IV

These latter scenes confine my roving vers,
To this Horizon is my *Phoebus* bound,
His Godlike acts, and his temptations fierce,
And former sufferings other where are found,
Loud o're the rest *Cremona's* Trump doth sound,
  Me softer airs befit, and softer strings
Of Lute, or Viol still, more apt for mournful things

V

Befriend me night best Patroness of grief,
Over the Pole thy thickest mantle throw,
And work my flatter d fancy to belief,
That Heav'n and Earth are colour'd with my wo,
My sorrows are too dark for day to know
  The leaves should all be black whereon I write,
And letters where my tears have washt a wannish white

VI

See see the Chariot, and those rushing wheels,
That whirl'd the Prophet up at *Chebar* flood,
My spirit som transporting *Cherub* feels,
To bear me where the Towers of *Salem* stood,
Once glorious Towers, now sunk in guiltles blood,
  There doth my soul in holy vision sit
In pensive trance, and anguish, and ecstatick fit.

VII

Mine eye hath found that sad Sepulchral rock
That was the Casket of Heav'ns richest store,
And here though grief my feeble hands up-lock,
Yet on the softned Quarry would I score
My plaining vers as lively as before,
  For sure so well instructed are my tears
That they would fitly fall in order d Characters.

VIII

Or should I thence hurried on viewles wing,
Take up a weeping on the Mountains wilde,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and spring
Would soon unboosom all their Echoes milde,

And I (for grief is easily beguild)
  Might think th' infection of my sorrows loud
Had got a race of mourners on som pregnant cloud.

This Subject the Author finding to be above the yeers he had when he wrote it, and nothing satisfi'd with what was begun, left it unfinisht.

On Time

Fly envious *Time*, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy Plummets pace;
And glut thy self with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more then what is false and vain,
And meerly mortal dross;
So little is our loss,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
And last of all, thy greedy self consum'd,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss;
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love shall ever shine
About the supreme Throne
Of him, t' whose happy-making sight alone,
When once our heav'nly-guided soul shall clime,
Then all this Earthy grosnes quit,
Attir'd with Stars, we shall for ever sit,
  Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee O Time.

Upon the Circumcision

Ye flaming Powers, and winged Warriours bright,
That erst with Musick, and triumphant song
First heard by happy watchful Shepherds ear,
So sweetly sung your Joy the Clouds along
Through the soft silence of the list'ning night;
Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bear
Your fiery essence can distill no tear,
Burn in your sighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep sorrow,
He who with all Heav'ns heraldry whileare
Enter'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;
Alas, how soon our sin
  Sore doth begin

His Infancy to sease!
O more exceeding love or law more just?
Just law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we by rightfull doom remediles
Were lost in death, till he that dwelt above
High thron'd in secret bliss, for us frail dust
Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakednes,
And that great Cov'nant which we still transgress
Intirely satisfi'd,
And the full wrath beside
Of vengeful Justice bore for our excess,
And seals obedience first with wounding smart
This day, but O ere long
Huge pangs and strong
Will pierce more neer his heart

At a Solemn Musick

Blest pair of *Sirens*, pledges of Heav'ns joy,
Sphear-born harmonious Sisters, Voice, and Vers,
Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ
Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce,
And to our high-rais'd phantasie present,
That undisturbed Song of pure content,
Ay sung before the saphire-colour'd throne
To him that sits theron
With Saintly shout, and solemn Jubily,
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud up lifted Angel trumpets blow,
And the Cherubick host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal Harps of golden wires,
With those just Spirits that wear victorious Palms,
Hymns devout and holy Psalms
Singing everlastingly,
That we on Earth with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise,
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against natures chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair musick that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect Diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good
O may we soon again renew that Song,
And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God ere long
To his celestial consort us unite,
To live with him, and sing in endles morn of light

On SHAKESPEAR 1630

What needs my *Shakespear* for his honour'd Bones
The labour of an age in piled Stones
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a Star-ypointing *Pyramid?*
Dear son of memory, great heir of Fame
What need'st thou such weak witnes of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thy self a live-long Monument
For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art
Thy easie numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd Book
Those Delphick lines with deep impression took
Then thou our fancy of it self bereaving
Dost make us Marble with too much conceaving
And so Sepulcher'd in such pomp dost lie
That Kings for such a Tomb would wish to die

On the University Carrier

who sickn'd in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to *London*, by reason of the Plague

Here lies old *Hobson*, Death hath broke his girt
And here alas, hath laid him in the dirt
Or els the ways being foul, twenty to one
He's here stuck in a slough, and overthrown
'Twas such a shifter, that if truth were known
Death was half glad when he had got him down
For he had any time this ten yeers full
Dodg'd with him, betwixt *Cambridge* and the Bull
And surely, Death could never have prevail'd
Had not his weekly cours of carriage fail'd
But lately finding him so long at home
And thinking now his journeys end was come
And that he had tane up his latest Inne
In the kind office of a Chamberlin
Shew'd him his room where he must lodge that night
Pull'd off his Boots, and took away the light
If any ask for him, it shall be sed
Hobson has supt, and's newly gon to bed

Another on the same

Here lieth one who did most truly prove,
That he could never die while he could move,
So hung his destiny never to rot
While he might still jogg on, and keep his trot,
Made of sphear-metal, never to decay
Untill his revolution was at stay
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainst old truth) motion number'd out his time
And like an Engin mov'd with wheel and waight,
His principles being ceast, he ended strait
Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath,
Nor were it contradiction to affirm
Too long vacation hastned on his term
Meerly to drive the time away he sickn'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with Ale be quickn'd,
Nay, quoth he, on his swooning bed out-stretch'd,
If I may not carry, sure Ile ne're be fetch'd,
But vow though the cross Doctors all stood hearers,
For one Carrier put down to make six bearers
Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,
He di'd for heavines that his Cart went light,
His leasure told him that his time was com,
And lack of load, made his life burdensom,
That even to his last breath (ther be that say't)
As he were prest to death, he cry'd more waight,
But had his doings lasted as they were,
He had bin an immortall Carrier
Obedient to the Moon he spent his date
In cours reciprocal, and had his fate
Linkt to the mutual flowing of the Seas,
Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase
His Letters are deliver'd all and gon,
Onely remains this superscription

L'Allegro

Hence loathed Melancholy
Of *Cerberus*, and blackest midnight born,
In *Stygian* Cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shreiks, and sights unholy,
Find out som uncouth cell,
Where brooding darknes spreads his jealous wings

And the night Raven sings
There under *Ebon* shades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
As ragged as thy Locks,
In dark *Cimmerian* desert ever dwell.
But com thou Goddes fair and free,
In Heav'n ycleap'd *Euphrosyne*,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely *Venus* at a birth
With two sister Graces more
To Ivy-crowned *Bacchus* bore;
Or whether (as som Sager sing)
The frolick Wind that breathes the Spring,
Zephir with *Aurora* playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on Beds of Violets blew,
And fresh-blown Roses washt in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So bucksom, blith, and debonair.
Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and Wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on *Hebe's* cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrincled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Com, and trip it as ye go
On the light fantastick toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crue
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free;
To hear the Lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-towre in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to com in spight of sorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
Or the twisted Eglantine.
While the Cock with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darknes thin,
And to the stack, or the Barn dore,
Stoutly struts his Dames before,

Oft list'ning how the Hounds and horn
Chearly rouse the slumbring morn,
From the side of som Hoar Hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill
Som time walking not unseen
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
Right against the *Eastern* gate,
Wher the great Sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames, and Amber light,
The clouds in thousand Liveries dight
While the Plowman neer at hand,
Whistles ore the Furrow'd Land,
And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the Mower whets his sithe,
And every Shepherd tells his tale
Under the Hawthorn in the dale
Streit mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the Lantskip round it measures,
Russet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,
Where the nibling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barren brest
The labouring clouds do often rest
Meadows trim with Daisies pide,
Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide
Towers, and Battlements it sees
Boosom'd high in tufted Trees,
Wher perhaps som beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes
Hard by, a Cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged Okes,
Where *Corydon* and *Thyrsis* met,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of Hearbs, and other Country Messes,
Which the neat-handed *Phillis* dresses,
And then in haste her Bowre she leaves,
With *Thestylis* to bind the Sheaves,
Or if the earlier season lead
To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead,
Som times with secure delight
The up-land Hamlets will invite,
When the merry Bells ring round,
And the jocond rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the Chequer'd shade,
And young and old com forth to play
On a Sunshine Holyday,

Till the live long day light fail
Then to the Spicy Nut brown Ale
With stories told of many a feat,
How *Faery Mab* the junkets eat
She was pincht and pull d she sed
And he by Friars Lanthorn led
Tells how the drudging *Goblin* swet
To ern his Cream bowle duly set
When in one night ere glimps of morn
His shadowy Flale hath thresh d the Corn
That ten day labourers could not end
Then lies him down the Lubbar Fend
And stretch d out all the Chimney s length
Basks at the fire his hairy strength
And Crop-full out of dores he flings
Ere the first Cock his Mattin rings
Thus don the Tales to bed they creep
By whispering Windes soon lull d asleep
Towred Cities please us then
And the busie humm of men
Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold
In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold
With store of Ladies whose bright eies
Rain influence and judge the prise
Of Wit or Arms while both contend
To win her Grace whom all commend
There let Hymen oft appear
In Saffron robe with Taper clear
And pomp and feast and revelry
With mask and antique Pageantry
Such sights as youthfull Poets dream
On Summer eeves by haunted stream
Then to the well trod stage anon
If *Jonsons* learned Sock be on
Or sweetest *Shakespear* fancies childe
Warble his native Wood notes wilde
And ever against eating Cares
Lap me in soft *Lydian* Aires
Married to immortal verse
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes with many a winding bout
Of lincked sweetnes long drawn out
With wanton heed and giddy cunning
The melting voice through mazes running
Untwisting all the chains that ty
The hidden soul of harmony

That *Orpheus* self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heapt *Elysian* flowres, and hear
Such streins as would have won the ear
Of *Pluto*, to have quite set free
His half regain'd *Eurydice*
These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth with thee, I mean to live

Il Penseroso

Hence vain deluding joyes,
   The brood of folly without father bred,
How little you bested,
   Or fill the fixed mind with all your toyes,
Dwell in som idle brain,
   And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
   As the gay motes that people the Sun Beams,
Or likest hovering dreams
   The fickle Pensioners of *Morpheus* train.
But hail thou Goddes, sage and holy,
Hail divinest Melancholy,
Whose Saintly visage is too bright
To hit the Sense of human sight,
And therfore to our weaker view,
Ore laid with black staid Wisdoms hue
Black, but such as in esteem,
Prince *Memnons* sister might beseem,
Or that Starr'd *Ethiope* Queen that strove
To set her beauties praise above
The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended
Yet thou art higher far descended,
Thee bright-hair'd *Vesta* long of yore,
To solitary *Saturn* bore,
His daughter she (in *Saturns* raign,
Such mixture was not held a stain)
Oft in glimmering Bowres, and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody *Ida's* inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of *Jove*
Com pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestick train,
And sable stole of Cipres Lawn

Over thy decent shoulders drawn
Com but keep thy wonted state
With eev n step and musing gate
And looks commercing with the skies
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes
There held in holy passion still
Forget thy self to Marble till
With a sad Leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast
And joyn with thee calm Peace and Quiet
Spare Fast that oft with gods doth diet
And hears the Muses in a ring
Ay round about *Jo es* Altar sing
And adde to these retired Leasure
That in trim Gardens takes his pleasure
But first and chiefest with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing
Guiding the fiery wheeled throne
The Cherub Contemplation
And the mute Silence hist along
Less *Philomel* will daign a Song
In her sweetest saddest plight
Smoothing the rugged brow of night
While *Cynthia* checks her Dragon yoke
Gently o re th accustom d Oke
Sweet Bird that shunn st the noise of folly
Most musicall most melancholy!
Thee Chauntress oft the Woods among
I woo to hear thy eeven Song
And missing thee I walk unseen
On the dry smooth shaven Green
To behold the wandring Moon
Riding neer her highest noon
Like one that had bin led astray
Through the Heav ns wide pathles way
And oft as if her head she bow d
Stooping through a fleecy cloud
Oft on a Plat of rising ground
I hear the far off *Curfeu* sound
Over som wide water d shoar
Swinging slow with sullen roar
Or if the Ayr will not permit
Som still removed place will fit
Where glowing Embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom
Far from all resort of mirth

Save the Cricket on the hearth,
Or the Belmans drousie charm,
To bless the dores from nightly harm
Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,
Be seen in som high lonely Towr,
Where I may oft out-watch the *Bear*,
With thrice great *Hermes*, or unsphear
The spirit of *Plato* to unfold
What Worlds, or what vast Regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook
And of those *Dæmons* that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With Planet, or with Element
Som time let Gorgeous Tragedy
In Scepter'd Pall com sweeping by,
Presenting *Thebs*, or *Pelops* line,
Or the tale of *Troy* divine
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the Buskind stage
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise *Musæus* from his bower,
Or bid the soul of *Orpheus* sing
Such notes as warbled to the string,
Drew Iron tears down *Pluto's* cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek
Or call up him that left half told
The story of *Cambuscan* bold,
Of *Camball*, and of *Algarsife*,
And who had *Canace* to wife,
That own'd the vertuous Ring and Glass,
And of the wondrous Hors of Brass,
On which the *Tartar* King did ride,
And if ought els, great *Bards* beside,
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of Turneys and of Trophies hung,
Of Forests, and inchantments drear,
Where more is meant then meets the ear
Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appeer,
Not trickt and frounc't as she was wont,
With the Attick Boy to hunt,
But Cherchef't in a comly Cloud,
While rocking Winds are Piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,

When the gust hath blown his fill
Ending on the russling Leaves
With minute drops from off the Eaves
And when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring beams me Goddes bring
To arched walks of twilight groves
And shadows brown that *Sylvan* loves
Of Pine or monumental Oake
Where the rude Ax with heaved stroke
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt
Or fright them from their hallow d haunt.
There in close covert by som Brook
Where no profaner eye may look
Hide me from Day s garish eie
While the Bee with Honied thie
That at her flowry work doth sing
And the Waters murmuring
With such consort as they keep
Entice the dewy feather'd Sleep
And let som strange mysterious dream
Wave at his Wings in Airy stream
Of lively portrature display d
Softly on my eye lids laid
And as I wake sweet musick breath
Above about or underneath
Sent by som spirit to mortals good
Or th unseen Genius of the Wood
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious Cloysters pale
And love the high embowed Roof
With antick Pillars massy proof
And storied Windows richly dight
Casting a dimm religious light
There let the pealing Organ blow
To the full voic d Quire below
In Service high and Anthems cleer
As may with sweetnes through mine ear
Dissolve me into extasies
And bring all Heav n before mine eyes
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peacefull hermitage
The Hairy Gown and Mossy Cell
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every Star that Heav n doth shew
And every Herb that sips the dew
Till old experience do attain

To somthing like Prophetic strain
These pleasures *Melancholy* give,
And I with thee will choose to live

Arcades

Part of an entertainment presented to the Countess Dowager of *Darby* at *Harefield*, by som Noble persons of her Family who appear on the Scene in pastoral habit moving toward the seat of State with this Song

1 *SONG*

Look Nymphs, and Shepherds look,
What sudden blaze of majesty
Is that which we from hence descry
Too divine to be mistook
  This this is she
To whom our vows and wishes bend,
Heer our solemn search hath end

Fame that her high worth to raise,
Seem'd erst so lavish and profuse,
We may justly now accuse
Of detraction from her praise,
  Less then half we find exprest,
  Envy bid conceal the rest

Mark what radiant state she spreds,
In circle round her shining throne,
Shooting her beams like silver threds,
This this is she alone,
  Sitting like a Goddes bright,
  In the center of her light

Might she the wise *Latona* be,
Or the towred *Cybele,*
Mother of a hunderd gods,
Juno dare's not give her odds,
  Who had thought this clime had held
  A deity so unparalel'd?

As they com forward the genius of the Wood appears and turning toward them speaks

Gen Stay gentle Swains, for though in this disguise,
I see bright honour sparkle through your eyes,
Of famous *Arcady* ye are, and sprung
Of that renowned flood, so often sung,
Divine *Alpheus,* who by secret sluse,

Stole under Seas to meet his *Arethuse*
And ye the breathing Roses of the Wood
Fair silver buskind Nymphs as great and good
I know this quest of yours and free intent
Was all in honour and devotion ment
To the great Mistres of yon princely shrine
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine
And with all helpful service will comply
To further this nights glad solemnity
And lead ye where ye may more neer behold
What shallow searching *Fame* hath left untold
Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
Have sate to wonder at and gaze upon
For I now by lot from *Jove* I am the powr
Of this fair Wood and live in Oak n bowr
To nurse the Saplings tall and curl the grove
With Ringlets quaint and wanton windings wove.
And all my Plants I save from nightly ill
Of noisom winds and blasting vapours chill
And from the Boughs brush off the evil dew
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blew
Or what the cross dire looking Planet smites
Or hurtfull Worm with canker d venom bites
When Eev ning gray doth rise I fetch my round
Over the mount and all this hallow d ground
And early ere the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the slumbring leaves or tasseld horn
Shakes the high thicket haste I all about
Number my ranks and visit every sprout
With puissant words and murmurs made to bless
But els in deep of night when drowsines
Hath lockt up mortal sense then listen I
To the celestial *Sirens* harmony
That sit upon the nine enfolded Sphears
And sing to those that hold the vital shears
And turn the Adamantine spindle round
On which the fate of gods and men is wound
Such sweet compulsion doth in musick ly
To lull the daughters of *Necessity*
And keep unsteddy Nature to her law
And the low world in measur d motion draw
After the heavenly tune which none can hear
Of human mould with grosse unpurged ear
And yet such musick worthiest were to blaze
The peerles height of her immortal praise
Whose lustre leads us and for her most fit,

If my inferior hand or voice could hit
Inimitable sounds, yet as we go,
What ere the skill of lesser gods can show,
I will assay, her worth to celebrate,
And so attend ye toward her glittering state,
Where ye may all that are of noble stemm
Approach, and kiss her sacred vestures hemm

2 *SONG*

O're the smooth enameld green
Where no print of step hath been,
    Follow me as I sing,
    And touch the warbled string
Under the shady roof
Of branching Elm Star-proof,
    Follow me,
I will bring you where she sits
Clad in splendor as befits
    Her deity
Such a rural Queen
All *Arcadia* hath not seen

3 *SONG*

Nymphs and Shepherds dance no more
    By sandy *Ladons* Lillied banks
On old *Lycæus* or *Cyllene* hoar,
    Trip no more in twilight ranks,
Though *Erymanth* your loss deplore,
    A better soyl shall give ye thanks
From the stony *Mænalus*,
Bring your Flocks, and live with us,
Here ye shall have greater grace,
To serve the Lady of this place
    Though *Syrinx* your *Pans* Mistres were,
    Yet *Syrinx* well might wait on her
        Such a rural Queen
    All *Arcadia* hath not seen

Lycidas

In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend unfortunatly drown'd in his Passage from *Chester* on the *Irish* Seas 1637 And by occasion foretels the ruine of our corrupted Clergy then in their height.

Yet once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never sear,

Stole under Seas to meet his *Arethuse*
And ye the breathing Roses of the Wood
Fair silver-buskind Nymphs as great and good
I know this quest of yours and free intent
Was all in honour and devotion ment
To the great Mistres of yon princely shrine
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine
And with all helpful service will comply
To further this nights glad solemnity
And lead ye where ye may more neer behold
What shallow searching *Fame* hath left untold
Which I full oft amidst these shades alone
Have sate to wonder at and gaze upon
For know by lot from *Jove* I am the powr
Of this fair Wood and live in Oak'n bowr
To nurse the Saplings tall and curl the grove
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And all my Plants I save from nightly ill
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Or what the cross dire-looking Planet smites,
Or hurtfull Worm with canker'd venom bites
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Over the mount and all this hallow'd ground
And early ere the odorous breath of morn
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Number my ranks and visit every sprout
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But els in deep of night when drowsines
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To lull the daughters of *Necessity*
And keep unsteddy Nature to her law
And the low world in measur'd motion draw
After the heavenly tune which none can hear
Of human mould with grosse unpurged ear
And yet such musick worthiest were to blaze
The peerles height of her immortal praise,
Whose lustre leads us and for her most fit,

Where were ye Nymphs when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o're the head of your lov'd *Lycidas?*
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old *Bards*, the famous *Druids* ly,
Nor on the shaggy top of *Mona* high,
Nor yet where *Deva* spreads her wisard stream
Ay me, I fondly dream!
Had ye bin there—for what could that have don?
What could the Muse her self that *Orpheus* bore,
The Muse her self, for her inchanting son
Whom Universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His goary visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift *Hebrus* to the *Lesbian* shore
Alas! What boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely slighted Shepherds trade,
And strictly meditate the thankles Muse,
Were it not better don as others use,
To sport with *Amaryllis* in the shade,
Or with the tangles of *Neæra's* hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of Noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious dayes,
But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind *Fury* with th'abhorred shears,
And slits the thin spun life But not the praise,
Phœbus repli'd, and touch'd my trembling ears,
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to th'world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and spreds aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfet witnes of all judging *Jove*,
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed
O Fountain *Arethuse*, and thou honour'd floud,
Smooth-sliding *Mincius*, crown'd with vocall reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood
But now my Oate proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the Sea
That came in *Neptune's* plea,
He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Fellon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom d this gentle swain?
And question d every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked Promontory,
They knew not of his story,

And sage *Hippotades* their answer brings
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray d
The Ayr was calm and on the level brine
Sleek *Panope* with all her sisters play d
It was that fatall and perfidious Bark
Built in th eclipse and rigg d with curses dark
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine
  Next *Camus* reverend Sire went footing slow
His Mantle hairy and his Bonnet sedge
Inwrought with figures dim and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscrib d with woe
Ah Who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
Last came and last did go
The Pilot of the *Galilean* lake
Two massy Keyes he bore of metals twain
(The Golden opes the Iron shuts amain)
He shook his Miter d locks and stern bespake
How well could I have spar d for thee young swain,
Anow of such as for their bellies sake
Creep and intrude and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reck ning make
Then how to scramble at the shearers feast
And shove away the worthy bidden guest
Blind mouthes! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A Sheep hook or have learn d ought els the least
That to the faithfull Herdmans art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped
And when they list their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel Pipes of wretched straw
The hungry Sheep look up and are not fed
But swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw
Rot inwardly and foul contagion spread
Besides what the grim Woolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace and nothing sed
But that two handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once and smite no more
  Return *Alpheus* the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams Return *Sicilian* Muse
And call the Vales and bid them hither cast
Their Bels and Flourets of a thousand hues
Ye valleys low where the milde whispers use
Of shades and wanton winds and gushing brooks
On whose fresh lap the swart Star sparely looks
Throw hither all your quaint enameld eyes
That on the green terf suck the honied showres
And purple all the ground with vernal flowres

Bring the rathe Primrose that forsaken dies
The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Gessamine,
The white Pink, and the Pansie freakt with jeat,
The glowing Violet
The Musk-rose, and the well attir'd Woodbine
With Cowslips wan that hang the pensive hed,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears
Bid *Amaranthus* all his beauty shed,
And Daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the Laureat Herse where *Lycid* lies
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise
Ay me! Whilst thee the shores, and sounding Seas
Wash far away, where ere thy bones are hurld,
Whether beyond the stormy *Hebrides*,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world,
Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,
Sleep'st by the fable of *Bellerus* old,
Where the great vision of the guarded Mount
Looks toward *Namancos* and *Bayona's* hold,
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth
And, O ye *Dolphins*, waft the haples youth
  Weep no more, woful Shepherds weep no more,
For *Lycidas* your sorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floar,
So sinks the day-star in the Ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled Ore,
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky
So *Lycidas* sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves
Where other groves, and other streams along,
With *Nectar* pure his oozy Lock's he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptiall Song,
In the blest Kingdoms meek of joy and love
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet Societies
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes
Now *Lycidas* the Shepherds weep no more,
Hence forth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood
  Thus sang the uncouth Swain to th'Okes and rills,
While the still morn went out with Sandals gray,

He touch d the tender stops of various Quills
With eager thought warbling his *Dorick* lay
And now the Sun had stretch d out all the hills
And now was dropt into the Western bay
At last he rose and twitch d his Mantle blew
To morrow to fresh Woods and Pastures new

COMUS

A MASK Presented at LUDLOW-Castle, 1634 &c

The Persons

The attendant Spirit afterwards in the habit of *Thyrsis*
Comus with his crew
The Lady
1 Brother 2 Brother
Sabrina the Nymph.

The cheif persons which presented, were
The Lord *Bracly*
Mr *Thomas Egerton* his Brother,
The Lady *Alice Egerton*

The first Scene discovers a wilde Wood
The attendant Spirit descends or enters

BEFORE the starry threshold of *Joves* Court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aereal Spirits live inspheár'd
In Regions milde of calm and serene Ayr,
Above the smoak and stirr of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth, and with low-thoughted care
Confin'd, and pester'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail, and Feaverish being
Unmindfull of the crown that Vertue gives
After this mortal change, to her true Servants
Amongst the enthron'd gods on Sainted seats
Yet som there be that by due steps aspire
To lay their just hands on that Golden Key
That opes the Palace of Eternity
To such my errand is, and but for such
I would not soil these pure Ambrosial weeds,
With the rank vapours of this Sin-worn mould
But to my task *Neptune* besides the sway
Of every salt Flood, and each ebbing Stream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high, and neather *Jove*,
Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt Iles
That like to rich, and various gemms inlay
The unadorned boosom of the Deep,
Which he to grace his tributary gods
By course commits to severall government,

And gives them leave to wear their Saphire crowns
And weild their little tridents but this Ile
The greatest and the best of all the main
He quarters to his blu hair d deities
And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun
A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge with temper d awe to guide
An old and haughty Nation proud in Arms
Where his fair off spring nurs t in Princely lore
Are coming to attend their Fathers state
And new entrusted Scepter but their way
Lies through the perplex t paths of this drear Wood
The nodding horror of whose shady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandring Passinger
And here their tender age might suffer perill
But that by quick command from Soveran *Jove*
I was dispatcht for their defence and guard
And listen why for I will tell ye now
What never yet was heard in Tale or Song
From old or modern Bard in Hall or Bowr
  Bacchus that first from out the purple Grape
Crush t the sweet poyson of mis used Wine
After the *Tuscan* Mariners transform d
Coasting the *Tyrrhene* shore as the winds listed
On *Circes* Iland fell (who knows not *Circe*
The daughter of the Sun? Whose charmed Cup
Whoever tasted lost his upright shape
And downward fell into a groveling Swine)
This Nymph that gaz d upon his clustring locks
With Ivy berries wreath d and his blithe youth
Had by him ere he parted thence a Son
Much like his Father but his Mother more
Whom therfore she brought up and *Comus* nam d
Who ripe and frolick of his full grown age
Roaving the *Celtick* and *Iberian* fields
At last betakes him to this ominous Wood
And in thick shelter of black shades imbowr d
Excells his Mother at her mighty Art
Offring to every weary Travailer
His orient liquor in a Crystal Glasse
To quench the drouth of *Phœbus* which as they taste
(For most do taste through fond intemperate thirst)
Soon as the Potion works their human count nance
Th express resemblance of the gods is chang d
Into som brutish form of Woolf or Bear
Or Ounce or Tiger Hog or bearded Goat

All other parts remaining as they were,
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boast themselves more comely then before
And all their friends, and native home forget
To roule with pleasure in a sensual stie
Therfore when any favour'd of high *Jove*,
Chances to pass through this adventrous glade,
Swift as the Sparkle of a glancing Star,
I shoot from Heav'n to give him safe convoy,
As now I do But first I must put off
These my skie robes spun out of *Iris* Wooff,
And take the Weeds and likenes of a Swain,
That to the service of this house belongs,
Who with his soft Pipe, and smooth-dittied Song,
Well knows to still the wilde winds when they roar,
And hush the waving Woods, nor of lesse faith,
And in this office of his Mountain watch,
Likeliest, and neerest to the present ayd
Of this occasion But I hear the tread
Of hatefull steps, I must be viewles now

Comus *enters with a Charming Rod in one hand, his Glass in the other, with him a rout of Monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wilde Beasts, but otherwise like Men and Women, their Apparel glistring, they com in making a riotous and unruly noise, with Torches in their hands*

Comus The Star that bids the Shepherd fold,
Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
And the gilded Car of Day,
His glowing Axle doth allay
In the steep *Atlantick* stream,
And the slope Sun his upward beam
Shoots against the dusky Pole,
Pacing toward the other gole
Of his Chamber in the East.
Mean while welcom Joy, and Feast,
Midnight shout, and revelry,
Tipsie dance, and Jollity
Braid your Locks with rosie Twine
Dropping odours, dropping Wine
Rigor now is gon to bed,
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and sowre Severity,
With their grave Saws in slumber ly
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the Starry Quire,
Who in their nightly watchfull Spheares,

Lead in swift round the Months and Years
The Sounds and Seas with all their finny drove
Now to the Moon in wavering Morrice move,
And on the Tawny Sands and Shelves
Trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves
By dimpled Brook and Fountain brim
The Wood-Nymphs deckt with Daisies trim
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep
What hath night to do with sleep?
Night hath better sweets to prove
Venus now wakes and wak'ns Love
Com let us our rights begin,
Tis onely day-light that makes Sin
Which these dun shades will ne're report
Hail Goddesse of Nocturnal sport
Dark vaild *Cotytto* t' whom the secret flame
Of mid-night Torches burns mysterious Dame
That ne're art call'd but when the Dragon woom
Of Stygian darknes spets her thickest gloom,
And makes one blot of all the ayr
Stay thy cloudy Ebon chair
Wherin thou rid'st with *Hecat* and befriend
Us thy vow'd Priests til utmost end
Of all thy dues be done and none left out
Ere the blabbing Eastern scout
The nice Morn on th' *Indian* steep
From her cabin'd loop hole peep
And to the tel-tale Sun discry
Our conceal'd Solemnity
Com, knit hands and beat the ground,
In a light fantastick round

The Measure

Break off break off I feel the different pace
Of som chast footing neer about this ground
Run to your shrouds within these Brakes and Trees
Our number may affright Som Virgin sure
(For so I can distinguish by mine Art)
Benighted in these Woods Now to my charms
And to my wily trains I shall e're long
Be well stock't with as fair a herd as graz'd
About my Mother *Circe* Thus I hurl
My dazling Spells into the spungy ayr
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion
And give it false presentments lest the place
And my quaint habits breed astonishment,

And put the Damsel to suspicious flight,
Which must not be, for that's against my course,
I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well plac't words of glozing courtesie
Baited with reasons not unplausible
Wind me into the easie-hearted man,
And hugg him into snares When once her eye
Hath met the vertue of this Magick dust,
I shall appear som harmles Villager
Whom thrift keeps up about his Country gear,
But here she comes, I fairly step aside,
And hearken, if I may, her busines here

The Lady enters

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now, me thought it was the sound
Of Riot, and ill manag'd Merriment,
Such as the jocond Flute, or gamesom Pipe
Stirs up among the loose unleter'd Hinds,
When for their teeming Flocks, and granges full
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous *Pan*,
And thank the gods amiss I should be loath
To meet the rudenesse, and swill'd insolence
Of such late Wassailers, yet O where els
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangl'd Wood?
My Brothers when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these Pines,
Stept as they se'd to the next Thicket side
To bring me Berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable Woods provide
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Eev'n
Like a sad Votarist in Palmers weed
Rose from the hindmost wheels of *Phœbus* wain
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts, 'tis likeliest
They had ingag'd their wandring steps too far,
And envious darknes, e're they could return,
Had stole them from me, els O theevish Night
Why shouldst thou, but for som fellonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the Stars,
That nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their Lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely Travailer?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,

Whence even now the tumult of loud Mirth
Was rife, and perfet in my list'ning ear,
Yet nought but single darknes do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory
Of calling shapes, and beckning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable mens names
On Sands, and Shoars, and desert Wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The vertuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion Conscience. —
O welcom pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemish't form of Chastity,
I see ye visibly, and now beleeve
That he, the Supreme good, t' whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistring Guardian if need were
To keep my life and honour unassail'd.
Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted Grove.
I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
Ile venter, for my new enliv'nd spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG

Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet imbroider'd vale
Where the love-lorn Nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad Song mourneth well.
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle Pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O if thou have
Hid them in som flowry Cave,
Tell me but where
Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphear,
So maist thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heav'ns Harmonies.

Com. Can any mortal mixture of Earths mould

Breath such Divine inchanting ravishment?
Sure somthing holy lodges in that brest,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testifie his hidd'n residence,
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty-vaulted night
At every fall smoothing the Raven doune
Of darknes till it smil'd I have oft heard
My mother *Circe* with the Sirens three,
Amid'st the flowry-kirtl'd *Naiades*
Culling their Potent hearbs, and balefull drugs,
Who as they sung, would take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in *Elysium*, *Scylla* wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell *Charybdis* murmur'd soft applause
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madnes rob'd it of it self,
But such a sacred, and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss
I never heard till now Ile speak to her
And she shall be my Queen Hail forren wonder
Whom certain these rough shades did never breed
Unlesse the Goddes that in rurall shrine
Dwell'st here with *Pan*, or *Silvan*, by blest Song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly Fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall Wood
La Nay gentle Shepherd ill is lost that praise
That is addrest to unattending Ears,
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my sever'd company
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me answer from her mossie Couch
Co What chance good Lady hath bereft you thus?
La Dim darknes, and this leavy Labyrinth
Co Could that divide you from neer-ushering guides?
La They left me weary on a grassie terf
Co By falshood, or discourtesie, or why?
La To seek i'th vally som cool friendly Spring
Co And left your fair side all unguarded Lady?
La They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return
Co Perhaps fore-stalling night prevented them
La How easie my misfortune is to hit!
Co Imports their loss, beside the present need?
La No less then if I should my brothers loose
Co Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?
La As smooth as *Hebe's* their unrazor'd lips

Co. Two such I saw, what time the labour'd Oxe
In his loose traces from the furrow came,
And the swink't hedger at his Supper sate;
I saw them under a green mantling vine
That crawls along the side of yon small hill,
Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots,
Their port was more then human, as they stood;
I took it for a faery vision
Of som gay creatures of the element
That in the colours of the Rainbow live
And play i'th plighted clouds. I was aw-strook,
And as I past, I worshipt; if those you seek
It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,
To help you find them. *La.* Gentle villager
What readiest way would bring me to that place?
Co. Due west it rises from this shrubby point.
La. To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of Star-light,
Would overtask the best Land-Pilots art,
Without the sure guess of well-practiz'd feet.
Co. I know each lane, and every alley green
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wilde Wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood,
And if your stray attendance be yet lodg'd,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
From her thatch't pallat rowse, if otherwise
I can conduct you Lady to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest. *La.* Shepherd I take thy word,
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesie,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoaky rafters, then in tapstry Halls
And Courts of Princes, where it first was nam'd,
And yet is most pretended: In a place
Less warranted then this, or less secure
I cannot be, that I should fear to change it,
Eie me blest Providence, and square my triall
To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd lead on.—

The Two Brothers

Eld. Bro. Unmuffle ye faint stars, and thou fair Moon
That wontst to love the travailers benizon,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit *Chaos*, that raigns here

In double night of darknes, and of shades,
Or if your influence be quite damm'd up
With black usurping mists, som gentle taper
Though a rush Candle from the wicker hole
Of som clay habitation visit us
With thy long levell'd rule of streaming light,
And thou shalt be our star of *Arcady*,
Or *Tyrian* Cynosure. *2 Bro.* Or if our eyes
Be barr'd that happines, might we but hear
The folded flocks pen'd in their watled cotes,
Or sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops,
Or whistle from the Lodge, or village cock
Count the night watches to his feathery Dames,
'Twould be som solace yet, som little chearing
In this close dungeon of innumerous bowes.
But O that hapless virgin our lost sister
Where may she wander now, whether betake her
From the chill dew, amongst rude burrs and thistles?
Perhaps som cold bank is her boulster now
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of som broad Elm
Leans her unpillow'd head fraught with sad fears.
What if in wild amazement, and affright,
Or while we speak within the direfull grasp
Of Savage hunger, or of Savage heat?
Eld. Bro. Peace brother, be not over-exquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
What need a man forestall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would most avoid?
Or if they be but false alarms of Fear,
How bitter is such self-delusion?
I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipl'd in vertues book,
And the sweet peace that goodnes boosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into mis-becoming plight.
Vertue could see to do what vertue would
By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon
Were in the flat Sea sunk. And Wisdoms self
Oft seeks to sweet retired Solitude,
Where with her best nurse Contemplation
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings
That in the various bussle of resort
Were all to ruffl'd, and somtimes impair'd.

He that has light within his own cleer brest
May sit i th center and enjoy bright day
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the mid day Sun
Himself is his own dungeon
2 Bro Tis most true
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell
Far from the cheerfull haunt of men and herds
And sits as safe as in a Senat house
For who would rob a Hermit of his Weeds
His few Books or his Beads or Maple Dish
Or do his gray hairs any violence?
But beauty like the fair Hesperian Tree
Laden with blooming gold had need the guard
Of dragon watch with uninchanted eye
To save her blossoms and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold Incontinence
You may as well spred out the unsun d heaps
Of Misers treasure by an out laws den
And tell me it is safe as bid me hope
Danger will wink on Opportunity
And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjur d in this wilde surrounding wast
Of night or lonelines it recks me not
I fear the dred events that dog them both
Lest som ill greeting touch attempt the person
Of our unowned sister
Eld Bro I do not brother
Inferr as if I thought my sisters state
Secure without all doubt or controversie
Yet where an equall poise of hope and fear
Does arbitrate th event my nature is
That I encline to hope rather then fear
And gladly banish squint suspicion
My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine she has a hidden strength
Which you remember not
2 Bro What hidden strength
Unless the strength of Heav n if you mean that?
Eld Bro I mean that too but yet a hidden strength
Which if Heav n gave it may be term d her own
'Tis chastity my brother chastity
She that has that is clad in compleat steel
And like a quiver d Nymph with Arrows keen
May trace huge Forests and unharbour d Heaths

Infamous Hills, and sandy perilous wildes,
Where through the sacred rayes of Chastity,
No savage fierce, Bandite, or mountaneer
Will dare to soyl her Virgin purity,
Yea there, where very desolation dwels
By grots, and caverns shag'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench't majesty,
Be it not don in pride, or in presumption
Som say no evil thing that walks by night
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blew meager Hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magick chains at *curfeu* time,
No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,
Hath hurtfull power o're true virginity
Do ye beleeve me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old Schools of Greece
To testifie the arms of Chastity?
Hence had the huntress *Dian* her dred bow
Fair silver-shafted Queen for ever chaste,
Wherwith she tam'd the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of *Cupid*, gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen oth' Woods
What was that snaky-headed *Gorgon* sheild
That wise *Minerva* wore, unconquer'd Virgin,
Wherwith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone?
But rigid looks of Chast austerity,
And noble grace that dash't brute violence
With sudden adoration, and blank aw
So dear to Heav'n is Saintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried Angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in cleer dream, and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft convers with heavnly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th'outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the souls essence,
Till all be made immortal but when lust
By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,
But most by leud and lavish act of sin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite loose
The divine property of her first being

Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp
Oft seen in Charnell vaults and Sepulchers
Lingering and sitting by a new made grave
As loath to leave the body that it lov d,
And link t it self by carnal sensualty
To a degenerate and degraded state
1 Bro How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose
But musical as is *Apollo s* lute
And a perpetual feast of nectar d sweets
Where no crude surfet raigns *Eld Bro* List list I hear
Som far off hallow break the silent Air
2 Bro Me thought so too what should it be?
Eld Bro For certain
Either som one like us night founder d here
Or els som neighbour Wood man or at worst
Som roaving Robber calling to his fellows
Bro Heav n keep my sister agen agen and neer,
Best draw and stand upon our guard
Eld Bro Ile hallow
If he be friendly he comes well if not
Defence is a good cause and Heav n be for us

The attendant Spirit habited like a Shepherd

That hallow I should know what are you? speak
Com not too neer you fall on iron stakes else
Spir What voice is that my young Lord? speak agen
Bro O brother tis my father Shepherd sure
Eld Bro *Thyrsis?* Whose artful strains have oft delaid
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal
And sweeten d every muskrose of the dale
How cam st thou here good Swain? hath any ram
Slip t from the fold or young Kid lost his dam
Or straggling weather the pen t flock forsook?
How couldst thou find this dark sequester d nook?
Spir O my lov d masters heir and his next joy
I came not here on such a trivial toy
As a stray d Ewe or to pursue the stealth
Of pilfering Woolf not all the fleecy wealth
That doth enrich these Downs is worth a thought
To this my errand and the care it brought
But O my Virgin Lady where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?
Eld Bro To tell thee sadly Shepherd without blame
Or our neglect we lost her as we came
Spir Ay me unhappy then my fears are true

Eld Bro What fears good *Thyrsis*? Prethee briefly shew
Spir Ile tell ye, 'tis not vain or fabulous,
(*Though so esteem'd by shallow ignorance*)
What the sage Poets taught by th' heav'nly Muse,
Storied of old in high immortal vers
Of dire *Chimera's* and inchanted Iles,
And rifted Rocks whose entrance leads to hell,
For such there be, but unbelief is blind
  Within the navil of this hideous Wood,
Immur'd in cypress shades a Sorcerer dwels
Of *Bacchus*, and of *Circe* born, great *Comus*,
Deep skill'd in all his mothers witcheries,
And here to every thirsty wanderer,
By sly enticement gives his banefull cup,
With many murmurs mixt, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likenes of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reasons mintage
Character'd in the face, this have I learn't
Tending my flocks hard by i'th hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade whence night by night
He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl
Like stabl'd wolves, or tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to *Hecate*
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowres
Yet have they many baits, and guilefull spells
To inveigle and invite th'unwary sense
Of them that pass unweeting by the way
This evening late by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'n their supper on the savoury Herb
Of Knot-grass dew-besprent, and were in fold,
I sate me down to watch upon a bank
With Ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting Hony-suckle, and began
Wrapt in a pleasing fit of melancholy
To meditate my rural minstrelsie,
Till fancy had her fill, but ere a close
The wonted roar was up amidst the Woods,
And fill'd the Air with barbarous dissonance,
At which I ceas't, and listen'd them a while,
Till an unusuall stop of sudden silence
Gave respit to the drowsie frighted steeds
That draw the litter of close-curtain'd sleep
At last a soft and solemn breathing sound
Rose like a steam of rich distill'd Perfumes,
And stole upon the Air, that even Silence

Was took e re she was ware and wish t she might
Deny her nature and be never more
Still to be so displac t. I was all eare
And took in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death but O ere long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most honour d Lady your dear sister
Amaz d I stood harrow d with grief and fear
And O poor hapless Nightingale thought I
How sweet thou sing st how neer the deadly snare!
Then down the Lawns I ran with headlong hast
Through paths and turnings oft n trod by day
Till guided by mine ear I found the place
Where that damn d wisard hid in sly disguise
(For so by certain signes I knew) had met
Already ere my best speed could prævent,
The aidless innocent Lady his wish't prey
Who gently ask t if he had seen such two
Supposing him som neighbour villager
Longer I durst not stay but soon I guess t
Ye were the two she mean t with that I sprung
Into swift flight till I had found you here
But furder I now I not *Bro* O night and shades
How are ye joyn d with hell in triple knot
Against th unarmed weakness of one Virgin
Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence
You gave me Brother? *Eld Bro* Yes and keep it still
Lean on it safely not a period
Shall be un aid for me against the threats
Of malice or of sorcery or that power
Which erring men call Chance this I hold firm
Vertue may be assail d but never hurt
Surpriz d by unjust force but not enthrall d
Yea even that which mischief meant most harm
Shall in the happy trial prove most glory
But evil on it self shall back recoyl
And mix no more with goodness when at last
Gather d like scum and setl d to it self
It shall be in eternal restless change
Self fed and self consum d if this fail
The pillar d firmament is rott nness
And earths base built on stubble But com let s on
Against th opposing will and arm of Heav n
May never this just sword be lifted up
But for that damn d magician let him be girt
With all the greisly legions that troop

Under the sooty flag of *Acheron*,
Harpyes and *Hydra's*, or all the monstrous forms
'Twixt *Africa* and *Inde*, Ile find him out,
And force him to restore his purchase back,
Or drag him by the curls, to a foul death,
Curs'd as his life
Spir Alas good ventrous youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold Emprise,
But here thy sword can do thee little stead,
Farr other arms, and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of hellish charms,
He with his bare wand can unthred thy joynts,
And crumble all thy sinews
Eld Bro Why prethee Shepherd
How durst thou then thy self approach so neer
As to make this relation?
Spir Care and utmost shifts
How to secure the Lady from surprisal,
Brought to my mind a certain Shepherd Lad
Of small regard to see to, yet well skill'd
In every vertuous plant and healing herb
That spreds her verdant leaf to th'morning ray,
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me sing,
Which when I did, he on the tender grass
Would sit, and hearken even to extasie,
And in requitall ope his leather'n scrip,
And shew me simples of a thousand names
Telling their strange and vigorous faculties,
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out,
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another Countrey, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flowre, but not in this soyl
Unknown, and like esteem'd, and the dull swayn
Treads on it daily with his clouted shoon,
And yet more med'cinal is it then that *Moly*
That *Hermes* once to wise *Ulysses* gave,
He call'd it *Hæmony*, and gave it me,
And bad me keep it as of sov'ran use
'Gainst all inchantments, mildew blast, or damp
Or gastly furies apparition,
I purs't it up, but little reck'ning made,
Till now that this extremity compell'd,
But now I find it true, for by this means
I knew the foul inchanter though disguis'd,
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his spells,

And yet came off if you have this about you
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly assault the necromancers hall
Where if he be with dauntless hardihood
And brandish t blade rush on him break his glass
And shed the lushious liquor on the ground
But sease his wand though he and his curst crew
Feirce signe of battail make and menace high
Or like the sons of *Vulcan* vomit smoak
Yet will they soon retire if he but shrink
Eld Bro *Thyrsis* lead on apace Ile follow thee
And som good angel bear a sheild before us

The Scene changes to a stately Palace set out with all manner of deliciousness soft Musick Tables spred with all dainties Comus appears with his rabble and the Lady set in an inchanted Chair to whom he offers his Glass which she puts by and goes about to rise

Comus Nay Lady sit if I but wave this wand
Your nerves are all chain d up in Alablaster
And you a statue or as *Daphne* was
Root bound that fled *Apollo*
La Fool do not boast
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my minde
With all thy charms although this corporal rinde
Thou haste immanacl d while Heav n sees good
Co Why are you vext Lady ? why do you frown ?
Here dwell no frowns nor anger from these gates
Sorrow flies farr See here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthfull thoughts
When the fresh blood grows lively and returns
Brisk as the *April* buds in Primrose season
And first behold this cordial Julep here
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds
With spirits of balm and fragrant Syrops mixt.
Not that *Nepenthes* which the wife of *Thone*
In *Egypt* gave to *Jove* born *Helena*
Is of such power to stir up joy as this
To life so friendly or so cool to thirst
Why should you be so cruel to your self
And to those dainty limms which nature lent
For gentle usage and soft delicacy ?
But you invert the cov nants of her trust
And harshly deal like an ill borrower
With that which you receiv d on other terms
Scorning the unexempt condition
By which all *mortal frailty must* subsist
Refreshment after toil ease after pain

That have been tir'd all day without repast,
And timely rest have wanted, but fair Virgin
This will restore all soon
La 'Twill not false traitor,
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banish't from thy tongue with lies,
Was this the cottage, and the safe abode
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
These oughly-headed Monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd inchantments, foul deceiver,
Hast thou betrai'd my credulous innocence
With visor'd falshood, and base forgery,
And wouldst thou seek again to trap me here
With lickerish baits fit to ensnare a brute?
Were it a draft for *Juno* when she banquets,
I would not taste thy treasonous offer, none
But such as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite
Co O foolishnes of men! that lend their ears
To those budge doctors of the *Stoick* Furr,
And fetch their precepts from the *Cynick* Tub,
Praising the lean and sallow Abstinence
Wherefore did Nature powre her bounties forth,
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the Seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please, and sate the curious taste?
And set to work millions of spinning Worms,
That in their green shops weave the smooth hair'd silk
To deck her Sons, and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loyns
She hutch't th'all-worshipt ore, and precious gems
To store her children with, if all the world
Should in a pet of temperance feed on Pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but Freize,
Th'all-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd,
Not half his riches known, and yet despis'd,
And we should serve him as a grudging master,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Natures bastards, not her sons,
Who would be quite surcharged with her own weight,
And strangl'd with her waste fertility,
Th'earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with plumes,
The herds would over-multitude their Lords,
The Sea o'refraught would swell, and th'unsought diamonds

Would so emblaze the forhead of the Deep
And so bestudd with Stars that they below
Would grow inur d to light and com at last
To gaze upon the Sun with shameless brows
List Lady be not coy and be not cosen d
With that same vaunted name Virginity
Beauty is natures coyn must not be hoorded
But must be currant and the good thereof
Consists in mutual and partak n bliss
Unsavoury in th injoy ment of it self
If you let slip time like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languish t head
Beauty is natures brag and must be shown
In courts, at feasts and high solemnities
Where most may wonder at the workmanship
It is for homely features to keep home
They had their name thence course complexions
And cheeks of sorry grain will serve to ply
The sampler and to teize the huswifes wooll
What need a vermeil tinctured lip for that
Love darting eyes or tresses like the Morn?
There was another meaning in these gifts
Think what and be adviz d, you are but young yet.
La I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
In this unhallow d air but that this Jugler
Would think to charm my judgement as mine eyes
Obtruding false rules pranckt in reasons garb
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments
And vertue has no tongue to check her pride
Impostor do not charge most innocent nature
As if she would her children should be riotous
With her abundance she good cateress
Means her provision onely to the good
That live according to her sober laws
And holy dictate of spare Temperance
If every just man that now pines with want
Had but a moderate and beseeming share
Of that which lewdly pamper d Luxury
Now heaps upon som few with vast excess
Natures full blessings would be well dispenc t
In unsuperfluous eeven proportion
And she no whit encomber d with her store
And then the giver would be better thank t,
His praise due paid for swinish gluttony
Ne re looks to Heav n amidst his gorgeous feast,
But with besotted base ingratitude

Cramms, and blasphemes his feeder Shall I go on?
Or have I said anough? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Against the Sun-clad power of Chastity,
Fain would I somthing say, yet to what end?
Thou hast nor Eare, nor Soul to apprehend
The sublime notion, and high mystery
That must be utter'd to unfold the sage
And serious doctrine of Virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou shouldst not know
More happiness then this thy present lot
Enjoy your deer Wit, and gay Rhetorick
That hath so well been taught her dazling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thy self convinc't,
Yet should I try, the uncontrouled worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rap't spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be mov'd to sympathize,
And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
Till all thy magick structures rear'd so high,
Were shatter'd into heaps o're thy false head
Co She fables not, I feel that I do fear
Her words set off by som superior power,
And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddring dew
Dips me all o're, as when the wrath of *Jove*
Speaks thunder, and the chains of *Erebus*
To som of *Saturns* crew I must dissemble,
And try her yet more strongly Com, no more,
This is meer moral babble, and direct
Against the canon laws of our foundation,
I must not suffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
And setlings of a melancholy blood,
But this will cure all streight, one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams Be wise, and taste —

The Brothers rush in with Swords drawn wrest his Glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground his rout make signe of resistance, but are all driven in, The attendant Spirit comes in

Spir What, have you let the false enchanter scape?
O ye mistook, ye should have snatcht his wand
And bound him fast, without his rod revers't,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fixt, and motionless,
Yet stay, be not disturb'd, now I bethink me,
Som other means I have which may be us'd,

Which once of *Melibœus* old I learnt
The soothest Shepherd that ere pip t on plains.
  There is a gentle Nymph not farr from hence
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream
Sabrina is her name a Virgin pure
Whilom she was the daughter of *Locrine*
That had the Scepter from his father *Brute*
The guiltless damsel flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdam *Guendolen*
Commended her fair innocence to the flood
That stay d her flight with his cross flowing course
The water Nymphs that in the bottom plaid
Held up their pearled wrists and took her in
Bearing her straight to aged *Nereus* Hall
Who piteous of her woes rear d her lank head
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar d lavers strew d with Asphodil
And through the porch and inlet of each sense
Dropt in Ambrosial Oils till she reviv d
And underwent a quick immortal change
Made Goddess of the River still she retains
Her maid n gentlenes and oft at Eeve
Visits the herds along the twilight meadows
Helping all urchin blasts and ill luck signes
That the shrew d medling Elfe delights to make
Which she with pretious viold liquors heals
For which the Shepherds at their festivals
Carrol her goodnes lowd in rustick layes
And throw sweet garland wreaths into her stream
Of pancies pinks and gaudy Daffadils
And as the old Swain said she can unlock
The clasping charm and thaw the numming spell
If she be right invok t in warbled Song
For maid nhood she loves and will be swift
To aid a Virgin such as was her self
In hard besetting need this will I try
And adde the power of som adjuring verse

SONG

Sabrina fair
  Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassie cool translucent wave
  In twisted braids of Lillies knitting
The loose train of thy amber dropping hair
  Listen for dear honour s sake
  Goddess of the silver lake

Listen and save
Listen and appear to us
In name of great *Oceanus*,
By the earth-shaking *Neptune's* mace,
And *Tethys* grave majestick pace,
By hoary *Nereus* wrincled look,
And the *Carpathian* wisards hook,
By scaly *Tritons* winding shell,
And old sooth-saying *Glaucus* spell,
By *Leucothea's* lovely hands,
And her son that rules the strands,
By *Thetis* tinsel-slipper'd feet,
And the Songs of *Sirens* sweet,
By dead *Parthenope's* dear tomb,
And fair *Ligea's* golden comb,
Wherwith she sits on diamond rocks
Sleeking her soft alluring locks,
By all the *Nymphs* that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance,
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosie head
From thy coral-pav'n bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answered have
Listen and save

Sabrina *rises, attended by water-Nymphes, and sings*

By the rushy-fringed bank,
Where grows the Willow and the Osier dank,
My sliding Chariot stayes,
Thick set with Agat, and the azurn sheen
Of Turkis blew, and Emrauld green
That in the channell strayes,
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O're the Cowslips Velvet head,
That bends not as I tread,
Gentle swain at thy request
I am here
Spir Goddess dear
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true Virgin here distrest,
Through the force, and through the wile
Of unblest inchanter vile
Sab Shepherd 'tis my office best
To help insnared chastity,

Brightest Lady look on me
Thus I sprinkle on thy brest
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of pretious cure
Thrice upon thy fingers tip
Thrice upon thy rubied lip
Next this marble venom d seat
Smear d with gumms of glutenous heat
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold
Now the spell hath lost his hold
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in *Amphitrite s* bowr

Sabrina descends and the Lady rises out of her seat

Spir Virgin daughter of *Locrine*
Sprung of old *Anchises* line
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miss
From a thousand petty rills
That tumble down the snowy hills
Summer drouth or singed air
Never scorch thy tresses fair
Nor wet *Octobers* torrent flood
Thy molten crystal fill with mudd
May thy billows rowl ashoar
The beryl and the golden ore
May thy lofty head be crown d
With many a tower and terrass round
And here and there thy banks upon
With Groves of myrrhe and cinnamon
Com Lady while Heaven lends us grace
Let us fly this cursed place
Lest the Sorcerer us intice
With som other new device
Not a waste or needless sound
Till we com to holier ground
I shall be your faithfull guide
Through this gloomy covert wide
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Fathers residence
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wish t presence and beside
All the Swains that there abide
With Jiggs and rural dance resort
We shall catch them at their sport

And our sudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and chere,
Come let us haste, the Stars grow high,
But night sits monarch yet in the mid sky

The Scene changes, presenting Ludlow *Town and the Presidents Castle, then com in Countrey-Dancers, after them the attendant Spirit, with the two Brothers and the Lady*

SONG

Spir *Back Shepherds, back, anough your play,*
Till next Sun-shine holiday,
Here be without duck or nod
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such Court guise
As Mercury *did first devise*
With the mincing Dryades
On the Lawns, and on the Leas

This second Song presents them to their father and mother

Noble Lord, and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight,
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own,
Heav'n hath timely tri'd their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless Praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O're sensual Folly, and Intemperance

The dances ended, the Spirit Epiloguizes

Spir To the Ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that ly
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky
There I suck the liquid ayr
All amidst the Gardens fair
Of *Hesperus*, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree
Along the crisped shades and bowres
Revels the spruce and jocond Spring,
The Graces, and the rosie-boosom'd Howres,
Thither all their bounties bring,
That there eternal Summer dwels,
And West winds, with musky wing
About the cedar'n alleys fling

Nard and *Cassia's* balmy smels
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks that blow
Flowers of more mingled hew
Then her purfl'd scarf can shew
And drenches with *Elysian* dew
(List mortals if your ears be true)
Beds of *Hyacinth* and roses
Where young *Adonis* oft reposes
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft and on the ground
Sadly sits th' *Assyrian* Queen
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial *Cupid* her fam'd son advanc't
Holds his dear *Psyche* sweet intranc't
After her wandring labours long
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal Bride
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born
Youth and Joy so *Jove* hath sworn
  But now my task is smoothly don
I can fly or I can run
Quickly to the green earths end
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the Moon
  Mortals that would follow me
Love vertue she alone is free
She can teach ye how to clime
Higher then the Spheary chime
Or if Vertue feeble were
Heav'n it self would stoop to her

POEMS ADDED IN THE 1673 EDITION

Anno aetatis 17

On the Death of a fair Infant dying of a Cough

I

O FAIREST flower no sooner blown but blasted,
Soft silken Primrose fading timelesslie,
Summers chief honour if thou hadst out lasted
Bleak winters force that made thy blossome drie,
For he being amorous on that lovely die
  That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiss
But kill'd alas, and then bewayl'd his fatal bliss

II

For since grim Aquilo his charioter
By boistrous rape th' Athenian damsel got,
He thought it toucht his Deitie full neer,
If likewise he some fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot,
  Of long-uncoupled bed, and childless eld,
Which 'mongst the wanton gods a foul reproach was held

III

So mounting up in ycie-pearled carr,
Through middle empire of the freezing aire
He wanderd long, till thee he spy'd from farr,
There ended was his quest, there ceast his care
Down he descended from his Snow-soft chaire,
  But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace
Unhous'd thy Virgin Soul from her fair biding place

IV

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate,
For so *Apollo*, with unweeting hand
Whilome did slay his dearly-loved mate
Young *Hyacinth* born on *Eurotas'* strand,
Young *Hyacinth* the pride of *Spartan* land,
  But then transform'd him to a purple flower
Alack that so to change thee winter had no power

V

Yet can I not perswade me thou art dead
Or that thy coarse corrupts in earths dark wombe,

Or that thy beauties lie in wormie bed
Hid from the world in a low delved tombe
Could Heav n for pittie thee so strictly doom?
  Oh no! for something in thy face did shine
Above mortalitie that shew d thou wast divine

VI

Resolve me then oh Soul most surely blest
(If so it be that thou these plaints dost hear)
Tell me bright Spirit where e re thou hoverest
Whether above that high first moving Spheare
Or in the Elisian fields (if such there were)
  Oh say me true if thou wert mortal wight
And why from us so quickly thou did t take thy flight

VII

Wert thou some Starr which from the ruin d roofe
Of shak t Olympus by mischance didst fall
Which carefull *Jove* in natures true behoofe
Took up and in fit place did reins all?
Or did of late earths Sonnes besiege the wall
  Of sheenie Heav n and thou some goddess fled
Amongst us here below to hide thy nectar d head

VIII

Or wert thou that just Maid who once before
Forsook the hated earth O tell me sooth
And cam st again to visit us once more?
Or wert thou that sweet smiling Youth!
Or that c[r]own d Matron sage white robed Truth?
  Or any other of that heav nly brood
Let down in clowdie throne to do the world some good

IX

Or wert thou of the golden winged hoast
Who having clad thy self in humane weed
To earth from thy præfixed seat didst poast
And after short abode flie back with speed
As if to shew what creatures Heav n doth breed
  Thereby to set the hearts of men on fire
To scorn the sordid world and unto Heav n aspire

X

But oh why didst thou not stay here below
To bless us with thy heav n lov d innocence
To slake his wrath whom sin hath made our foe

To turn Swift-rushing black perdition hence,
Or drive away the slaughtering pestilence,
To stand 'twixt us and our deserved smart
But thou canst best perform that office where thou art.

XI

Then thou the mother of so sweet a child
Her false imagin'd loss cease to lament,
And wisely learn to curb thy sorrows wild,
Think what a present thou to God hast sent,
And render him with patience what he lent,
This if thou do he will an off-spring give,
That till the worlds last-end shall make thy name to live

Anno Aetatis 19 *At a Vacation Exercise in the Colledge, part* Latin, *part* English *The* Latin *speeches ended, the* English *thus began*

HAIL native Language, that by sinews weak
Didst move my first endeavouring tongue to speak,
And mad'st imperfect words with childish tripps,
Half unpronounc't, slide through my infant-lipps,
Driving dum silence from the portal dore,
Where he had mutely sate two years before
Here I salute thee and thy pardon ask,
That now I use thee in my latter task
Small loss it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little Grace can do thee
Thou needst not be ambitious to be first,
Believe me I have thither packt the worst
And, if it happen as I did forecast,
The daintest dishes shall be serv'd up last
I pray thee then deny me not thy aide
For this same small neglect that I have made
But haste thee strait to do me once a Pleasure,
And from thy wardrope bring thy chiefest treasure,
Not those new fangled toys, and triming slight
Which takes our late fantasticks with delight,
But cull those richest Robes, and gay'st attire
Which deepest Spirits, and choicest Wits desire
I have some naked thoughts that rove about
And loudly knock to have their passage out,
And wearie of their place do only stay
Till thou hast deck't them in thy best aray,
That so they may without suspect or fears
Fly swiftly to this fair Assembly's ears,

Yet I had rather if I were to chuse
Thy service in some graver subject use
Such as may make thee search thy coffers round
Before thou cloath my fancy in fit sound
Such where the deep transported mind may soare
Above the wheeling poles and at Heav'ns dore
Look in and see each blissful Deitie
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie
Listening to what unshorn *Apollo* sings
To th touch of golden wires while *Hebe* brings
Immortal Nectar to her Kingly Sire
Then passing through the Spherse of watchful fire
And mistie Regions of wide air next under
And hills of Snow and lofts of piled Thunder
May tell at length how green ey'd *Neptune* raves,
In Heav'ns defiance mustering all his waves
Then sing of secret things that came to pass
When Beldam Nature in her cradle was
And last of Kings and Queens and *Hero's* old
Such as the wise *Demodocus* once told
In solemn Songs at King *Alcinous* feast
While sad *Ulisses* soul and all the rest
Are held with his melodious harmonie
In willing chains and sweet captivitie
But fie my wandring Muse how thou dost stray!
Expectance calls thee now another way
Thou know'st it must be now thy only bent
To keep in compass of thy Predicament
Then quick about thy purpos'd business come
That to the next I may resign my Roome

Then Ens is represented as Father of the Prædicaments his ten Sons whereof the Eldest stood for Substance *with his Canons which* Ens *thus speaking explains*

Good luck befriend thee Son for at thy birth
The Faiery Ladies daunc't upon the hearth
Thy drowsie Nurse hath sworn she did them spie
Come tripping to the Room where thou didst lie
And sweetly singing round about thy Bed
Strew all their blessings on thy sleeping Head
She heard them give thee this that thou should'st still
From eyes of mortals walk invisible
Yet there is something that doth force my fear
For once it was my dismal hap to hear
A *Sybil* old bow bent with crooked age
That far events full wisely could presage
And in Times long and dark Prospective Glass

Fore-saw what future dayes should bring to pass,
Your Son, said she, (nor can you it prevent)
Shall subject be to many an Accident
O're all his Brethren he shall Reign as King,
Yet every one shall make him underling,
And those that cannot live from him asunder
Ungratefully shall strive to keep him under,
In worth and excellence he shall out-go them,
Yet being above them, he shall be below them,
From others he shall stand in need of nothing,
Yet on his Brothers shall depend for Cloathing
To find a Foe it shall not be his hap,
And peace shall lull him in her flowry lap,
Yet shall he live in strife, and at his dore
Devouring war shall never cease to roare,
Yea it shall be his natural property
To harbour those that are at enmity
What power, what force, what mighty spell, if not
Your learned hands, can loose this Gordian knot

The next Quantity *and* Quality, *spake in Prose, then* Relation *was call'd by his Name*

Rivers arise, whether thou be the Son,
Of utmost *Tweed*, or *Oose*, or gulphie *Dun*,
Or *Trent*, who like some earth-born Giant spreads
His thirty Armes along the indented Meads,
Or sullen *Mole* that runneth underneath,
Or *Severn* swift, guilty of Maidens death,
Or Rockie *Avon*, or of Sedgie *Lee*,
Or Coaly *Tine*, or antient hallowed *Dee*,
Or *Humber* loud that keeps the *Scythians* Name,
Or *Medway* smooth, or Royal Towred *Thame*

The rest was Prose

The Fifth Ode of Horace *Lib* I

Quis multa gracilis te puer in Rosa *Rendred almost word for word without Rhyme according to the Latin Measure, as near as the Language will permit*

What slender Youth bedew'd with liquid odours
Courts thee on Roses in some pleasant Cave,
Pyrrha for whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden Hair,
Plain in thy neatness, O how oft shall he
On Faith and changed Gods complain and Seas
Rough with black winds and storms
Unwonted shall admire

Who now enjoyes thee credulous all Gold
Who alwayes vacant alwayes amiable
    Hopes thee of flattering gales
    Unmindfull Hapless they
To whom thou untry d seem st fair Me in my vow d
Picture the sacred wall declares t have hung
    My dank and dropping weeds
    To the stern God of Sea

SONNETS

I

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy Spray
Warbl'st at eeve, when all the Woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the Lovers heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious *May*,
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of Day,
First heard before the shallow Cuccoo's bill
Portend success in love, O if *Jove's* will
Have linkt that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now timely sing, ere the rude Bird of Hate
Foretell my hopeles doom in som Grove ny
As thou from yeer to yeer hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason why,
Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I

VII [1]

How soon hath Time the suttle theef of youth,
Stoln on his wing my three and twentith yeer!
My hasting dayes flie on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th
Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd so near,
And inward ripenes doth much less appear,
That som more timely-happy spirits indu'th
Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,
It shall be still in strictest measure eev'n,
To that same lot, however mean, or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n,
All is, if I have grace to use it so,
As ever in my great task Masters eye

VIII

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless dores may sease,
If ever deed of honour did thee please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms,

[1] Sonnets II–VI, written in Italian are omitted

He can requite thee for he knows the charms
That call Fame on such gentle acts as these
And he can spred thy Name o re Lands and Seas
What ever clime the Suns bright circle warms
Lift not thy spear against the Muses Bowre
The great *Emathian* Conqueror bid spare
The house of *Pindarus* when Temple and Towre
Went to the ground And the repeated air
Of sad *Electra s* Poet had the power
To save th *Athenian* Walls from ruine bare

IX

Lady that in the prime of earliest youth
Wisely hath shun d the broad way and the green
And with those few art eminently seen
That labour up the Hill of heav nly Truth
The better part with *Mary* and with *Ruth*
Chosen thou hast and they that overween
And at thy growing vertues fret their spleen
No anger find in thee but pity and ruth
Thy care is fixt and zealously attends
To fill thy odorous Lamp with deeds of light
And Hope that reaps not shame Therefore be sure
Thou when the Bridegroom with his feastfull friends
Passes to bliss at the mid hour of night
Hast gain d thy entrance Virgin wise and pure

X

Daughter to that good Earl once President
Of *Englands* Counsel and her Treasury
Who liv d in both unstain d with gold or fee
And left them both more in himself content
Till the sad breaking of that Parlament
Broke him as that dishonest victory
At *Chæronéa* fatal to liberty
Kil d with report that Old man eloquent
Though later born then to have known the dayes
Wherin your Father flourisht yet by you
Madam me thinks I see him living yet
So well your words his noble vertues praise
That all both judge you to relate them true
And to possess them Honour d *Margaret*

XI

A Book was writ of late call d *Tetrachordon*
And wov n close both matter form and stile

The Subject new it walk'd the Town a while,
Numbring good intellects, now seldom por'd on
Cries the stall-reader, bless us! what a word on
A title page is this! and some in file
Stand spelling fals, while one might walk to Mile-
End Green Why is it harder Sirs then Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galasp?
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek
That would have made *Quintilian* stare and gasp
Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir *John Cheek*,
Hated not Learning wors then Toad or Asp,
When thou taught'st *Cambridge*, and King *Edward* Greek

XII *On the same*

I did but prompt the age to quit their cloggs
By the known rules of antient libertie,
When strait a barbarous noise environs me
Of Owles and Cuckoes, Asses, Apes and Doggs
As when those Hinds that were transform'd to Froggs
Raild at *Latona's* twin-born progenie
Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee
But this is got by casting Pearl to Hoggs,
That bawle for freedom in their senceless mood,
And still revolt when truth would set them free
Licence they mean when they cry libertie,
For who loves that, must first be wise and good,
But from that mark how far they roave we see
For all this wast of wealth, and loss of blood

XIII

To Mr H Lawes, *on his Aires*

Harry whose tuneful and well measur'd Song
First taught our English Musick how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With *Midas* Ears, committing short and long,
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
With praise enough for Envy to look wan,
To after age thou shalt be writ the man,
That with smooth aire couldst humor best our tongue
Thou honour'st Verse, and Verse must send her wing
To honour thee, the Priest of *Phœbus* Quire
That tun'st their happiest lines in Hymn, or Story
Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher

Then his *Casella* whom he woo d to sing
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory

XIV

When Faith and Love which parted from thee never
Had ripen d thy just soul to dwell with God
Meekly thou didst resign this earthly load
Of Death call d Life which us from Life doth sever
Thy Works and Alms and all thy good Endeavour
Staid not behind nor in the grave were trod
But as Faith pointed with her golden rod
Follow d thee up to joy and bliss for ever
Love led them on and Faith who knew them best
Thy hand maids clad them o re with purple beams
And azure wings that up they flew so drest
And speak the truth of thee on glorious Theams
Before the Judge who thenceforth bid thee rest
And drink thy fill of pure immortal streams

XV

On the late Massacher in Piemont

Avenge O Lord thy slaughter d Saints whose bones
Lie scatter d on the Alpine mountains cold
Ev n them who kept thy truth so pure of old
When all our Fathers worship t Stocks and Stones
Forget not in thy book record their groanes
Who were thy Sheep and in their antient Fold
Slayn by the bloody *Piemontese* that roll d
Mother with Infant down the Rocks Their moans
The Vales redoubl d to the Hills and they
To Heav n Their martyr d blood and ashes sow
O re all th *Italian* fields where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant that from these may grow
A hunder d fold who having learnt thy way
Early may fly the *Babylonian* wo

XVI

When I consider how my light is spent
E re half my days in this dark world and wide
And that one Talent which is death to hide
Lodg d with me useless though my Soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker and present
My true account least he returning chide
Doth God exact day labour light deny d

I fondly ask, But patience to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts, who best
Bear his milde yoak, they serve him best, his State
Is Kingly Thousands at his bidding speed
And post o're Land and Ocean without rest
They also serve who only stand and waite

XVII

Lawrence of vertuous Father vertuous Son,
Now that the Fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help wast a sullen day, what may be won
From the hard Season gaining time will run
On smoother, till *Favonius* re-inspire
The frozen earth, and cloth in fresh attire
The Lillie and Rose, that neither sow'd nor spun
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attick tast, with Wine, whence we may rise
To hear the Lute well toucht, or artfull voice
Warble immortal Notes and *Tuskan* Ayre?
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise

XVIII

Cyriack, whose Grandsire on the Royal Bench
Of Brittish *Themis*, with no mean applause
Pronounc't and in his volumes taught our Lawes,
Which others at their Barr so often wrench
To day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting drawes,
Let *Euclid* rest and *Archimedes* pause,
And what the *Swede* intend, and what the *French*
To measure life, learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way,
For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains

XIX

Methought I saw my late espoused Saint
Brought to me like *Alcestis* from the grave,
Whom *Joves* great Son to her glad Husband gave,
Rescu'd from death by force though pale and faint
Mine as whom washt from spot of child-bed taint,

Purification in the old Law did save
And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint
Came vested all in white pure as her mind
Her face was vail d yet to my fancied sight
Love sweetness goodness in her person shin d
So clear as in no face with more delight
But O as to embrace me she enclin d
I wak d she fled and day brought back my night

On the new forcers of Conscience under the Long PARLIAMENT

Because you have thrown of your Prelate Lord
And with stiff Vowes renounc d his Liturgie
To seise the widdow d whore Pluralitie
From them who e sin ye envi d not abhor d
Dare ye for this adjure the Civill Sword
To force our Consciences that Christ set free
And ride us with a classic Hierarchy
Taught ye by meer *A S* and *Rotherford*?
Men whose Life Learning Faith and pure intent
Would have been held in high esteem with *Paul*
Must now be nam d and printed Hereticks
By shallow *Edwards* and Scotch what d ye call
But we do hope to find out all your tricks
Your plots and packing wors then those of *Trent*,
That so the Parliament
May with their wholsom and preventive Shears
Clip your Phylacteries though bauk your Ears
And succour our just Fears
When they shall read this clearly in your charge
New Presbyter is but *Old Priest* writ Large

On the Lord Gen Fairfax *at the seige of* Colchester

Fairfax whose name in armes through Europe rings
Filling each mouth with envy or with praise
And all her jealous monarchs with amaze
And rumors loud that daunt remotest kings
Thy firm unshak n vertue ever brings
Victory home though new rebellions raise
Thir Hydra heads & the fals North displaies
Her brok n league to impe their serpent wings
O yet a nobler task awaites thy hand

For what can Warr, but endless warr still breed,
Till Truth, & Right from Violence be freed,
And Public Faith cleard from the shamefull brand
Of Public Fraud In vain doth Valour bleed
While Avarice, & Rapine share the land

To the Lord Generall Cromwell *May 1652*

On the proposalls of certaine ministers at the Committee for Propagation of the Gospell

Cromwell, our cheif of men, who through a cloud
Not of warr onely, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith & matchless Fortitude
To peace & truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
Hast reard Gods Trophies, & his work pursu'd,
While Darwen stream with blood of Scotts imbru'd,
And *Dunbarr feild* resounds thy praises loud,
And Worsters laureat wreath, yet much remaines
To conquer still, peace hath her victories
No less renownd then warr, new foes aries
Threatning to bind our soules with secular chaines
Helpe us to save free Conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves whose Gospell is their maw

*To S*r Henry Vane *the younger*

Vane, young in yeares, but in sage counsell old,
Then whome a better Senatour nere held
The helme of Rome, when gownes not armes repelld
The feirce Epeirot & the African bold,
Whether to settle peace, or to unfold
The drift of hollow states, hard to be spelld,
Then to advise how warr may best, upheld,
Move by her two maine nerves, Iron & Gold
In all her equipage, besides to know
Both spirituall powre & civill, what each meanes
What severs each thou 'hast learnt, which few have don
The bounds of either sword to thee wee ow
Therfore on thy firme hand religion leanes
In peace, & reck'ns thee her eldest son

To Mr Cyriack Skinner *upon his Blindness*

Cyriack this three years day these eys though clear
  To outward view of blemish or of spot
  Bereft of light thir seeing have forgot
  Nor to thir idle orbs doth sight appear
Of Sun or Moon or Starre throughout the year
  Or man or woman Yet I argue not
  Against heavns hand or will nor bate a jot
  Of heart or hope but still bear vp and steer
Right onward What supports me dost thou ask?
  The conscience Friend to have lost them overply'd
  In libertyes defence my noble task
Of which all Europe talks from side to side
  This thought might lead me through the world's
    vain mask
  Content though blind had I no better guide

PSALMS

PSAL I *Done into Verse, 1653*

BLESS'D is the man who hath not walk'd astray
In counsel of the wicked, and ith'way
Of sinners hath not stood, and in the seat
Of scorners hath not sate But in the great
Jehovahs Law is ever his delight,
And in his Law he studies day and night
He shall be as a tree which planted grows
By watry streams, and in his season knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf shall not fall,
And what he takes in hand shall prosper all
Not so the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives, so the wicked shall not stand
In judgment, or abide their tryal then,
Nor sinners in th'assembly of just men
For the Lord knows th'upright way of the just,
And the way of bad men to ruine must

PSAL II *Done Aug* 8 1653 *Terzetti*

WHY do the Gentiles tumult, and the Nations
Muse a vain thing, the Kings of th'earth upstand
With power, and Princes in their Congregations
Lay deep their plots together through each Land,
Against the Lord and his Messiah dear
Let us break off, say they, by strength of hand
Their bonds, and cast from us, no more to wear,
Their twisted cords he who in Heaven doth dwell
Shall laugh, the Lord shall scoff them, then severe
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
And fierce ire trouble them, but I saith hee
Anointed have my King (though ye rebell)
On Sion my holi' hill A firm decree
I will declare, the Lord to me hath say'd
Thou art my Son I have begotten thee
This day, ask of me, and the grant is made,
As thy possession I on thee bestow
Th'Heathen, and as thy conquest to be sway'd

Earths utmost bounds them shalt thou bring full low
With Iron Scepter bruis d and them disperse
Like to a potters vessel shiver d so
And now be wise at length ye Kings averse
Be taught ye Judges of the earth with fear
Jehovah serve and let your joy converse
With trembling kiss the Son least he appear
In anger and ye perish in the way
If once his wrath take fire like fuel sere
Happy all those who have in him their stay

PSAL III *Aug* 9 1653

When he fled from Absalom

LORD how many are my foes
How many those
That in arms against me rise
Many are they
That of my life distrustfully thus say
No help for him in God there lies
But thou Lord art my shield my glory
Thee through my story
Th exalter of my head I count
Aloud I cry d
Unto Jehovah he full soon reply d
And heard me from his holy mount
I lay and slept I wak d again
For my sustain
Was the Lord Of many millions
The populous rout
I fear not though incamping round about
They pitch against me their Pavilions
Rise Lord save me my God for thou
Hast smote ere now
On the cheek bone all my foes
Of men abhor d
Hast broke the teeth This help was from the Lord
Thy blessing on thy people flows

PSAL IV *Aug* 10 1653

ANSWER me when I call
God of my righteousness
In straights and in distress
Thou didst me disinthrall

And set at large, now spare,
  Now pity me, and hear my earnest prai'r
Great ones how long will ye
My glory have in scorn
How long be thus forborn
Still to love vanity,
To love, to seek, to prize
  Things false and vain and nothing else but lies?
Yet know the Lord hath chose
Chose to himself a part
The good and meek of heart
(For whom to chuse he knows)
Jehovah from on high
  Will hear my voyce what time to him I crie
Be aw'd, and do not sin,
Speak to your hearts alone,
Upon your beds, each one,
And be at peace within
Offer the offerings just
  Of righteousness and in Jehovah trust
Many there be that say
Who yet will shew us good?
Talking like this worlds brood,
But Lord, thus let me pray,
On us lift up the light
  Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright
Into my heart more joy
And gladness thou hast put
Then when a year of glut
Their stores doth over-cloy
And from their plenteous grounds
  With vast increase their corn and wine abounds
In peace at once will I
Both lay me down and sleep
For thou alone dost keep
Me safe where ere I lie
As in a rocky Cell
  Thou Lord alone in safety mak'st me dwell

PSAL V *Aug* 12 1653

JEHOVAH to my words give ear
    My meditation waigh
  The voyce of my complaining hear
My King and God for unto thee I pray
  Jehovah thou my early voyce

Shalt in the morning hear
Ith morning I to thee with choyce
Will rank my Prayers and watch till thou appear
For thou art not a God that takes
In wickedness delight
Evil with thee no biding makes
Fools or mad men stand not within thy sight
All workers of iniquity
Thou hat st and them unblest
Thou wilt destroy that speak a ly
The bloodi and guileful man God doth detest
But I will in thy mercies dear
Thy numerous mercies go
Into thy house I in thy fear
Will towards thy holy temple worship low
Lord lead me in thy righteousness
Lead me because of those
That do observe if I transgress
Set thy wayes right before where my step goes
For in his faltring mouth unstable
No word is firm or sooth
Their inside troubles miserable
An open grave their throat their tongue they smooth
God find them guilty let them fall
By their own counsels quell d
Push them in their rebellions all
Still on for against thee they have rebell d
Then all who trust in thee shall bring
Their joy while thou from blame
Defend st them they shall ever sing
And shall triumph in thee who love thy name
For thou Jehovah wilt be found
To bless the just man still
As with a shield thou wilt surround
Him with thy lasting favour and good will

PSAL VI *Aug* 13 1653

LORD in thine anger do not reprehend me
Nor in thy hot displeasure me correct
Pity me Lord for I am much deject
Am very weak and faint heal and amend me
For all my bones that even with anguish ake
Are troubled yea my soul is troubled sore
And thou O Lord how long? turn Lord restore
My soul O save me for thy goodness sake

For in death no remembrance is of thee,
Who in the grave can celebrate thy praise?
Wearied I am with sighing out my dayes,
Nightly my Couch I make a kind of Sea,
My Bed I water with my tears, mine Eie
Through grief consumes is waxen old and dark
Ith' mid'st of all mine enemies that mark
Depart all ye that work iniquitie
Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my prai'r
My supplication with acceptance fair
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping
Mine enemies shall all be blank and dash't
With much confusion, then grow red with shame,
They shall return in hast the way they came
And in a moment shall be quite abash't

PSAL VII *Aug* 14 1653

Upon the words of Chush *the* Benjamite *against him*

LORD my God to thee I flie
Save me and secure me under
Thy protection while I crie
Least as a Lion (and no wonder)
He hast to tear my Soul asunder
Tearing and no rescue nigh

Lord my God if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedness
Be in my hands, if I have wrought
Ill to him that meant me peace,
Or to him have render'd less,
And not fre'd my foe for naught,

Let th'enemy pursue my soul
And overtake it, let him tread
My life down to the earth and roul
In the dust my glory dead,
In the dust and there out spread
Lodge it with dishonour foul

Rise Jehovah in thine ire
Rouze thy self amidst the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire,

And wake for me their furi asswage
Judgment here thou didst ingage
And command which I desire

So th assemblies of each Nation
Will surround thee seeking right
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high and in their sight
Jehovah judgeth most upright
All people from the worlds foundation

Judge me Lord be judge in this
According to my righteousness
And the innocence which is
Upon me cause at length to cease
Of evil men the wickedness
And their power that do amiss

But the just establish fast
Since thou art the just God that tries
Hearts and reins On God is cast
My defence and in him lies
In him who both just and wise
Saves th upright of Heart at last

God is a just Judge and severe
And God is every day offended
If th unjust will not forbear
His Sword he whets his Bow hath bended
Already and for him intended
The tools of death that waits him near

(His arrows purposely made he
For them that persecute) Behold
He travels big with vanitie,
Trouble he hath conceav d of old
As in a womb and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a Lie

He dig d a pit and delv d it deep
And fell into the pit he made
His mischief that due course doth keep
Turns on his head and his ill trade
Of violence will undelay d
Fall on his crown with ruine steep

Then will I Jehovah's praise
According to his justice raise
And sing the Name and Deitie
Of Jehovah the most high

PSAL VIII *Aug* 14 1653

O JEHOVAH our Lord how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth?
So as above the Heavens thy praise to set
Out of the tender mouths of latest bearth,

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou
Hast founded strength because of all thy foes
To stint th'enemy, and slack th'avengers brow
That bends his rage thy providence to oppose

When I behold thy Heavens, thy Fingers art,
The Moon and Starrs which thou so bright hast set,
In the pure firmament, then saith my heart,
O what is man that thou remembrest yet,

And think'st upon him, or of man begot
That him thou visit'st and of him art found,
Scarce to be less then Gods, thou mad'st his lot,
With honour and with state thou hast him crown'd

O're the works of thy hand thou mad'st him Lord,
Thou hast put all under his lordly feet,
All Flocks, and Herds, by thy commanding word,
All beasts that in the field or forrest meet

Fowl of the Heavens, and Fish that through the wet
Sea-paths in shoals do slide And know no dearth
O Jehovah our Lord how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the earth

April 1648 J M

Nine of the Psalms done into Metre, wherein all but what is in a different Character, are the very words of the Text, translated from the Original

PSAL LXXX

1 Thou Shepherd that dost Israel *keep*
Give ear in time of need
Who leadest like a flock of sheep
Thy loved Josephs seed
That sitt'st between the Cherubs *bright*
Between their wings out spread
Shine forth *and from thy cloud give light*
And on our foes thy dread
2 In Ephraims view and Benjamins
And in Manasse's sight
Awake [1] thy strength come and *be seen*
To save us by thy might
3 Turn us again *thy grace divine*
To us O God vouchsafe
Cause thou thy face on us to shine
And then we shall be safe
4 Lord God of Hosts how long wilt thou
How long wilt thou declare
Thy [2] smoaking wrath *and angry brow*
Against thy peoples praire
5 Thou feed'st them with the bread of tears
Their bread with tears they eat
And mak'st them [3] largely drink the tears
Wherwith their cheeks are wet
6 A strife thou mak'st us *and a prey*
To every neighbour foe
Among themselves they [4] laugh they [4] play
And [4] flouts at us they throw
7 Return us *and thy grace divine*
O God of Hosts *vouchsafe*
Cause thou thy face on us to shine
And then we shall be safe
8 A Vine from Ægypt thou hast brought,
Thy free love made it thine
And drov'st out Nations *proud and haut*

Gnorera *Gnashanta* *Shalish* *Jilgnagu*

To plant this *lovely* Vine
9 Thou did'st prepare for it a place
And root it deep and fast
That it *began to grow apace*,
And fill'd the land *at last*
10 With her *green* shade *that* cover'd *all*,
The Hills were *over-spread*
Her Bows as *high as* Cedars tall
Advanc'd their lofty head
11 Her branches *on the western side*
Down to the Sea she sent,
And *upward* to that river *wide*
Her other branches *went*
12 Why hast thou laid her Hedges low
And brok'n down her Fence,
That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudest violence?
13 The *tusked* Boar out of the wood
Up turns it by the roots,
Wild Beasts there brouze, and make their food
Her Grapes and tender Shoots
14 Return now, God of Hosts, look down
From Heav'n, thy Seat divine,
Behold *us, but without a frown*,
And visit this *thy* Vine
15 Visit this Vine, which thy right hand
Hath set, and planted *long*,
And the young branch, that for thy self
Thou hast made firm and strong
16 But now it is consum'd with fire,
And cut *with Axes* down,
They perish at thy dreadfull ire,
At thy rebuke and frown
17 Upon the man of thy right hand
Let thy *good* hand be *laid*,
Upon the Son of Man, whom thou
Strong for thyself hast made
18 So shall we not go back *from thee*
To wayes of sin and shame,
Quick'n us thou, then *gladly* wee
Shall call upon thy Name
Return us, *and thy grace divine*
Lord God of Hosts *voutsafe*,
Cause thou thy face on us to shine,
And then we shall be safe.

PSAL LXXXI

1 To God our strength sing loud *and clear*
Sing loud to God *our King*
To Jacobs God *that all may hear*
Loud acclamations ring
2 Prepare a Hymn prepare a Song
The Timbrel hither bring
The *cheerfull* Psaltry bring along
And Harp *with* pleasant *string*
3 Blow *as is wont* in the new Moon
With Trumpets *lofty sound*
Th appointed time the day wheron
Our solemn Feast *comes round*
4 This was a Statute giv n *of old*
For Israel *to observe*
A Law of Jacobs God *to hold*
From whence they might not swerve
5 This he a Testimony ordain d
In Joseph *not to change*
When as he pass d through Ægypt land
The Tongue I heard was strange
6 From burden *and from sla ish toyle*
I set his shoulder free
His hands from pots *and mirie soyle*
Deliv er d were *by me*
7 When trouble did thee sore assaile
On me then didst thou call
And I to free thee *did not faile*
And led thee out of thrall
I answer d thee in [1] thunder deep
With clouds encompass d round
I tri d thee at the water *steep*
Of Meriba *renown d*
8 Hear O my people *heark n well*
I testifie to thee
Thou antient flock of Israel
If thou wilt list to mee
9 Through out the land of thy abode
No alien God shall be
Nor shalt thou to a forein God
In honour bend thy knee
10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
Thee out of Ægypt land

Be Sethe ragnam

Ask large enough, and I, *besought*,
Will grant thy full demand
11 And yet my people would not *hear*,
Nor hearken to my voice,
And Israel *whom I lov'd so dear*
Mislik'd me for his choice
12 Then did I leave them to their will
And to their wandring mind,
Their own conceits they follow'd still
Their own devises blind
13 O that my people would *be wise*
To serve me *all their daies*,
And O that Israel would *advise*
To walk my *righteous* waies
14 Then would I soon bring down their foes
That now so proudly rise,
And turn my hand against *all those*
That are their enemies
15 Who hate the Lord should *then be fain*
To bow to him and bend,
But *they, His people, should remain*,
Their time should have no end
16 And he would feed them *from the shock*
With flower of finest wheat,
And satisfie them from the rock
With Honey *for their Meat*

PSAL LXXXII

1 GOD in the [1] great [1] assembly stands
Of Kings and lordly States,
Among the gods [2] on both his hands
He judges and debates
2 How long will ye [3] pervert the right
With [3] judgment false and wrong
Favouring the wicked *by your might*,
Who thence grow bold and strong?
3 [4] Regard the [4] weak and fatherless
[4] Dispatch the [4] poor mans cause,
And [5] raise the man in deep distress
By [5] just and equal Lawes
4 Defend the poor and desolate,
And rescue from the hands
Of wicked men the low estate

[1] *Bagnadath el* [2] *Bekerev* [3] *Tishphetu gnavel* [4] *Shiphtu dal*
[5] *Hatzdiku*

Of him *that help demands*
5 They know not nor will understand
In darkness they walk on
The Earths foundations all are [6] mov'd
And [6] out of order gon
6 I said that ye were Gods yea all
The Sons of God most high
7 But ye shall die like men and fall
As other Princes *die*
8 Rise God [7] judge thou the earth *in might*
This *wicked* earth [7] redress
For thou art he who shalt by right
The Nations all possess

PSAL LXXXIII

1 BE not thou silent *now at length*
O God hold not thy peace
Sit not thou still O God of *strength*
We cry and do not cease
2 For lo thy *furious* foes *now* [1] swell
And [1] storm outrageously
And they that hate thee *proud and fell*
Exalt their heads full hie
3 Against thy people they contrive
[3] Their Plots and Counsels deep
[4] Them to ensnare they chiefly strive
[5] Whom thou dost hide and keep
4 Come let us cut them off say they
Till they no Nation be
That Israels name for ever may
Be lost in memory
5 For they consult [6] with all their might,
And all as one in mind
Themselves against thee they unite
And in firm union bind
6 The tents of Edom and the brood
Of *scornful* Ishmael
Moab with them of Hagars blood
That in the Desart dwell
7 Gebal and Ammon *there conspire*
And *hateful* Amalec
The Philistims and they of Tyre
Whose bounds the Sea doth check

Jimmnotu Sh phta Jebemajun J gnar mu Sod
J thjagnatsu gnal Tsepl un ca Lev ja I dau

8 With them *great* Asshur also bands
And doth confirm the knot,
All these have lent their armed hands
To aid the Sons of Lot
9 Do to them as to Midian *bold*
That wasted all the Coast
To Sisera, and as *is told*
Thou didst to Jabins *hoast,*
When at the brook of Kishon *old*
They were repulst and slain,
10 At Endor quite cut off, and rowl'd
As dung upon the plain
11 As Zeb and Oreb evil sped
So let their Princes speed
As Zeba, and Zalmunna *bled*
So let their Princes *bleed*
12 *For they amidst their pride* have said
By right now shall we seize
Gods houses, and *will now invade*
[1] Their stately Palaces
13 My God, oh make them as a wheel
No quiet let them find,
Giddy and *restless* let *them reel*
Like stubble from the wind
14 As *when* an *aged* wood takes fire
Which on a sudden straies,
The *greedy* flame runs hier and hier
Till all the mountains blaze,
15 So with thy whirlwind them pursue,
And with thy tempest chase,
16 [2] And till they [2] yield thee honour due,
Lord fill with shame their face
17 Asham'd and troubl'd let them be,
Troubl'd and sham'd for ever,
Ever confounded, and so die
With shame, *and scape it never*
18 Then shall they know that thou whose name
Jehova is alone,
Art the most high, *and thou the same*
O're all the earth *art one*

[1]*Neoth Elohim bears both* [2]*They seek thy Name* Heb

Salvation is at hand
And glory shall *ere long appear*
To dwell within our Land
10 Mercy and Truth *that long were miss'd*
Now *joyfully* are met
Sweet Peace and Righteousness have kiss d
And hand in hand are set
11 Truth from the earth *like to a flowr*
Shall bud and blossom *then*
And Justice from her heavenly bowr
Look down *on mortal men*
12 The Lord will also then bestow
Whatever thing is good
Our Land shall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits *to be our food*
13 Before him Righteousness shall go
His Royal Harbinger
Then [1] will he come and not be slow
His footsteps cannot err

PSAL LXXXVI

1 Thy *Gracious* ear O Lord encline
O hear me *I thee pray*
For I am poor and almost pine
With need *and sad decay*
2 Preserve my soul for I have trod
Thy waies and love the just
Save thou thy servant O my God
Who *still* in thee doth trust
3 Pitty me Lord for daily thee
I call 4 O make rejoyce
Thy Servants Soul for Lord to thee
I lift my soul *and voice*
5 For thou art good thou Lord art prone
To pardon thou to all
Art full of mercy thou *alone*
To them that on thee call
6 Unto my supplication Lord
Give ear and to the crie
Of my *incessant* praiers afford
Thy hearing graciously
7 I in the day of my distress
Will call on thee *for aid*

Heb *He will set his step to the way* Heb *I am good loving a doer of good and holy things*

For thou wilt *grant* me *free access*
And answer, *what I pray'd*
8 Like thee among the gods is none
O Lord, nor any works
Of all that other Gods have done
Like to thy *glorious* works
9 The Nations all whom thou hast made
Shall come, *and all shall frame*
To bow them low before thee Lord,
And glorifie thy name
10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy strong hand are done,
Thou *in thy everlasting Seat*
Remainest God alone
11 Teach me O Lord thy way *most right*,
I in thy truth will bide,
To fear thy name my heart unite
So shall it never slide
12 Thee will I praise O Lord my God
Thee honour, and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for ever more
13 For great thy mercy is toward me,
And thou hast free'd my Soul
Eev'n from the lowest Hell set free
From deepest darkness foul
14 O God the proud against me rise
And violent men are met
To seek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have set
15 But thou Lord art the God most mild
Readiest thy grace to shew,
Slow to be angry, and *art stil'd*
Most mercifull, most true
16 O turn to me *thy face at length*,
And me have mercy on,
Unto thy servant give thy strength,
And save thy hand-maids Son
17 Some sign of good to me afford,
And let my foes *then* see
And be asham'd, because thou Lord
Do'st help and comfort me

PSAL. LXXXVII.

1 Among the holy Mountains *high*
  Is his foundation fast,
There Seated in his Sanctuary,
  His Temple there is plac't.
2 Sions *fair* Gates the Lord loves more
  Then all the dwellings *faire*
Of Jacobs *Land, though there be store,*
  And all within his care.
3 City of God, most glorious things
  Of thee *abroad* are spoke;
4 I mention Egypt, *where proud Kings*
  Did our forefathers yoke,
I mention Babel to my friends,
  Philistia *full of scorn,*
And Tyre with Ethiops *utmost ends,*
  Lo this man there was born:
5 But *twise that praise shall in our ear*
  Be said of Sion *last*
This and this man was born in her,
  High God shall fix her fast.
6 The Lord shall write it in a Scrowle
  That ne're shall be out-worn
When he the Nations doth enrowle
  That this man there was born.
7 Both they who sing, and they who dance
  With sacred Songs are there,
In thee *fresh brooks, and soft streams glance*
  And all my fountains *clear.*

PSAL. LXXXVIII.

1 Lord God that dost me save and keep,
  All day to thee I cry;
And all night long, before thee *weep*
  Before thee *prostrate lie.*
Into thy presence let my praier
  With sighs devout ascend
And to my cries, that *ceaseless are,*
  Thine ear with favour bend.
3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble store
  Surcharg'd my Soul doth lie,
My life *at death's uncherful dore*
  Unto the grave draws nigh.

4 Reck'n'd I am with them that pass
Down to the *dismal* pit.
I am a [1] man, but weak alas
And for that name unfit.
5 From life discharg'd and parted quite
Among the dead *to sleep*,
And like the slain *in bloody fight*
That in the grave lie *deep*.
Whom thou rememberest no more,
Dost never more regard,
Them from thy hand deliver'd o're
Deaths hideous house hath barr'd.
6 Thou in the lowest pit *profound*
Hast set me *all forlorn*,
Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,
In horrid deeps *to mourn*.
7 Thy wrath *from which no shelter saves*
Full sore doth press on me,
[2] Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,
[2] And all thy waves break me.
8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
And mak'st me odious,
Me to them odious, *for they change*,
And I here pent up thus.
9 Through sorrow, and affliction great
Mine eye grows dim and dead,
Lord all the day I thee entreat,
My hands to thee I spread.
10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,
Shall the deceas'd arise
And praise thee *from their loathsom bed*
With pale and hollow eyes?
11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell
On whom the grave *hath hold*,
Or they *who* in perdition *dwell*
Thy faithfulness *unfold?*
12 In darkness can thy mighty *hand*
Or wondrous acts be known,
Thy justice in the *gloomy* land
Of *dark* oblivion?
13 But I to thee O Lord do cry
E're yet my life be spent,
And *up to thee* my praier *doth hie*
Each morn, and thee prevent.
14 Why wilt thou Lord my soul forsake,

[1] Heb. *A man without manly strength.* [2] *The* Heb. *bears both.*

And hide thy face from me
15 That am already bruis'd and I shake
With terror sent from thee
Bruz'd and afflicted and *so low*
As ready to expire
While I thy terrors undergo
Astonish'd with thine ire
16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow
Thy threatnings cut me through
17 All day they round about me go
Like waves they me persue
18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd
And sever'd from me far
They *fly me now* whom I have lov'd
And as in darkness are

Heb *Prae Concussione*

PARADISE LOST

PARADISE LOST

BOOK I

THE ARGUMENT

This first Book proposes first in brief the whole Subject, *Mans disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was plac't* Then touches *the prime cause of his fall, the Serpent, or rather* Satan *in the Serpent, who revolting from God and drawing to his side many Legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven with all his Crew into the great Deep* Which action past over the Poem hasts into the midst of things presenting *Satan with his Angels now fallen into Hell,* describ'd here, *not in the Center* (for Heaven and Earth may be suppos'd as yet not made certainly not yet accurst) *but in a place of utter darknesse, fitliest call'd* Chaos *Here* Satan *with his Angels lying on the burning Lake, thunder-struck and astonisht, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in Order and Dignity lay by him, they confer of thir miserable fall* Satan *awakens all his Legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded, They rise, thir Numbers array of Battel, thir chief Leaders nam'd, according to the Idols known afterwards in* Canaan *and the Countries adjoyning To these* Satan *directs his Speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new World and new kind of Creature to be created, according to an ancient Prophesie or report in Heaven* for that Angels were long before this visible Creation was the opinion of many ancient Fathers *To find out the truth of this Prophesie, and what to determin thereon he refers to a full Councell What his Associates thence attempt* Pandemonium *the Palace of* Satan *rises, suddenly built out of the Deep The infernal Peers there sit in Counsel*

OF MANS First Disobedience, and the Fruit
Of that Forbidden Tree, whose mortal tast
Brought Death into the World, and all our woe,
With loss of *Eden*, till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat,
Sing Heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
Of *Oreb*, or of *Sinai*, didst inspire
That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen Seed,
In the Beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
Rose out of *Chaos* or if *Sion* Hill
Delight thee more, and *Siloa's* Brook that flow'd
Fast by the Oracle of God, I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventrous Song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th' *Aonian* Mount, while it pursues
Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime
And chiefly Thou O Spirit, that dost prefer

Before all Temples th upright heart and pure
Instruct me for Thou know st Thou from the first
Wast present and with mighty wings outspread
Dove like satst brooding on the vast Abyss
And mad st it pregnant What in me is dark
Illumine what is low raise and support
That to the highth of this great Argument
I may assert Eternal Providence
And justifie the wayes of God to men
  Say first for Heav n hides nothing from thy view
Nor the deep Tract of Hell say first what cause
Mov d our Grand Parents in that happy State
Favour d of Heav n so highly to fall off
From their Creator and transgress his Will
For one restraint Lords of the World besides?
Who first seduc d them to that fowl revolt?
Th infernal Serpent he it was whose guile
Stird up with Envy and Revenge deceiv d
The Mother of Mankinde what time his Pride
Had cast him out from Heav n with all his Host
Of Rebel Angels by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in Glory above his Peers
He trusted to have equal d the most High
If he oppos d and with ambitious aim
Against the Throne and Monarchy of God
Rais d impious War in Heav n and Battel proud
With vain attempt Him the Almighty Power
Hurld headlong flaming from th Ethereal Skie
With hideous ruine and combustion down
To bottomless perdition there to dwell
In Adamantine Chains and penal Fire
Who durst defie th Omnipotent to Arms
Nine times the Space that measures Day and Night
To mortal men he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquisht rowling in the fiery Gulfe
Confounded though immortal But his doom
Reserv d him to more wrath for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him round he throws his baleful eyes
That witness d huge affliction and dismay
Mixt with obdurate pride and stedfast hate
At once as far as Angels kenn he views
The dismal Situation waste and wilde
A Dungeon horrible on all sides round
As one great Furnace flam d yet from those flames
No light but rather darkness visible

Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all, but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery Deluge, fed
With ever-burning Sulphur unconsum'd
Such place Eternal Justice had prepar'd
For those rebellious, here their Prison ordain'd
In utter darkness, and their portion set
As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n
As from the Center thrice to th' utmost Pole
O how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'rewhelm'd
With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
He soon discerns, and weltring by his side
One next himself in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in *Palestine*, and nam'd
Beelzebub To whom th' Arch-Enemy,
And thence in Heav'n call'd Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid silence thus began
  If thou beest he, But O how fall'n! how chang'd
From him, who in the happy Realms of Light
Cloth'd with transcendent brightness didst outshine
Myriads though bright If he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counsels, equal hope,
And hazard in the Glorious Enterprize,
Joynd with me once, now misery hath joynd
In equal ruin into what Pit thou seest
From what highth fal'n, so much the stronger provd
He with his Thunder and till then who knew
The force of those dire Arms? yet not for those
Nor what the Potent Victor in his rage
Can else inflict do I repent or change,
Though chang'd in outward lustre, that fixt mind
And high disdain, from sence of injur'd merit,
That with the mightiest rais'd me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd
That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,
His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd
In dubious Battel on the Plains of Heav'n,
And shook his throne What though the field be lost?
All is not lost, the unconquerable Will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield
And what is else not to be overcome?

That Glory never shall his wrath or might
Extort from me To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee and deifie his power
Who from the terrour of this Arm so late
Doubted his Empire that were low indeed
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall since by Fate the strength of Gods
And this Empyreal substance cannot fail
Since through experience of this great event
In Arms not worse in foresight much advanc t
We may with more successful hope resolve
To wage by force or guile eternal Warr
Irreconcileable to our grand Foe
Who now triumphs and in th excess of joy
Sole reigning holds the Tyranny of Heav n
So spake th Apostate Angel though in pain
Vaunting aloud but rackt with deep despare
And him thus answer d soon his bold Compeer
O Prince O Chief of many Throned Powers
That led th imbattelld Seraphim to Warr
Under thy conduct and in dreadful deeds
Fearless endanger d Heav'ns perpetual King
And put to proof his high Supremacy
Whether upheld by strength or Chance or Fate
Too well I see and rue the dire event
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath lost us Heav n and all this mighty Host
In horrible destruction laid thus low
As far as Gods and Heav nly Essences
Can perish for the mind and spirit remains
Invincible and vigour soon returns
Though all our Glory extinct, and happy state
Here swallow d up in endless misery
But what if he our Conquerour (whom I now
Of force believe Almighty since no less
Then such could hav orepow rd such force as ours)
Have left us this our spirit and strength intire
Strongly to suffer and support our pains
That we may so suffice his vengeful ire
Or do him mightier service as his thralls
By right of Warr what e re his business be
Here in the heart of Hell to work in Fire
Or do his Errands in the gloomy Deep
What can it then avail though yet we feel
Strength undiminisht, or eternal being
To undergo eternal punishment?

Whereto with speedy words th' Arch-fiend reply'd
  Fall'n Cherube, to be weak is miserable
Doing or Suffering but of this be sure,
To do ought good never will be our task,
But ever to do ill our sole delight,
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we resist If then his Providence
Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
Our labour must be to pervert that end,
And out of good still to find means of evil,
Which oft times may succeed, so as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
His inmost counsels from their destind aim
But see the angry Victor hath recall'd
His Ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the Gates of Heav'n The Sulphurous Hail
Shot after us in storm, oreblown hath laid
The fiery Surge, that from the Precipice
Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling, and the Thunder,
Wing'd with red Lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep
Let us not slip th' occasion, whether scorn,
Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe
Seest thou yon dreary Plain, forlorn and wilde,
The seat of desolation, voyd of light,
Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the tossing of these fiery waves,
There rest, if any rest can harbour there,
And reassembling our afflicted Powers,
Consult how we may henceforth most offend
Our Enemy, our own loss how repair,
How overcome this dire Calamity,
What reinforcement we may gain from Hope,
If not what resolution from despare
  Thus Satan talking to his neerest Mate
With Head up-lift above the wave, and Eyes
That sparkling blaz'd, his other Parts besides
Prone on the Flood, extended long and large
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
As whom the Fables name of monstrous size,
Titanian, or *Earth-born*, that warr'd on *Jove*,
Briaros or *Typhon*, whom the Den
By ancient *Tarsus* held, or that Sea beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works

Created hugest that swim th Ocean stream
Him haply slumbring on the *Norway* foam
The Pilot of some small night founder d Skiff
Deeming some Island oft as Sea men tell
With fixed Anchor in his skaly rind
Moors by his side under the Lee while Night
Invests the Sea and wished Morn delayes
So stretcht out huge in length the Arch fiend lay
Chain d on the burning Lake nor ever thence
Had ris n or heav d his head but that the will
And high permission of all ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark designs
That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himself damnation while he sought
Evil to others and enrag d might see
How all his malice serv d but to bring forth
Infinite goodness grace and mercy shewn
On Man by him seduc t but on himself
Treble confusion wrath and vengeance pour d
Forthwith upright he rears from off the Pool
His mighty Stature on each hand the flames
Driv n backward slope their pointing spires & rowld
In billows leave i th midst a horrid Vale
Then with expanded wings he stears his flight
Aloft incumbent on the dusky Air
That felt unusual weight till on dry Land
He lights if it were Land that ever burn d
With solid as the Lake with liquid fire
And such appear d in hue as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a Hill
Torn from *Pelorus* or the shatter d side
Of thundring *Ætna* whose combustible
And fewel d entrals thence conceiving Fire
Sublim d with Mineral fury aid the Winds
And leave a singed bottom all involv d
With stench and smoak Such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet Him followed his next Mate
Both glorying to have scap t the *Stygian* flood
As Gods and by their own recover d strength
Not by the sufferance of supernal Power
Is this the Region this the Soil the Clime
Said then the lost Arch Angel this the seat
That we must change for Heav n this mournful gloom
For that celestial light? Be it so since hee
Who now is Sovran can dispose and bid
What shall be right fardest from him is best

Whom reason hath equald, force hath made supream
Above his equals Farewel happy Fields
Where Joy for ever dwells Hail horrours, hail
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new Possessor One who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time
The *mind is its own place, and in it self*
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n
What matter where, if I be still the same,
And what I should be, all but less than hee
Whom Thunder hath made greater? Here at least
We shall be free, th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence
Here we may reign secure, and in my choyce
To reign is worth ambition though in Hell
Better to reign in Hell, then serve in Heav'n
But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
Th' associates and copartners of our loss
Lye thus astonisht on th' oblivious Pool,
And call them not to share with us their part
In this unhappy Mansion, or once more
With rallied Arms to try what may be yet
Regained in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell?
   So *Satan* spake, and him *Beelzebub*
Thus answer'd Leader of those Armies bright,
Which but th' Omnipotent none could have foyld,
If once they hear that voyce, their liveliest pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
In worst extreams, and on the perilous edge
Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults
Their surest signal, they will soon resume
New courage and revive, though now they lye
Groveling and prostrate on yon Lake of Fire,
As we erewhile, astounded and amaz'd,
No wonder, *fall'n such a pernicious highth*
   He scarce had ceas't when the superiour Fiend
Was moving toward the shore, his ponderous shield
Ethereal temper, massy, large and round,
Behind him cast, the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the Moon, whose Orb
Through Optic Glass the *Tuscan* Artist views
At Ev'ning from the top of *Fesole*,
Or in *Valdarno*, to descry new Lands,
Rivers or Mountains in her spotty Globe.
His Spear, to equal which the tallest Pine
Hewn on *Norwegian* hills, to be the Mast

Of some great Ammiral were but a wand
He walkt with to support uneasie steps
Over the burning Marle not like those steps
On Heavens Azure and the torrid Clime
Smote on him sore besides vaulted with Fire
Nathless he so endur d till on the Beach
Of that inflamed Sea he stood and call d
His Legions Angel Forms who lay intrans t
Thick as Autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks
In *Vallombrosa* where th *Etrurian* shades
High overarch t imbowr or scatterd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce Winds *Orion* arm d
Hath vext the Red-Sea Coast whose waves orethrew
Busiris and his *Memphian* Chivalrie
While with perfidious hatred they pursu d
The Sojourners of *Goshen* who beheld
From the safe shore their floating Carkases
And broken Chariot Wheels so thick bestrown
Abject and lost lay these covering the Flood
Under amazement of their hideous change
He call d so loud that all the hollow Deep
Of Hell resounded Princes Potentates
Warriers the Flowr of Heav n once yours now lost
If such astonishment as this can sieze
Eternal spirits or have ye chos n this place
After the toyl of Battel to repose
Your wearied vertue for the ease you find
To slumber here as in the Vales of Heav n?
Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
To adore the Conquerour? who now beholds
Cherube and Seraph rowling in the Flood
With scatter d Arms and Ensigns till anon
His swift pursuers from Heav n Gates discern
Th advantage and descending tread us down
Thus drooping or with linked Thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this Gulfe
Awake arise or be for ever fall n
They heard and were abasht and up they sprung
Upon the wing as when men wont to watch
On duty sleeping found by whom they dread
Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake
Nor did they not perceave the evil plight
In which they were or the fierce pains not feel
Yet to their Generals Voyce they soon obey d
Innumerable As when the potent Rod
Of *Amrams* Son in *Egypts* evill day

Wav'd round the Coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of *Locusts*, warping on the Eastern Wind,
That ore the Realm of impious *Pharaoh* hung
Like Night, and darken'd all the Land of *Nile*
So numberless were those bad Angels seen
Hovering on wing under the Cope of Hell
'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding Fires,
Till, as a signal giv'n, th' uplifted Spear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Thir course, in even ballance down they light
On the firm brimstone, and fill all the Plain,
A multitude, like which the populous North
Pour'd never from her frozen loyns, to pass
Rhene or the *Danaw*, when her barbarous Sons
Came like a Deluge on the South, and spread
Beneath *Gibraltar* to the *Lybian* sands
Forthwith from every Squadron and each Band
The Heads and Leaders thither hast where stood
Their great Commander, Godlike shapes and forms
Excelling human, Princely Dignities,
And Powers that earst in Heaven sat on Thrones,
Though of their Names in heav'nly Records now
Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd
By thir Rebellion, from the Books of Life
Nor had they yet among the Sons of *Eve*
Got them new Names, till wandring ore the Earth,
Through Gods high sufferance for the tryal of man,
By falsities and lyes the greatest part
Of Mankind they corrupted to forsake
God their Creator, and th' invisible
Glory of him, that made them, to transform
Oft to the Image of a Brute, adorn'd
With gay Religions full of Pomp and Gold,
And Devils to adore for Deities
Then were they known to men by various Names,
And various Idols through the Heathen World
Say, Muse, their Names then known, who first, who last,
Rous'd from the slumber, on that fiery Couch,
At thir great Emperors call, as next in worth
Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,
While the promiscuous croud stood yet aloof?
The chief were those who from the Pit of Hell
Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
Their Seats long after next the Seat of God,
Their Altars by his Altar, Gods ador'd
Among the Nations round, and durst abide

Jehovah thundring out of *Sion* thron d
Between the Cherubim yea often plac d
Within his Sanctuary it self their Shrines
Abominations and with cursed things
His holy Rites and solemn Feasts profan d
And with their darkness durst affront his light
First *Moloch* horrid King besmear d with blood
Of human sacrifice and parents tears
Though for the noyse of Drums and Timbrels loud
Their childrens cries unheard that past through fire
To his grim Idol Him the *Ammonite*
Worshipt in *Rabba* and her watry Plain
In *Argob* and in *Basan* to the stream
Of utmost *Arnon* Nor content with such
Audacious neighbourhood the wisest heart
Of *Solomon* he led by fraud to build
His Temple right against the Temple of God
On that opprobrious Hill and made his Grove
The pleasant Vally of *Hinnom* *Tophet* thence
And black *Gehenna* call d the Type of Hell
Next *Chemos* th obscene dread of *Moabs* Sons
From *Aroer* to *Nebo* and the wild
Of Southmost *Abarim* in *Hesebon*
And *Horonaim* *Seons* Realm beyond
The flowry Dale of *Sibma* clad with Vines
And *Eleale* to th *Asphaltick* Pool
Peor his other Name when he entic d
Israel in *Sittim* on their march from *Nile*
To do him wanton rites which cost them woe
Yet thence his lustful Orgies he enlarg d
Even to that Hill of scandal by the Grove
Of *Moloch* homicide lust hard by hate
Till good *Josiah* drove them thence to Hell
With these came they who from the bordring flood
Of old *Euphrates* to the Brook that parts
Egypt from *Syrian* ground had general Names
Of *Baalim* and *Ashtaroth* those male
These Feminine For Spirits when they please
Can either Sex assume or both so soft
And uncompounded is their Essence pure
Not ti d or manacl d with joynt or limb
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones
Like cumbrous flesh but in what shape they choose
Dilated or condens t bright or obscure
Can execute their aerie purposes
And works of love or enmity fulfill

For those the Race of *Israel* oft forsook
Their living strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous Altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial Gods, for which their heads as low
Bow'd down in Battel, sunk before the Spear
Of despicable foes With these in troop
Came *Astoreth*, whom the *Phœnicians* call'd
Astarte, Queen of Heav'n, with crescent Horns,
To whose bright Image nightly by the Moon
Sidonian Virgins paid their Vows and Songs,
In *Sion* also not unsung, where stood
Her Temple on th' offensive Mountain, built
By that uxorious King, whose heart though large,
Beguil'd by fair Idolatresses, fell
To Idols foul *Thammuz* came next behind,
Whose annual wound in *Lebanon* allur'd
The *Syrian* Damsels to lament his fate
In amorous dittyes all a Summers day,
While smooth *Adonis* from his native Rock
Ran purple to the Sea, suppos'd with blood
Of *Thammuz* yearly wounded the Love-tale
Infected *Sions* daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton passions in the sacred Porch
Ezekiel saw, when by the Vision led
His eye survay'd the dark Idolatries
Of alienated *Judah* Next came one
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the Captive Ark
Maim'd his brute Image, head and hands lopt off
In his own Temple, on the grunsel edge,
Where he fell flat, and sham'd his Worshipers
Dagon his Name, Sea Monster, upward Man
And downward Fish yet had his Temple high
Rear'd in *Azotus*, dreaded through the Coast
Of *Palestine*, in *Gath* and *Ascalon*,
And *Accaron* and *Gaza's* frontier bounds
Him follow'd *Rimmon*, whose delightful Seat
Was fair *Damascus*, on the fertil Banks
Of *Abbana* and *Pharphar*, lucid streams
He also against the house of God was bold
A Leper once he lost and gain'd a King,
Ahaz his sottish Conquerour, whom he drew
Gods Altar to disparage and displace
For one of *Syrian* mode, whereon to burn
His odious offrings, and adore the Gods
Whom he had vanquisht After these appear'd
A crew who under Names of old Renown,

Osiris Isis Orus and their Train
With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd
Fanatic *Egypt* and her Priests to seek
Thir wandring Gods disguis'd in brutish forms
Rather then human Nor did *Israel* scape
Th' infection when their borrow'd Gold compos'd
The Calf in *Oreb* and the Rebel King
Doubl'd that sin in *Bethel* and in *Dan*
Lik'ning his Maker to the Grazed Ox
Jehovah who in one Night when he pass'd
From *Egypt* marching equal'd with one stroke
Both her first born and all her bleating Gods
Belial came last then whom a Spirit more lewd
Fell not from Heaven or more gross to love
Vice for it self To him no Temple stood
Or Altar smoak'd yet who more oft then hee
In Temples and at Altars when the Priest
Turns Atheist as did *Elys* Sons who fill'd
With lust and violence the house of God
In Courts and Palaces he also Reigns
And in luxurious Cities where the noyse
Of riot ascends above thir loftiest Towrs
And injury and outrage And when Night
Darkens the Streets then wander forth the Sons
Of *Belial* flown with insolence and wine
Witness the Streets of *Sodom* and that night
In *Gibeah* when hospitable Dores
Yielded thir Matrons to prevent worse rape
These were the prime in order and in might
The rest were long to tell though far renown'd
Th' *Ionian* Gods of *Javans* Issue held
Gods yet confest later then Heav'n and Earth
Thir boasted Parents *Titan* Heav'ns first born
With his enormous brood and birthright seis'd
By younger *Saturn* he from mightier *Jove*
His own and *Rhea's* Son like measure found
So *Jove* usurping reign'd these first in *Creet*
And *Ida* known thence on the Snowy top
Of cold *Olympus* rul'd the middle Air
Thir highest Heav'n or on the *Delphian* Cliff
Or in *Dodona* and through all the bounds
Of *Doric* Land or who with *Saturn* old
Fled over *Adria* to th' *Hesperian* Fields
And ore the *Celtic* roam'd the utmost Isles
All these and more came flocking but with looks
Down cast and damp yet such wherein appear'd

Obscure som glimps of joy, to have found thir chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss it self, which on his count'nance cast
Like doubtful hue but he his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore
Semblance of worth not substance, gently rais'd
Their fainted courage, and dispel'd their fears
Then strait commands that at the warlike sound
Of Trumpets loud and Clarions be upreard
His mighty Standard, that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a Cherube tall
Who forthwith from the glittering Staff unfurld
Th' Imperial Ensign, which full high advanc't
Shon like a Meteor streaming to the Wind
With Gemms and Golden lustre rich imblaz'd,
Seraphic arms and Trophies all the while
Sonorous mettal blowing Martial sounds
At which the universal Host upsent
A shout that tore Hells Concave, and beyond
Frighted the Reign of *Chaos* and old Night
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand Banners rise into the Air
With Orient Colours waving with them rose
A Forrest huge of Spears and thronging Helms
Appear'd, and serried Shields in thick array
Of depth immeasurable Anon they move
In perfect *Phalanx* to the *Dorian* mood
Of Flutes and soft Recorders, such as rais'd
To highth of noblest temper Hero's old
Arming to Battel, and in stead of rage
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat,
Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
With solemn touches, troubl'd thoughts, and chase
Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
From mortal or immortal minds Thus they
Breathing united force with fixed thought
Mov'd on in silence to soft Pipes that charm'd
Thir painful steps o're the burnt soyle, and now
Advanc't in view they stand, a horrid Front
Of dreadful length and dazling Arms, in guise
Of Warriers old with order'd Spear and Shield,
Awaiting what command thir mighty Chief
Had to impose He through the armed Files
Darts his experienc't eye, and soon traverse
The whole Battalion views, thir order due

Thir visages and stature as of Gods
Thir number last he summs And now his heart
Distends with pride and hardning in his strength
Glories For never since created man
Met such imbodied force as nam d with these
Could merit more then that small infantry
Warr d on by Cranes though all the Giant brood
Of *Phlegra* with th Heroic Race were joyn d
That fought at *Theb s* and *Ilium* on each side
Mixt with auxiliar Gods and what resounds
In Fable or *Romance* of *Uthers* Son
Begirt with *British* and *Armoric* Knights
And all who since Baptiz d or Infidel
Jousted in *Aspramont* or *Montalban*
Damasco or *Marocco* or *Trebisond*
Or whom *Biserta* sent from *Afric* shore
When *Charlemain* with all his Peerage fell
By *Fontarabbia* Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ d
Thir dread Commander he above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent
Stood like a Towr his form had yet not lost
All her Original brightness nor appear d
Less then Arch Angel ruind and th excess
Of Glory obscur d As when the Sun new ris n
Looks through the Horizontal misty Air
Shorn of his Beams or from behind the Moon
In dim Eclips disastrous twilight sheds
On half the Nations and with fear of change
Perplexes Monarchs Dark n d so yet shon
Above them all th Arch Angel but his face
Deep scars of Thunder had intrencht and care
Sat on his faded cheek but under Browes
Of dauntless courage and considerate Pride
Waiting revenge cruel his eye but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime the followers rather
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn d
For ever now to have their lot in pain
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc t
Of Heav n and from Eternal Splendors flung
For his revolt, yet faithfull how they stood
Thir Glory witherd As when Heavens Fire
Hath scath d the Forrest Oaks or Mountain Pines
With singed top their stately growth though bare
Stands on the blasted Heath He now prepar d

To speak, whereat their doubl'd Ranks they bend
From Wing to Wing, and half enclose him round
With all his Peers attention held them mute
Thrice he assayd, and thrice in spite of scorn,
Tears such as Angels weep, burst forth at last
Words interwove with sighs found out their way
  O Myriads of immortal Spirits, O Powers
Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife
Was not inglorious, though th' event was dire,
As this place testifies, and this dire change
Hateful to utter but what power of mind
Foreseeing or presaging, from the Depth
Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
How such united force of Gods, how such
As stood like these, could ever know repulse?
For who can yet beleeve, though after loss,
That all these puissant Legions, whose exile
Hath emptied Heav'n, shall faile to re-ascend
Self-rais'd, and repossess their native seat?
For me, be witness all the Host of Heav'n,
If counsels different, or danger shun'd
By me, have lost our hopes But he who reigns
Monarch in Heav'n, till then as one secure
Sat on his Throne, upheld by old repute,
Consent or custome, and his Regal State
Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New warr, provok't, our better part remains
To work in close design, by fraud or guile
What force effected not that he no less
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe
Space may produce new Worlds, whereof so rife
There went a fame in Heav'n that he ere long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven
Thither, if but to prie, shall be perhaps
Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere
For this Infernal Pit shall never hold
Cœlestial Spirits in Bondage, nor th' Abysse
Long under darkness cover But these thoughts
Full Counsel must mature Peace is despaird
For who can think Submission! Warr then, Warr

Open or understood must be resolv d
He spake and to confirm his words out flew
Millions of flaming swords drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim the sudden blaze
Far round illumin d hell highly they rag d
Against the Highest and fierce with grasped arm s
Clash d on their sounding shields the din of war
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heav n
There stood a Hill not far whose griesly top
Belch d fire and rowling smoak the rest entire
Shon with a glossie scurff undoubted sign
That in his womb was hid metallic Ore
The work of Sulphur Thither wing d with speed
A numerous Brigad hasten d As when bands
Of Pioners with Spade and Pickaxe arm d
Forerun the Royal Camp to trench a Field
Or cast a Rampart *Mammon* led them on
Mammon the least erected Spirit that fell
From heav n for ev n in heav n his looks and thoughts
Were always downward bent admiring more
The riches of Heav ns pavement trod n Gold
Then aught divine or holy else enjoy d
In vision beatific by him first
Men also and by his suggestion taught
Ransack d the Center and with impious hands
Rifl d the bowels of their mother Earth
For Treasures better hid Soon had his crew
Op nd into the Hill a spacious wound
And dig d out ribs of Gold Let none admire
That riches grow in Hell that soyle may best
Deserve the pretious bane And here let those
Who boast in mortal things and wondring tell
Of *Babel* and the works of *Memphian* Kings
Learn how thir greatest Monuments of Fame
And Strength and Art are easily outdone
By Spirits reprobate and in an hour
What in an age they with incessant toyle
And hands innumerable scarce perform
Nigh on the Plain in many cells prepar d
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluc d from the Lake a second multitude
With wondrous Art founded the massie Ore
Severing each kinde and scum d the Bullion dross
A third as soon had form d within the ground
A various mould and from the boyling cells
By strange conveyance fill d each hollow nook

As in an Organ from one blast of wind
To many a row of Pipes the sound-board breaths
Anon out of the earth a Fabrick huge
Rose like an Exhalation, with the sound
Of Dulcet Symphonies and voices sweet,
Built like a Temple, where *Pilasters* round
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid
With Golden Architrave, nor did there want
Cornice or Freeze, with bossy Sculptures grav'n,
The Roof was fretted Gold Not *Babilon*,
Nor great *Alcairo* such magnificence
Equal'd in all thir glories, to inshrine
Belus or *Serapis* thir Gods, or seat
Thir Kings, when *Ægypt* with *Assyria* strove
In wealth and luxurie Th' ascending pile
Stood fixt her stately highth, and strait the dores
Op'ning thir brazen foulds discover wide
Within, her ample spaces, o're the smooth
And level pavement from the arched roof
Pendant by suttle Magic many a row
Of Starry Lamps and blazing Cressets fed
With *Naphtha* and *Asphaltus* yeilded light
As from a sky The hasty multitude
Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise
And some the Architect his hand was known
In Heav'n by many a Towred structure high,
Where Scepter'd Angels held thir residence,
And sat as Princes, whom the supreme King
Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
Each in his Herarchie, the Orders bright
Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
In ancient *Greece*, and in *Ausonian* land
Men called him *Mulciber*, and how he fell
From Heav'n, they fabl'd, thrown by angry *Jove*
Sheer o're the Chrystal Battlements from Morn
To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,
A Summers day, and with the setting Sun
Dropt from the Zenith like a falling Star,
On *Lemnos* th' *Ægæan* Ile thus they relate,
Erring, for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before, nor aught avail'd him now
To have built in Heav'n high Towrs, nor did he scape
By all his Engins, but was headlong sent
With his industrious crew to build in hell
Mean while the winged Haralds by command
Of Sovran power, with awful Ceremony

And Trumpets sound throughout the Host proclaim
A solemn Councel forthwith to be held
At *Pandæmonium* the high Capital
Of Satan and his Peers thir summons call d
From every Band and squared Regiment
By place or choice the worthiest they anon
With hunderds and with thousands trooping came
Attended all access was throng d the Gates
And Porches wide but chief the spacious Hall
(Though like a cover d field where Champions bold
Wont ride in arm d and at the Soldans chair
Defi d the best of *Panim* chivalry
To mortal combat or carreer with Lance)
Thick swarm d both on the ground and in the air
Brusht with the hiss of russling wings As Bees
In spring time when the Sun with *Taurus* rides
Poure forth thir populous youth about the Hive
In clusters they among fresh dews and flowers
Flie to and fro or on the smoothed Plank
The suburb of thir Straw built Cittadel
New rub d with Baume expatiate and confer
Thir State affairs So thick the aerie crowd
Swarm d and were straitn d till the Signal giv n
Behold a wonder! they but now who seemd
In bigness to surpass Earths Giant Sons
Now less then smallest Dwarfs in narrow room
Throng numberless like that Pigmean Race
Beyond the *Indian* Mount or Faerie Elves
Whose midnight Revels by a Forrest side
Or Fountain some belated Peasant sees
Or dreams he sees while over head the Moon
Sits Arbitress and neerer to the Earth
Wheels her pale course they on thir mirth & dance
Intent, with jocond Music charm his ear
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds
Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms
Reduc d thir shapes immense and were at large
Though without number still amidst the Hall
Of that infernal Court But far within
And in thir own dimensions like themselves
The great Seraphic Lords and Cherubim
In close recess and secret conclave sat
A thousand Demy Gods on golden seat s
Frequent and full After short silence then
And summons read the great consult began

BOOK II

THE ARGUMENT

The Consultation begun, Satan *debates whether another Battel be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: some advise it, others dissuade: A third proposal is prefer'd, mention'd before by* Satan *to search the truth of that Prophesie or Tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature equal or not much inferiour to themselves, about this time to be created: Thir doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search:* Satan *thir chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honourd and applauded. The Councel thus ended, the rest betake them several wayes and to several imployments, as thir inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till* Satan *return. He passes on his Journey to Hell Gates, finds them shut, and who sat there to guard them, by whom at length they are op'nd, and discover to him the great Gulf between Hell and Heaven, with what difficulty he passes through, directed by* Chaos, *the Power of that place, to the sight of this new World which he sought.*

HIGH on a Throne of Royal State, which far
Outshon the wealth of *Ormus* and of *Ind*,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
Showrs on her Kings *Barbaric* Pearl & Gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence; and from despair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
Vain Warr with Heav'n, and by success untaught
His proud imaginations thus displaid.
Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n,
For since no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigor, though opprest and fall'n,
I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent
Celestial vertues rising, will appear
More glorious and more dread then from no fall,
And trust themselves to fear no second fate:
Mee though just right, and the fixt Laws of Heav'n
Did first create your Leader, next, free choice,
With what besides, in Counsel or in Fight,
Hath bin achievd of merit, yet this loss
Thus farr at least recover'd, hath much more
Establisht in a safe unenvied Throne
Yielded with full consent. The happier state
In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferior; but who here
Will envy whom the highest place exposes
Formost to stand against the Thunderers aim

Your bulwark and condemns to greatest share
Of endless pain? where there is then no good
For which to strive no strife can grow up there
From Faction for none sure will claim in hell
Precedence none whose portion is so small
Of present pain that with ambitious mind
Will covet more With this advantage then
To union and firm Faith and firm accord
More then can be in Heav n we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old
Surer to prosper then prosperity
Could have assur d us and by what best way
Whether of open Warr or covert guile
We now debate who can advise may speak
He ceas d and next him *Moloc* Scepter d King
Stood up the strongest and the fiercest Spirit
That fought in Heav n now fiercer by despair
His trust was with th Eternal to be deem d
Equal in strength and rather then be less
Car d not to be at all with that care lost
Went all his fear of God or Hell or worse
He reck d not and these words thereafter spake
My sentence is for open Warr Of Wiles
More unexpert I boast not them let those
Contrive who need or when they need not now
For while they sit contriving shall the rest
Millions that stand in Arms and longing wait
The Signal to ascend sit lingring here
Heav ns fugitives and for thir dwelling place
Accept this dark opprobrious Den of shame
The Prison of his Tyranny who Reigns
By our delay? no let us rather choose
Arm d with Hell flames and fury all at once
O re Heav ns high Towrs to force resistless way,
Turning our Tortures into horrid Arms
Against the Torturer when to meet the noise
Of his Almighty Engin he shall hear
Infernal Thunder and for Lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his Angels and his Throne it self
Mixt with *Tartarean* Sulphur and strange fire
His own invented Torments But perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe
Let such bethink them if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful Lake benumme not still

That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat descent and fall
To us is adverse Who but felt of late
When the fierce Foe hung on our brok'n Rear
Insulting, and pursu'd us through the Deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low? Th' ascent is easie then,
Th' event is fear'd, should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction if there be in Hell
Fear to be worse destroy'd what can be worse
Then to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe,
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end
The Vassals of his anger, when the Scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing houre
Calls us to Penance? More destroy'd then thus
We should be quite abolisht and expire
What fear we then what doubt we to incense
His utmost ire? which to the highth enrag'd,
Will either quite consume us, and reduce
To nothing this essential, happier farr
Then miserable to have eternal being
Or if our substance be indeed Divine,
And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
On this side nothing, and by proof we feel
Our power sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,
And with perpetual inrodes to Allarme,
Though inaccessible, his fatal Throne
Which if not Victory is yet Revenge
He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
Desperate revenge, and Battel dangerous
To less then Gods On th' other side up rose
Belial, in act more graceful and humane,
A fairer person lost not Heav'n, he seemd
For dignity compos'd and high exploit
But all was false and hollow, though his Tongue
Dropt Manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest Counsels for his thoughts were low,
To vice industrious, but to Nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful yet he pleas'd the eare,
And with perswasive accent thus began
I should be much for open Warr, O Peers,
As not behind in hate, if what was urg'd

Main reason to perswade immediate Warr
Did not disswade me most and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success
When he who most excels in fact of Arms
In what he counsels and in what excels
Mistrustful grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution as the scope
Of all his aim after some dire revenge
First what Revenge? the Towrs of Heav n are fill d
With Armed watch that render all access
Impregnable oft on the bordering Deep
Encamp thir Legions or with obscure wing
Scout farr and wide into the Realm of night
Scorning surprize Or could we break our way
By force and at our heels all Hell should rise
With blackest Insurrection to confound
Heav ns purest Light yet our great Enemie
All incorruptible would on his Throne
Sit unpolluted and th Ethereal mould
Incapable of stain would soon expel
Her mischief and purge off the baser fire
Victorious Thus repuls d our final hope
Is flat despair we must exasperate
Th Almighty Victor to spend all his rage
And that must end us that must be our cure
To be no more sad cure for who would loose
Though full of pain this intellectual being
Those thoughts that wander through Eternity
To perish rather swallowd up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night
Devoid of sense and motion? and who knows
Let this be good whether our angry Foe
Can give it or will ever? how he can
Is doubtful that he never will is sure
Will he so wise let loose at once his ire
Belike through impotence or unaware
To give his Enemies thir wish and end
Them in his anger whom his anger saves
To punish endless? wherefore cease we then?
Say they who counsel Warr we are decreed
Reserv d and destin d to Eternal woe
Whatever doing what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse? is this then worst
Thus sitting thus consulting thus in Arms?
What when we fled amain pursu d and strook
With Heav ns afflicting Thunder and besought

The Deep to shelter us? this Hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning Lake? that sure was worse
What if the breath that kindl'd those grim fires
Awak'd should blow them into sevenfold rage
And plunge us in the Flames? or from above
Should intermitted vengeance Arme again
His red right hand to plague us? what if all
Her stores were op'n'd, and this Firmament
Of Hell should spout her Cataracts of Fire,
Impendent horrors, threatning hideous fall
One day upon our heads, while we perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious Warr,
Caught in a fierie Tempest shall be hurl'd
Each on his rock transfixt, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
Under yon boyling Ocean, wrapt in Chains,
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unrepreevd,
Ages of hopeless end, this would be worse
Warr therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice disswades, for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view, he from heav'ns highth
All these our motions vain, sees and derides,
Not more Almighty to resist our might
Then wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heav'n
Thus trampl'd, thus expell'd to suffer here
Chains and these Torments? better these then worse
By my advice, since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and Omnipotent Decree
The Victors will To suffer, as to doe,
Our strength is equal, nor the Law unjust
That so ordains this was at first resolv'd,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall
I laugh, when those who at the Spear are bold
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of thir Conquerour This is now
Our doom, which if we can sustain and bear,
Our Supream Foe in time may much remit
His anger, and perhaps thus farr remov'd
Not mind us not offending, satisfi'd

With what is punish't whence these raging fires
Will slack'n if his breath stir not thir flames
Our purer essence then will overcome
Thir noxious vapour or enur'd not feel
Or chang'd at length and to the place conformd
In temper and in nature will receive
Familiar the fierce heat and void of pain
This horror will grow milde this darkness light
Besides what hope the never ending flight
Of future days may bring what chance what change
Worth waiting since our present lot appeers
For happy though but ill for ill not worst
If we procure not to our selves more woe
  Thus *Belial* with words cloath'd in reasons garb
Counsel'd ignoble ease and peaceful sloath
Not peace and after him thus *Mammon* spake
  Either to disinthrone the King of Heav'n
We warr if warr be best or to regain
Our own right lost him to unthrone we then
May hope when everlasting Fate shall yeild
To fickle Chance and *Chaos* judge the strife
The former vain to hope argues as vain
The latter for what place can be for us
Within Heav'ns bound unless Heav'ns Lord supream
We overpower? Suppose he should relent
And publish Grace to all on promise made
Of new Subjection with what eyes could we
Stand in his presence humble and receive
Strict Laws impos'd to celebrate his Throne
With warbl'd Hymns and to his Godhead sing
Forc't Halleluiahs while he Lordly sits
Our envied Sovran and his Altar breathes
Ambrosial Odours and Ambrosial Flowers
Our servile offerings This must be our task
In Heav'n this our delight how wearisom
Eternity so spent in worship paid
To whom we hate Let us not then pursue
By force impossible by leave obtain'd
Unacceptable though in Heav'n our state
Of splendid vassalage but rather seek
Our own good from our selves and from our own
Live to our selves though in this vast recess
Free and to none accountable preferring
Hard liberty before the easie yoke
Of servile Pomp Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous when great things of small

Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse
We can create, and in what place so e're
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
Through labour and endurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick clouds and dark doth Heav'ns all-ruling Sire
Choose to reside, his Glory unobscur'd,
And with the Majesty of darkness round
Covers his Throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Must'ring thir rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell?
As he our Darkness, cannot we his Light
Imitate when we please? This Desart soile
Wants not her hidden lustre, Gemms and Gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can Heav'n shew more?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our Elements, these piercing Fires
As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd
Into their temper; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful Counsels, and the settl'd State
Of order, how in safety best we may
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are and where, dismissing quite
All thoughts of Warr: ye have what I advise.
  He scarce had finisht, when such murmur filld
Th' Assembly, as when hollow Rocks retain
The sound of blustring winds, which all night long
Had rous'd the Sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
Sea-faring men orewatcht, whose Bark by chance
Or Pinnace anchors in a craggy Bay
After the Tempest: Such applause was heard
As *Mammon* ended, and his Sentence pleas'd,
Advising peace: for such another Field
They dreaded worse then Hell: so much the fear
Of Thunder and the Sword of *Michael*
Wrought still within them; and no less desire
To found this nether Empire, which might rise
By pollicy, and long process of time,
In emulation opposite to Heav'n.
Which when *Beelzebub* perceiv'd, then whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
A Pillar of State; deep on his Front engraven
Deliberation sat and publick care;
And Princely counsel in his face yet shon,

Majestick though in ruin sage he stood
With *Atlantean* shoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightiest Monarchies his look
Drew audience and attention still as Night
Or Summers Noon tide air while thus he spake
 Thrones and imperial Powers off spring of heav n
Ethereal Vertues or these Titles now
Must we renounce and changing stile be call d
Princes of Hell? for so the popular vote
Inclines here to continue and build up here
A growing Empire doubtless while we dream
And know not that the King of Heav n hath doom d
This place our dungeon not our safe retreat
Beyond his Potent arm to live exempt
From Heav ns high jurisdiction in new League
Banded against his Throne but to remaine
In strictest bondage though thus far remov d
Under th inevitable curb reserv d
His captive multitude For he be sure
In highth or depth still first and last will Reign
Sole King and of his Kingdom loose no part
By our revolt but over Hell extend
His Empire and with Iron Scepter rule
Us here as with his Golden those in Heav n
What sit we then projecting Peace and Warr?
Warr hath determin d us and foild with loss
Irreparable tearms of peace yet none
Voutsaf t or sought for what peace will be giv n
To us enslav d but custody severe
And stripes and arbitrary punishment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return
But to our power hostility and hate
Untam d reluctance and revenge though slow
Yet ever plotting how the Conquerour least
May reap his conquest and may least rejoyce
In doing what we most in suffering feel?
Nor will occasion want nor shall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heav n whose high walls fear no assault or Siege
Or ambush from the Deep What if we find
Some easier enterprize? There is a place
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav n
Err not) another World the happy seat
Of som new Race call d *Man* about this time
To be created like to us though less
In power and excellence but favour d more

Of him who rules above, so was his will
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an Oath,
That shook Heav'ns whol circumference, confirm'd
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,
Or substance, how endu'd, and what thir Power,
And where thir weakness, how attempted best,
By force or suttlety Though Heav'n be shut,
And Heav'ns high Arbitrator sit secure
In his own strength, this place may lye expos'd
The utmost border of his Kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it here perhaps
Som advantagious act may be achiev'd
By sudden onset, either with Hell fire
To waste his whole Creation, or possess
All as our own, and drive as we were driven,
The punie habitants, or if not drive,
Seduce them to our Party, that thir God
May prove thir foe, and with repenting hand
Abolish his own works This would surpass
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our Confusion, and our Joy upraise
In his disturbance, when his darling Sons
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
Thir frail Originals, and faded bliss,
Faded so soon Advise if this be worth
Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
Hatching vain Empires Thus *Beelzebub*
Pleaded his devilish Counsel, first devis'd
By *Satan*, and in part propos'd for whence,
But from the Author of all ill could Spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creatour? But thir spite still serves
His glory to augment The bold design
Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy
Sparkl'd in all thir eyes, with full assent
They vote whereat his speech he thus renews
   Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,
Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,
Great things resolv'd, which from the lowest deep
Will once more lift us up, in spight of Fate,
Neerer our ancient Seat, perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring Arms
And opportune excursion we may chance

Re enter Heav n or else in some milde Zone
Dwell not unvisited of Heav ns fair Light
Secure and at the brightning Orient beam
Purge off this gloom the soft delicious Air
To heal the scarr of these corrosive Fires
Shall breath her balme But first whom shall we send
In search of this new world whom shall we find
Sufficient? who shall tempt with wandring feet
The dark unbottom d infinite Abyss
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way or spread his aerie flight
Upborn with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt ere he arrive
The happy Ile what strength what art can then
Suffice or what evasion bear him safe
Through the strict Senteries and Stations thick
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumspection and wee now no less
Choice in our suffrage for on whom we send
The weight of all and our last hope relies
  This said he sat and expectation held
His look suspence awaiting who appeer d
To second or oppose or undertake
The perilous attempt but all sat mute
Pondering the danger with deep thoughts and each
In others count nance red his own dismay
Astonisht none among the choice and prime
Of those Heav n warring Champions could be found
So hardie as to proffer or accept
Alone the dreadful voyage till at last
Satan whom now transcendent glory rais d
Above his fellows with Monarchal pride
Conscious of highest worth unmov d thus spake
  O Progeny of Heav n Empyreal Thrones
With reason hath deep silence and demurr
Seis d us though undismaid long is the way
And hard that out of Hell leads up to Light
Our prison strong this huge convex of Fire
Outrageous to devour immures us round
Ninefold and gates of burning Adamant
Barr d over us prohibit all egress
These past if any pass the void profound
Of unessential Night receives him next
Wide gaping and with utter loss of being
Threatens him plung d in that abortive gulf
If thence he scape into what ever world

Or unknown Region, what remains him less
Then unknown dangers and as hard escape.
But I should ill become this Throne, O Peers,
And this Imperial Sov'ranty, adorn'd
With splendor, arm'd with power, if aught propos'd
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger could deterre
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These Royalties, and not refuse to Reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who Reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honourd sits? Go therfore mighty powers,
Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n, intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The *present misery, and render Hell*
More tollerable, if there be cure or charm
To respite or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill Mansion: intermit no watch
Against a wakeful Foe, while I abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all: this enterprize
None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose
The Monarch, and prevented all reply,
Prudent, least from his resolution rais'd
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refus'd) what erst they feard,
And so refus'd might in opinion stand
His rivals, winning cheap the high repute
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more th' adventure then his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they rose;
Thir rising all at once was as the sound
Of Thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone; and as a God
Extoll him equal to the highest in Heav'n:
Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd,
That for the general safety he despis'd
His own: for neither do the Spirits damn'd
Loose all thir vertue; least bad men should boast
Thir specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition varnisht o're with zeal.
Thus they thir doubtful consultations dark
Ended rejoycing in thir matchless Chief:
As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds

Ascending while the North wind sleeps o respread
Heav n s chearful face the low ring Element
Scowls ore the dark nd lantskip Snow or showre
If chance the radiant Sun with farewell sweet
Extend his ev ning beam the fields revive
The birds thir notes renew and bleating herds
Attest thir joy that hill and valley rings
O shame to men! Devil with Devil damn d
Firm concord holds men onely disagree
Of Creatures rational though under hope
Of heavenly Grace and God proclaiming peace
Yet live in hatred enmitie and strife
Among themselves and levie cruel warres
Wasting the Earth each other to destroy
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes anow besides
That day and night for his destruction waite
   The *Stygian* Councel thus dissolv d and forth
In order came the grand infernal Peers
Midst came thir mighty Paramount and seemd
Alone th Antagonist of Heav n nor less
Then Hells dread Emperour with pomp Supream
And God like imitated State him round
A Globe of fierie Seraphim inclos d
With bright imblazonrie and horrent Arms
Then of thir Session ended they bid cry
With Trumpets regal sound the great result
Toward the four winds four speedy Cherubim
Put to thir mouths the sounding Alchymie
By Harulds voice explain d the hollow Abyss
Heard farr and wide and all the host of Hell
With deafning shout return d them loud acclaim
Thence more at ease thir minds and somwhat rais d
By false presumptuous hope the ranged powers
Disband and wandring each his several way
Pursues as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplext where he may likeliest find
Truce to his restless thoughts and entertain
The irksome hours till his great Chief return
Part on the Plain or in the Air sublime
Upon the wing or in swift race contend
As at th Olympian Games or *Pythian* fields
Part curb thir fierie Steeds or shun the Goal
With rapid wheels or fronted Brigads form
As when to warn proud Cities warr appears
Wag d in the troubl d Skie and Armies rush

To Battel in the Clouds, before each Van
Pric forth the Aerie Knights, and couch thir spears
Till thickest Legions close, with feats of Arms
From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns
Others with vast *Typhœan* rage more fell
Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air
In whirlwind, Hell scarce holds the wilde uproar
As when *Alcides* from *Oealia* Crown'd
With conquest, felt th' envenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots *Thessalian* Pines,
And *Lichas* from the top of *Oeta* threw
Into th' *Euboic* Sea Others more milde,
Retreated in a silent valley, sing
With notes Angelical to many a Harp
Thir own Heroic deeds and hapless fall
By doom of Battel, and complain that Fate
Free Vertue should enthrall to Force or Chance
Thir song was partial, but the harmony
(What could it less when Spirits immortal sing?)
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience In discourse more sweet
(For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Sense,)
Others apart sat on a Hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will, and Fate,
Fixt Fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,
And found no end, in wandring mazes lost
Of good and evil much they argu'd then,
Of happiness and final misery,
Passion and Apathie, and glory and shame,
Vain wisdom all, and false Philosophie
Yet with a pleasing sorcerie could charm
Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm th' obdured brest
With stubborn patience as with triple steel
Another part in Squadrons and gross Bands
On bold adventure to discover wide
That dismal World, if any Clime perhaps
Might yeild them easier habitation, bend
Four ways thir flying March, along the Banks
Of four infernal Rivers that disgorge
Into the burning Lake thir baleful streams,
Abhorred *Styx* the flood of deadly hate,
Sad *Acheron* of Sorrow, black and deep
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
Heard on the ruful stream, fierce *Phlegeton*

Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage
Farr off from these a slow and silent stream
Lethe the River of Oblivion roules
Her watrie Labyrinth whereof who drinks
Forthwith his former state and being forgets
Forgets both joy and grief pleasure and pain
Beyond this flood a frozen Continent
Lies dark and wilde beat with perpetual storms
Of Whirlwind and dire Hail which on firm land
Thaws not but gathers heap and ruin seems
Of ancient pile all else deep snow and ice
A gulf profound as that *Serbonian* Bog
Betwixt *Damiata* and mount *Casius* old
Where Armies whole have sunk the parching Air
Burns frore and cold performs th effect of Fire
Thither by harpy footed Furies hail d
At certain revolutions all the damn d
Are brought and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extreams extreams by change more fierce
From Beds of raging Fire to starve in Ice
Thir soft Ethereal warmth and there to pine
Immovable infixt and frozen round
Periods of time thence hurried back to fire
They ferry over this *Lethean* Sound
Both to and fro thir sorrow to augment
And wish and struggle as they pass to reach
The tempting stream with one small drop to loose
In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe
All in one moment and so neer the brink
But fate withstands and to oppose th attempt
Medusa with *Gorgonian* terror guards
The Ford and of it self the water flies
All taste of living wight as once it fled
The lip of *Tantalus* Thus roving on
In confus d march forlorn th adventrous Bands
With shuddring horror pale and eyes agast
View d first thir lamentable lot and found
No rest through many a dark and dreare Vaile
They pass d and many a Region dolorous
O re many a Frozen many a Fierie Alpe
Rocks Caves Lakes Fens Bogs Dens and shades of death
A Universe of death which God by curse
Created evil for evil only good
Where all life dies death lives and nature breeds
Perverse all monstrous all prodigious things
Abominable inutterable and worse

Then Fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons and *Hydra's*, and *Chimera's* dire
 Mean while the Adversary of God and Man,
Satan with thoughts inflam'd of highest design,
Puts on swift wings, and toward the Gates of Hell
Explores his solitary flight, som times
He scours the right hand coast, som times the left,
Now shaves with level wing the Deep, then soares
Up to the fiery concave touring high
As when farr off at Sea a Fleet descri'd
Hangs in the Clouds, by *Æquinoctial* Winds
Close sailing from *Bengala*, or the Iles
Of *Ternate* and *Tidore*, whence Merchants bring
Thir spicie Drugs they on the trading Flood
Through the wide *Ethiopian* to the Cape
Ply stemming nightly toward the Pole So seem'd
Farr off the flying Fiend at last appeer
Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid Roof,
And thrice threefold the Gates, three folds were Brass,
Three Iron, three of Adamantine Rock,
Impenitrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconsum'd Before the Gates there sat
On either side a formidable shape,
The one seem'd Woman to the waste, and fair,
But ended foul in many a scaly fould
Voluminous and vast, a Serpent arm'd
With mortal sting about her middle round
A cry of Hell Hounds never ceasing bark'd
With wide *Cerberean* mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous Peal yet, when they list, would creep,
If aught disturb'd thir noyse, into her woomb,
And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd
Within unseen Farr less abhorrd then these
Vex'd *Scylla* bathing in the Sea that parts
Calabria from the hoarce *Trinacrian* shore
Nor uglier follow the Night-Hag, when call'd
In secret, riding through the Air she comes
Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
With *Lapland* Witches, while the labouring Moon
Eclipses at thir charms The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joynt, or limb,
Or substance might be call d that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either, black it stood as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
And shook a dreadful Dart, what seem'd his head

The likeness of a Kingly Crown had on
Satan was now at hand and from his seat
The Monster moving onward came as fast
With horrid strides Hell trembled as he strode
Th undaunted Fiend what this might be admir d
Admir d not fear d God and his Son except,
Created thing naught vallu d he nor shun d
And with disdainful look thus first began
  Whence and what art thou execrable shape
That dar st though grim and terrible advance
Thy miscreated Front athwart my way
To yonder Gates? through them I mean to pass
That be assured without leave askt of thee
Retire or taste thy folly and learn by proof
Hell born not to contend with Spirits of Heav n
  To whom the Goblin full of wrauth reply d
Art thou that Traitor Angel art thou hee
Who first broke peace in Heav n and Faith till then
Unbrok n and in proud rebellious Arms
Drew after him the third part of Heav ns Sons
Conjur d against the highest for which both Thou
And they outcast from God are here condemn d
To waste Eternal daies in woe and pain?
And reck n st thou thy self with Spirits of Heav n
Hell doomd, and breath st defiance here and scorn
Where I reign King and to enrage thee more
Thy King and Lord? Back to thy punishment
False fugitive and to thy speed add wings
Least with a whip of Scorpions I pursue
Thy lingring or with one stroke of this Dart
Strange horror seise thee and pangs unfelt before.
  So spake the grieslie terrour and in shape
So speaking and so threatning grew ten fold
More dreadful and deform on th other side
Incenc t with indignation *Satan* stood
Unterrifi d and like a Comet burn d
That fires the length of *Ophiucus* huge
In th Artick Sky and from his horrid hair
Shakes Pestilence and Warr Each at the Head
Level d his deadly aime thir fatall hands
No second stroke intend and such a frown
Each cast at th other as when two black Clouds
With Heav ns Artillery fraught come rattling on
Over the *Caspian*, then stand front to front
Hov ring a space till Winds the signal blow
To joyn thir dark Encounter in mid air

So frownd the mighty Combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at thir frown, so matcht they stood,
For never but once more was either like
To meet so great a foe and now great deeds
Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the Snakie Sorceress that sat
Fast by Hell Gate, and kept the fatal Key,
Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between
  O Father, what intends thy hand, she cry'd,
Against thy only Son? What fury O Son,
Possesses thee to bend that mortal Dart
Against thy Fathers head? and know'st for whom,
For him who sits above and laughs the while
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
What e're his wrath, which he calls Justice, bids,
His wrath which one day will destroy ye both
  She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest
Forbore, then these to her *Satan* return'd
  So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends, till first I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why
In this infernal Vaile first met thou call'st
Me Father, and that Fantasm call'st my Son?
I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
Sight more detestable then him and thee
  T' whom thus the Portress of Hell Gate reply'd,
Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
Now in thine eye so foul, once deemd so fair
In Heav'n, when at th' Assembly, and in sight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd
In bold conspiracy against Heav'ns King,
All on a sudden miserable pain
Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzie swumm
In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
Threw forth, till on the left side op'ning wide,
Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,
Then shining heav'nly fair, a Goddess arm'd
Out of thy head I sprung, amazement seis'd
All th' Host of Heav'n, back they recoild affraid
At first, and call'd me *Sin*, and for a Sign
Portentous held me, but familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The most averse, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thy self in me thy perfect image viewing

Becam st enamour d and such joy thou tool st
With me in secret that my womb conceiv d
A growing burden Mean while Warr arose
And fields were fought in Heav n wherein remaind
(For what could else) to our Almighty Foe
Cleer Victory to our part loss and rout
Through all the Empyrean down they fell
Driv n headlong from the Pitch of Heaven down
Into this Deep and in the general fall
I also at which time this powerful Key
Into my hand was giv n with charge to keep
These Gates for ever shut which none can pass
Without my op ning Pensive here I sat
Alone but long I sat not till my womb
Pregnant by thee and now excessive grown
Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes
At last this odious offspring whom thou seest
Thine own begotten breaking violent way
Tore through my entrails that with fear and pain
Distorted all my nether shape thus grew
Transform d but he my inbred enemie
Forth issu d brandishing his fatal Dart
Made to destroy I fled and cry d out *Death*
Hell trembl d at the hideous Name and sigh d
From all her Caves and back resounded *Death*
I fled but he pursu d (though more it seems
Inflam d with lust then rage) and swifter far
Me overtook his mother all dismaid
And in embraces forcible and foule
Ingendring with me of that rape begot
These yelling Monsters that with ceasless cry
Surround me as thou sawst hourly conceiv d
And hourly born with sorrow infinite
To me for when they list into the womb
That bred them they return and howle and gnaw
My Bowels their repast then bursting forth
Afresh with conscious terrours vex me round
That rest or intermission none I find
Before mine eyes in opposition sits
Grim *Death* my Son and foe who sets them on
And me his Parent would full soon devour
For want of other prey but that he knows
His end with mine involv d and knows that I
Should prove a bitter Morsel and his bane
When ever that shall be so Fate pronounc d
But thou O Father I forewarn thee shun

His deadly arrow, neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in those bright Arms,
Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can resist
She finish'd, and the suttle Fiend his lore
Soon learnd, now milder, and thus answerd smooth
Dear Daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy Sire,
And my fair Son here showst me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys
Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire change
Befalln us unforeseen, unthought of, know
I come no enemie, but to set free
From out this dark and dismal house of pain,
Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly Host
Of Spirits that in our just pretenses arm'd
Fell with us from on high from them I go
This uncouth errand sole, and one for all
My self expose, with lonely steps to tread
Th' unfounded deep, & through the void immense
To search with wandring quest a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
Created vast and round, a place of bliss
In the Pourlieues of Heav'n, and therein plac't
A race of upstart Creatures, to supply
Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,
Least Heav'n surcharg'd with potent multitude
Might hap to move new broiles Be this or aught
Then this more secret now design'd, I haste
To know, and this once known, shall soon return
And bring ye to the place where Thou and Death
Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
Wing silently the buxom Air, imbalm'd
With odours, there ye shall be fed and fill'd
Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey
He ceas'd, for both seemd highly pleasd, and Death
Grinnd horrible a gastly smile, to hear
His famine should be fill'd, and blest his mawe
Destin'd to that good hour no less rejoyc'd
His mother bad, and thus bespake her Sire
The key of this infernal Pit by due,
And by command of Heav'ns all-powerful King
I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
These Adamantine Gates, against all force
Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
Fearless to be o'rematcht by living might.
But what ow I to his commands above

Who hates me and hath hither thrust me down
Into this gloom of *Tartarus* profound
To sit in hateful Office here confin d
Inhabitant of Heav n and heav nlie born
Here in perpetual agonie and pain
With terrors and with clamors compasst round
Of mine own brood that on my bowels feed
Thou art my Father thou my Author thou
My being gav st me whom should I obey
But thee whom follow? thou wilt bring me soon
To that new world of light and bliss among
The Gods who live at ease where I shall Reign
At thy right hand voluptuous as beseems
Thy daughter and thy darling without end
  Thus saying from her side the fatal Key
Sad instrument of all our woe she took
And towards the Gate rouling her bestial train
Forthwith the huge Portcullis high up drew
Which but her self not all the *Stygian* powers
Could once have mov d then in the key hole turns
Th intricate wards and every Bolt and Bar
Of massie Iron or sollid Rock with ease
Unfast ns on a sudden op n flie
With impetuous recoile and jarring sound
Th infernal dores and on thir hinges grate
Harsh Thunder that the lowest bottom shook
Of *Erebus* She op nd but to shut
Excel d her power the Gates wide op n stood
That with extended wings a Bannerd Host
Under spread Ensigns marching might pass through
With Horse and Chariots rankt in loose array
So wide they stood and like a Furnace mouth
Cast forth redounding smoak and ruddy flame
Before thir eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoarie deep a dark
Illimitable Ocean without bound
Without dimension where length breadth and highth
And time and place are lost where eldest Night
And *Chaos* Ancestors of Nature hold
Eternal *Anarchie* amidst the noise
Of endless warrs and by confusion stand
For hot cold, moist and dry four Champions fierce
Strive here for Maistrie and to Battel bring
Thir embryon Atoms they around the flag
Of each his faction in thir several Clanns
Light arm d or heavy sharp smooth swift or slow

Swarm populous, unnumber'd as the Sands
Of *Barca* or *Cyrene's* torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring Winds, and poise
Thir lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
Hee rules a moment; *Chaos* Umpire sits,
And by decision more imbroiles the fray
By which he Reigns: next him high Arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wilde Abyss,
The Womb of nature and perhaps her Grave,
Of neither Sea, nor Shore, nor Air, nor Fire,
But all these in thir pregnant causes mixt
Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless th' Almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more Worlds,
Into this wild Abyss the warie fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,
Pondering his Voyage: for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his eare less peal'd
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with small) then when *Bellona* storms,
With all her battering Engines bent to rase
Som Capital City, or less then if this frame
Of Heav'n were falling, and these Elements
In mutinie had from her Axle torn
The stedfast Earth. At last his Sail-broad Vannes
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoak
Uplifted spurns the ground, thence many a League
As in a cloudy Chair ascending rides
Audacious, but that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuitie: all unawares
Fluttring his pennons vain plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fadom deep, and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The strong rebuff of som tumultuous cloud
Instinct with Fire and Nitre hurried him
As many miles aloft: that furie stay'd,
Quencht in a Boggie *Syrtis*, neither Sea,
Nor good dry Land: nigh founderd on he fares,
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying; behoves him now both Oare and Saile.
As when a Gryfon through the Wilderness
With winged course ore Hill or moarie Dale,
Pursues the *Arimaspian*, who by stelth
Had from his wakeful custody purloind
The guarded Gold: So eagerly the fiend
Ore bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,

With head hands wings or feet pursues his way
And swims or sinks or wades or creeps or flyes
At length a universal hubbub wilde
Of stunning sounds and voices all confus d
Born through the hollow dark assaults his eare
With loudest vehemence thither he plyes
Undaunted to meet there what ever power
Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss
Might in that noise reside of whom to ask
Which way the neerest coast of darkness lyes
Bordering on light when strait behold the Throne
Of *Chaos* and his dark Pavilion spread
Wide on the wasteful Deep with him Enthron d
Sat Sable vested Night eldest of things
The Consort of his Reign and by them stood
Orcus and *Ades* and the dreaded name
Of *Demogorgon* Rumor next and Chance
And Tumult and Confusion all imbroild
And Discord with a thousand various mouths
T whom *Satan* turning boldly thus Ye Powers
And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss
Chaos and *ancient Night* I come no Spie
With purpose to explore or to disturb
The secrets of your Realm but by constraint
Wandring this darksome desart as my way
Lies through your spacious Empire up to light
Alone and without guide half lost I seek
What readiest path leads where your gloomie bounds
Confine with Heav n or if som other place
From your Dominion won th Ethereal King
Possesses lately thither to arrive
I travel this profound direct my course
Directed no mean recompence it brings
To your behoof if I that Region lost
All usurpation thence expell d reduce
To her original darkness and your sway
(Which is my present journey) and once more
Erect the Standerd there of *ancient Night*
Yours be th advantage all mine the revenge
Thus *Satan* and him thus the Anarch old
With faultring speech and visage incompos d
Answer d I know thee stranger who thou art
That mighty leading Angel who of late
Made head against Heav ns King though overthrown
I saw and heard for such a numerous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep

With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded, and Heav'n Gates
Pourd out by millions her victorious Bands
Pursuing I upon my Frontieres here
Keep residence, if all I can will serve,
That little which is left so to defend
Encroacht on still through our intestine broiles
Weakning the Scepter of old Night first Hell
Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath,
Now lately Heaven and Earth, another World
Hung ore my Realm, link'd in a golden Chain
To that side Heav'n from whence your Legions fell
If that way be your walk, you have not farr,
So much the neerer danger, goe and speed,
Havock and spoil and ruin are my gain
He ceas'd, and *Satan* staid not to reply,
But glad that now his Sea should find a shore,
With fresh alacritie and force renew'd
Springs upward like a Pyramid of fire
Into the wilde Expanse, and through the shock
Of fighting Elements, on all sides round
Environ'd wins his way, harder beset
And more endanger'd, then when *Argo* pass'd
Through *Bosporus* betwixt the justling Rocks
Or when *Ulysses* on the Larbord shunnd
Charybdis, and by th' other whirlpool steard
So he with difficulty and labour hard
Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour hee,
But hee once past, soon after when *man fell*,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n,
Pav'd after him a broad and beat'n way
Over *the dark Abyss*, whose boiling Gulf
Tamely endur'd a Bridge of wondrous length
From Hell continu'd reaching th' utmost Orbe
Of this frail World, by which the Spirits perverse
With easie intercourse pass to and fro
To tempt or punish mortals, except whom
God and good Angels guard by special grace
But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n
Shoots farr into the bosom of dim Night
A glimmering dawn, here Nature first begins
Her fardest verge, and *Chaos* to retire
As from her outmost works a brok'n foe
With tumult less and with less hostile din,

That *Satan* with less toil and now with ease
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light
And like a weather beaten Vessel holds
Gladly the Port though Shrouds and Tackle torn
Or in the emptier waste resembling Air
Weighs his spread wings at leasure to behold
Farr off th' Empyreal Heav'n extended wide
In circuit undetermind square or round
With Opal Towrs and Battlements adorn'd
Of living Saphire once his native Seat
And fast by hanging in a golden Chain
This pendant world in bigness as a Starr
Of smallest Magnitude close by the Moon
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge
Accurst and in a cursed hour he hies

BOOK III

THE ARGUMENT

God *sitting on his Throne sees* Satan *flying towards this world, then newly created, shews him to the Son who sat at his right hand, foretells the success of* Satan *in perverting mankind, clears his own Justice and Wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free and able enough to have withstood his Tempter yet declares his purpose of grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did* Satan *but by him seduc't The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man, but God again declares, that Grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine Justice, Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to Godhead, and therefore with all his Progeny devoted to death must dye, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergoe his Punishment The Son of God freely offers himself a Ransome for Man the Father accepts him, ordains his incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all Names in Heaven and Earth, commands all the Angels to adore him, they obey, and hymning to their Harps in full Quire, celebrate the Father and the Son Mean while* Satan *alights upon the bare convex of this Worlds outermost Orb, where wandring he first finds a place since call'd The Lymbo of Vanity, what persons and things fly up thither, thence comes to the Gate of Heaven, describ'd ascending by stairs, and the waters above the Firmament that flow about it His passage thence to the Orb of the Sun, he finds there* Uriel *the Regent of that Orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new Creation and Man whom God had plac't here, inquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed, alights first on Mount* Niphates

HAIL holy light, ofspring of Heav'n first-born,
Or of th' Eternal Coeternal beam
May I express thee unblam'd? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from Eternitie, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate
Or hear'st thou rather pure Ethereal stream,
Whose Fountain who shall tell? before the Sun,
Before the Heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a Mantle didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite
Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,
Escap't the *Stygian* Pool though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne
With other notes then to th *Orphean* Lyre
I sung of *Chaos* and *Eternal Night*,
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down

The dark descent and up to reascend
Though hard and rare thee I revisit safe
And feel thy sovran vital Lamp but thou
Revisit st not these eyes that rowle in vain
To find thy piercing ray and find no dawn
So thick a drop serene hath quencht thir Orbs
Or dim suffusion veild Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Cleer Spring or shadie Grove or Sunnie Hill
Smit with the love of sacred song but chief
Thee *Sion* and the flowrie Brooks beneath
That wash thy hallowd feet and warbling flow
Nightly I visit nor somtimes forget
Those other two equal d with me in Fate
So were I equal d with them in renown
Blind *Thamyris* and blind *Mæonides*
And *Tiresias* and *Phineus* Prophets old
Then feed on thoughts that voluntarie move
Harmonious numbers as the wakeful Bird
Sings darkling and in shadiest Covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal Note Thus with the Year
Seasons return but not to me returns
Day or the sweet approach of Ev n or Morn
Or sight of vernal bloom or Summers Rose
Or flocks or herds or human face divine
But cloud in stead and ever during dark
Surrounds me from the chearful waies of men
Cut off and for the Book of knowledg fair
Presented with a Universal blanc
Of Natures works to mee expung d and ras d
And wisdome at one entrance quite shut out
So much the rather thou Celestial light
Shine inward and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate there plant eyes all mist from thence
Purge and disperse that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight
  Now had the Almighty Father from above
From the pure Empyrean where he sits
High Thron d above all highth bent down his eye
His own works and their works at once to view
About him all the Sanctities of Heaven
Stood thick as Starrs and from his sight receiv d
Beatitude past utterance on his right
The radiant image of his Glory sat
His onely Son On Earth he first beheld
Our two first Parents yet the onely two

Of mankind, in the happie Garden plac't,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrivald love
In blissful solitude, he then survey'd
Hell and the Gulf between, and *Satan* there
Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night
In the dun Air sublime, and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet
On the bare outside of this World, that seem'd
Firm land imbosom'd without Firmament,
Uncertain which, in Ocean or in Air
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future he beholds,
Thus to his onely Son foreseeing spake
  Onely begotten Son, seest thou what rage
Transports our adversarie, whom no bounds
Prescrib'd, no barrs of Hell, nor all the chains
Heapt on him there, nor yet the main Abyss
Wide interrupt can hold, so bent he seems
On desperat revenge, that shall redound
Upon his own rebellious head And now
Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way
Not farr off Heav'n, in the Precincts of light,
Directly towards the new created World,
And Man there plac't, with purpose to assay
If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
By som false guile pervert, and shall pervert,
For man will heark'n to his glozing lyes,
And easily transgress the sole Command,
Sole pledge of his obedience So will fall
Hee and his faithless Progenie whose fault?
Whose but his own? ingrate, he had of mee
All he could have, I made him just and right,
Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall
Such I created all th' Ethereal Powers
And Spirits, both them who stood & them who faild,
Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell
Not free, what proof could they have givn sincere
Of true allegiance, constant Faith or Love,
Where onely what they needs must do, appeard,
Not what they would what praise could they receive?
What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
When Will and Reason (Reason also is choice)
Useless and vain, of freedom both despoild,
Made passive both, had servd necessitie,
Not mee They therefore as to right belongd

So were created nor can justly accuse
Thir maker or thir making or thir Fate
As if Predestination over rul d
Thir will dispos d by absolute Decree
Or high foreknowledge they themselves decreed
Thir own revolt not I if I foreknew
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault
Which had no less prov d certain unforeknown
So without least impulse or shadow of Fate
Or aught by me immutablie foreseen
They trespass Authors to themselves in all
Both what they judge and what they choose for so
I formed them free and free they must remain
Till they enthrall themselves I else must change
Thir nature and revoke the high Decree
Unchangeable Eternal which ordain d
Thir freedom they themselves ordain d thir fall
The first sort by thir own suggestion fell
Self tempted self deprav d Man falls deceiv d
By the other first Man therefore shall find grace
The other none in Mercy and Justice both
Through Heav n and Earth so shall my glorie excel
But Mercy first and last shall brightest shine
  Thus while God spake ambrosial fragrance fill d
All Heav n and in the blessed Spirits elect
Sense of new joy ineffable diffus d
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious in him all his Father shon
Substantially express d and in his face
Divine compassion visibly appeerd
Love without end and without measure Grace
Which uttering thus he to his Father spake
  O Father gracious was that word which clos d
Thy sovran sentence that Man should find grace
For which both Heav n and Earth shall high extoll
Thy praises with th innumerable sound
Of Hymns and sacred Songs wherewith thy Throne
Encompass d shall resound thee ever blest
For should Man finally be lost should Man
Thy creature late so lov d thy youngest Son
Fall circumvented thus by fraud though joynd
With his own folly? that be from thee farr
That farr be from thee Father who art Judge
Of all things made and judgest onely right
Or shall the Adversarie thus obtain
His end and frustrate thine shall he fulfill

His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught,
Or proud return though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplish't and to Hell
Draw after him the whole Race of mankind,
By him corrupted? or wilt thou thy self
Abolish thy Creation, and unmake,
For him, what for thy glorie thou hast made?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
Be questiond and blaspheam'd without defence
  To whom the great Creatour thus reply'd
O Son, in whom my Soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,
All hast thou spok'n as my thoughts are, all
As my Eternal purpose hath decreed
Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will,
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely voutsaft, once more I will renew
His lapsed powers, though forfeit and enthrall'd
By sin to foul exorbitant desires,
Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
On even ground against his mortal foe,
By me upheld, that he may know how frail
His fall'n condition is, and to me ow
All his deliv'rance, and to none but me
Some I have chosen of peculiar grace
Elect above the rest, so is my will
The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warnd
Thir sinful state, and to appease betimes
Th' incensed Deitie while offerd grace
Invites, for I will cleer thir senses dark,
What may suffice, and soft'n stonie hearts
To pray, repent, and bring obedience due
To prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
Though but endevord with sincere intent,
Mine eare shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
And I will place within them as a guide
My Umpire *Conscience*, whom if they will hear,
Light after light well us'd they shall attain,
And to the end persisting, safe arrive.
This my long sufferance and my day of grace
They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste,
But hard be hard'nd, blind be blinded more,
That they may stumble on, and deeper fall,
And none but such from mercy I exclude
But yet all is not don, Man disobeying,

Disloyal breaks his fealtie and sinns
Against the high Supremacie of Heav n
Affecting God head and so loosing all
To expiate his Treason hath naught left,
But to destruction sacred and devote
He with his whole posteritie must die
Die hee or Justice must unless for him
Som other able and as willing pay
The rigid satisfaction death for death
Say Heav nly Powers where shall we find such love
Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
Mans mortal crime and just th unjust to save
Dwels in all Heaven charitie so deare?
He ask d but all the Heav nly Quire stood mute
And silence was in Heav n on mans behalf
Patron or Intercessor none appeerd
Much less that durst upon his own head draw
The deadly forfeiture and ransom set
And now without redemption all mankind
Must have bin lost adjudg d to Death and Hell
By doom severe had not the Son of God
In whom the fulness dwels of love divine
His dearest mediation thus renewd
Father thy word is past man shall find grace
And shall grace not find means that finds her way
The speediest of thy winged messengers
To visit all thy creatures and to all
Comes unprevented unimplor d, unsought
Happie for man so coming he her aide
Can never seek once dead in sins and lost
Attonement for himself or offering meet
Indebted and undon hath none to bring
Behold mee then mee for him life for life
I offer on mee let thine anger fall
Account mee man I for his sake will leave
Thy bosom and this glorie next to thee
Freely put off and for him lastly die
Well pleas d on me let Death wreck all his rage
Under his gloomie power I shall not long
Lie vanquisht thou hast givn me to possess
Life in my self for ever by thee I live
Though now to Death I yeild and am his due
All that of me can die yet that debt paid
Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsom grave
His prey nor suffer my unspotted Soule
For ever with corruption there to dwell

But I shall rise Victorious, and subdue
My Vanquisher, spoild of his vanted spoile;
Death his deaths wound shall then receive, & stoop
Inglorious, of his mortall sting disarm'd.
I through the ample Air in Triumph high
Shall lead Hell Captive maugre Hell, and show
The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the sight
Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,
While by thee rais'd I ruin all my Foes,
Death last, and with his Carcass glut the Grave:
Then with the multitude of my redeemd
Shall enter Heaven long absent, and returne,
Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd,
And reconcilement; wrauth shall be no more
Thenceforth, but in thy presence Joy entire.
  His words here ended, but his meek aspect
Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love
To mortal men, above which only shon
Filial obedience: as a sacrifice
Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
Of his great Father. Admiration seis'd
All Heav'n, what this might mean, & whither tend
Wondring; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd:
  O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace
Found out for mankind under wrauth, O thou
My sole complacence! well thou know'st how dear,
To me are all my works, nor Man the least
Though last created, that for him I spare
Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
By losing thee a while, the whole Race lost.
Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeeme,
Thir Nature also to thy Nature joyne;
And be thy self Man among men on Earth,
Made flesh, when time shall be, of Virgin seed,
By wondrous birth: Be thou in *Adams* room
The Head of all mankind, though *Adams* Son.
As in him perish all men, so in thee
As from a second root shall be restor'd,
As many as are restor'd, without thee none.
His crime makes guiltie all his Sons, thy merit
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
Thir own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,
Shall satisfie for Man, be judg'd and die,

And dying rise and rising with him raise
His Brethren ransomd with his own dear life
So Heav nly love shal outdoo Hellish hate
Giving to death and dying to redeeme
So dearly to redeem what Hellish hate
So easily destroy d and still destroyes
In those who when they may accept not grace
Nor shalt thou by descending to assume
Mans Nature less n or degrade thine *owne*
Because thou hast though Thron d in highest bliss
Equal to God and equally enjoying
God like fruition quitted all to save
A World from utter loss and hast been found
By *Merit more then Birthright Son of God*
Found worthiest to be so by being Good
Farr more then Great or High because in thee
Love hath abounded more then Glory abounds
Therefore thy Humiliation shall exalt
With thee thy *Manhood* also to *this Throne*
Here shalt thou sit incarnate here shalt Reigne
Both God and Man Son both of God and Man
Anointed universal King all Power
I give thee reign for ever and assume
Thy Merits under thee as Head Supream
Thrones Princedoms Powers Dominions I reduce
All knees to thee shall bow of them that bide
In Heaven or Earth or under Earth in Hell
When thou attended gloriously from Heav n
Shalt in the Skie appeer and from thee send
The summoning Arch Angels to proclaime
Thy dread Tribunal forthwith from all Windes
The living and forthwith the cited dead
Of all past Ages to the general Doom
Shall hast n such a peal shall rouse thir sleep
Then all thy Saints assembl d thou shalt judge
Bad men and Angels they arraignd shall sink
Beneath thy Sentence Hell her numbers full
Thenceforth shall be for ever shut Mean while
The World shall burn and from her ashes spring
New Heav n and Earth wherein the just shall dwell
And after all thir tribulations long
See golden days fruitful of golden deeds
With Joy and Love triumphing and fair Truth
Then thou thy regal Scepter shalt lay by
For regal Scepter then no more shall need
God shall be All in All But all ye Gods

Adore him, who to compass all this dies,
Adore the Son, and honour him as mee
  No sooner had th' Almighty ceas't, but all
The multitude of Angels with a shout
Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung
With Jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd
Th' eternal Regions lowly reverent
Towards either Throne they bow, & to the ground
With solemn adoration down they cast
Thir Crowns inwove with Amarant and Gold,
Immortal Amarant, a Flour which once
In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life
Began to bloom, but soon for mans offence
To Heav'n remov'd where first it grew, there grows,
And flours aloft shading the Fount of Life,
And where the river of Bliss through midst of Heavn
Rowls o're *Elisian* Flours her Amber stream,
With these that never fade the Spirits Elect
Bind thir resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,
Now in loose Garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement that like a Sea of Jasper shon
Impurpl'd with Celestial Roses smil'd
Then Crown'd again thir gold'n Harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by thir side
Like Quivers hung, and with Preamble sweet
Of charming symphonie they introduce
Thir sacred Song, and waken raptures high,
No voice exempt, no voice but well could joine
Melodious part, such concord is in Heavn
  Thee Father first they sung Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King, thee Author of all being,
Fountain of Light, thy self invisible
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st
Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant Shrine,
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appeer
Yet dazle Heavn, that brightest Seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil thir eyes
Thee next they sang of all Creation first,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous count'nance without cloud
Made visible th' Almighty Father shines
Whom else no Creature can behold, on thee

Impresst the effulgence of his Glorie abides
Transfus d on thee his ample Spirit rests
Hee Heav n of Heavens and all the Powers therein
By thee created and by thee threw down
Th Aspiring Dominations thou that day
Thy Fathers dreadful Thunder didst not spare
Nor stop thy flaming Chariot wheels that shook
Heav ns everlasting Frame while o re the necks
Thou drov st of warring Angels disarraid
Back from pursuit thy Powers with loud acclaime
Thee only extold Son of thy Fathers might
To execute fierce vengeance on his foes
Not so on Man him through their malice fall n
Father of Mercie and Grace thou didst not doome
So strictly but much more to pitie encline
No sooner did thy dear and onely Son
Perceive thee purpos d not to doom frail Man
So strictly but much more to pitie enclin d
He to appease thy wrauth and end the strife
Of Mercy and Justice in thy face discern d
Regardless of the Bliss wherein hee sat
Second to thee offerd himself to die
For mans offence O unexampl d love
Love no where to be found less then Divine'
Hail Son of God Saviour of Men thy Name
Shall be the copious matter of my Song
Henceforth and never shall my Harp thy praise
Forget nor from thy Fathers praise disjoine
Thus they in Heav n above the starry Sphear
Thir happie hours in joy and hymning spent
Mean while upon the firm opacous Globe
Of this round World whose first convex divides
The luminous inferior Orbs enclos d
From *Chaos* and th inroad of Darkness old
Satan alighted walks a Globe farr off
It seem d now seems a boundless Continent
Dark waste and wild under the frown of Night
Starless expos d and ever threatning storms
Of *Chaos* blustring round inclement skie
Save on that side which from the wall of Heav n
Though distant farr som small reflection gaines
Of glimmering air less vext with tempest loud
Here walk d the Fiend at large in spacious field
As when a Vultur on *Imaus* bred
Whose snowie ridge the roving *Tartar* bounds
Dislodging from a Region scarce of prey

To gorge the flesh of Lambs or yeanling Kids
On Hills where Flocks are fed, flies toward the Springs
Of *Ganges* or *Hydaspes*, *Indian* streams,
But in his way lights on the barren plaines
Of *Sericana*, where *Chineses* drive
With Sails and Wind thir canie Waggons light
So on this windie Sea of Land, the Fiend
Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey,
Alone, for other Creature in this place
Living or liveless to be found was none,
None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
Up hither like Aereal vapours flew
Of all things transitorie and vain, when Sin
With vanity had filld the works of men
Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
Built their fond hopes of Glorie or lasting fame,
Or happiness in this or th' other life,
All who have thir reward on Earth, the fruits
Of painful Superstition and blind Zeal,
Naught seeking but the praise of men, here find
Fit retribution, emptie as thir deeds,
All th' unaccomplisht works of Natures hand,
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixt,
Dissolvd on earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
Till final dissolution, wander here,
Not in the neighbouring Moon, as some have dreamd,
Those argent Fields more likely habitants,
Translated Saints, or middle Spirits hold
Betwixt th' Angelical and Human kinde
Hither of ill-joynd Sons and Daughters born
First from the ancient World those Giants came
With many a vain exploit, though then renownd
The builders next of *Babel* on the Plain
Of *Sennaar*, and still with vain designe
New *Babels*, had they wherewithall, would build
Others came single, hee who to be deemd
A God, leap'd fondly into *Ætna* flames
Empedocles, and hee who to enjoy
Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the Sea,
Cleombrotus, and many more too long,
Embryos, and Idiots, Eremits and Friers
White, Black and Grey, with all thir trumperie
Here Pilgrims roam, that stray'd so farr to seek
In *Golgotha* him dead, who lives in Heav'n
And they who to be sure of Paradise
Dying put on the weeds of *Dominic*,

Or in *Franciscan* think to pass disguis d
They pass the Planets seven and pass the fixt
And that Crystalline Sphear whose ballance weighs
The Trepidation talkt and that first mov d
And now Saint *Peter* at Heav ns Wicket seems
To wait them with his Keys and now at foot
Of Heav ns ascent they lift thir Feet when loe
A violent cross wind from either Coast
Blows them transverse ten thousand Leagues awry
Into the devious Air then might ye see
Cowles Hoods and Habits with thir wearers tost
And flutterd into Raggs then Reliques Beads
Indulgences Dispenses Pardons Bulls
The sport of Winds all these upwhirld aloft
Fly o re the backside of the World farr off
Into a *Limbo* large and broad since calld
The Paradise of Fools to few unknown
Long after now unpeopl d and untrod
All this dark Globe the Fiend found as he pass d
And long he wanderd till at last a gleame
Of dawning light turnd thither ward in haste
His travell d steps farr distant hee descries
Ascending by degrees magnificent
Up to the wall of Heaven a Structure high
At top whereof but farr more rich appeerd
The work as of a Kingly Palace Gate
With Frontispice of Diamond and Gold
Imbellisht thick with sparkling orient Gemmes
The Portal shon inimitable on Earth
By Model or by shading Pencil drawn
The Stairs were such as whereon *Jacob* saw
Angels ascending and descending bands
Of Guardians bright when he from *Esau* fled
To *Padan Aram* in the field of *Luz*
Dreaming by night under the open Skie
And waking cri d This is the Gate of Heav n
Each Stair mysteriously was meant nor stood
There alwaies but drawn up to Heav n somtimes
Viewless and underneath a bright Sea flow d
Of Jasper or of liquid Pearle whereon
Who after came from Earth sayling arriv d
Wafted by Angels or flew o re the Lake
Rapt in a Chariot drawn by fiery Steeds
The Stairs were then let down whether to dare
The Fiend by easie ascent or aggravate
His sad exclusion from the dores of Bliss

Direct against which op'nd from beneath,
Just o're the blissful seat of Paradise,
A passage down to th' Earth, a passage wide,
Wider by farr then that of after-times
Over Mount *Sion*, and, though that were large,
Over the *Promis'd Land* to God so dear,
By which, to visit oft those happy Tribes,
On high behests his Angels to and fro
Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard
From *Paneas* the fount of *Jordans* flood
To *Beersaba*, where the *Holy Land*
Borders on *Ægypt* and the *Arabian* shoare,
So wide the op'ning seemd, where bounds were set
To darkness, such as bound the Ocean wave
Satan from hence now on the lower stair
That scal'd by steps of Gold to Heav'n Gate
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
Of all this World at once As when a Scout
Through dark and desart wayes with peril gone
All night, at last by break of chearful dawne
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing Hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some forein land
First seen, or some renownd Metropolis
With glistering Spires and Pinnacles adornd,
Which now the Rising Sun guilds with his beams
Such wonder seis'd, though after Heaven seen,
The Spirit maligne, but much more envy seis'd
At sight of all this World beheld so faire
Round he surveys, and well might, where he stood
So high above the circling Canopie
Of Nights extended shade, from Eastern Point
Of *Libra* to the fleecie Starr that bears
Andromeda farr off *Atlantick* Seas
Beyond th' *Horizon*, then from Pole to Pole
He views in bredth, and without longer pause
Down right into the Worlds first Region throws
His flight precipitant, and windes with ease
Through the pure marble Air his oblique way
Amongst innumerable Starrs, that shon
Stars distant, but nigh hand seemd other Worlds,
Or other Worlds they seemd, or happy Iles
Like those *Hesperian* Gardens fam d of old,
Fortunate Fields, and Groves and flourie Vales,
Thrice happy Iles, but who dwelt happy there
He stay d not to enquire above them all

The golden Sun in splendor likest Heaven
Allur d his eye Thither his course he bends
Through the calm Firmament but up or downe
By center or eccentric hard to tell
Or Longitude where the great Luminarie
Alooff the vulgar Constellations thick
That from his Lordly eye keep distance due
Dispenses Light from farr *they* as they move
Thir Starry dance in numbers that compute
Days months and years towards his all chearing Lamp
Turn swift their various motions or are turnd
By his Magnetic beam *that* gently warms
The Univers and to each inward part
With gentle penetration though unseen
Shoots invisible vertue even to the deep
So wondrously was set his Station bright.
There lands the Fiend a spot like which perhaps
Astronomer in the Sun s lucent Orbe
Through his glaz d Optic Tube yet never saw
The place he found beyond expression bright
Compar d with aught on Earth Medal or Stone
Not all parts like but all alike informd
With radiant light as glowing Iron with fire
If mettal part seemd Gold part Silver cleer
If stone Carbuncle most or Chrysolite
Rubie or Topaz to the Twelve that shon
In *Aarons* Brestplate and a stone besides
Imagind rather oft then elsewhere seen
That stone or like to that which here below
Philosophers *in* vain so long have sought
In vain though by thir powerful Art they binde
Volatil *Hermes* and call up unbound
In various shapes old *Proteus* from the Sea
Draind through a Limbec to his Native forme
What wonder then if fields and regions here
Breathe forth *Elixir* pure and Rivers run
Potable Gold when with one vertuous touch
Th Arch chimic Sun so *farr from us* remote
Produces with Terrestrial Humor mixt
Here in the dark so many precious things
Of colour glorious and effect so rare?
Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
Undazl d farr and wide his eye commands
For sight no obstacle found here nor shade
But all Sun shine as when his Beams at Noon
Culminate from th *Æquator* as they now

Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the Aire,
No where so cleer, sharp'nd his visual ray
To objects distant farr, whereby he soon
Saw within kenn a glorious Angel stand,
The same whom *John* saw also in the Sun
His back was turnd, but not his brightness hid,
Of beaming sunnie Raies, a golden tiar
Circl'd his Head, nor less his Locks behind
Illustrious on his Shoulders fledge with wings
Lay waving round, on som great charge imploy'd
Hee seemd, or fixt in cogitation deep
Glad was the Spirit impure, as now in hope
To find who might direct his wandring flight
To Paradise the happie seat of Man,
His journies end and our beginning woe
But first he casts to change his proper shape,
Which else might work him danger or delay
And now a stripling Cherube he appeers,
Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
Youth smil'd Celestial, and to every Limb
Sutable grace diffus'd, so well he feignd,
Under a Coronet his flowing haire
In curles on either cheek plaid, wings he wore
Of many a colourd plume sprinkl'd with Gold,
His habit fit for speed succinct, and held
Before his decent steps a Silver wand
He drew not nigh unheard, the Angel bright,
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turnd,
Admonisht by his eare, and strait was known
Th' Arch-Angel *Uriel*, one of the seav'n
Who in God's presence, neerest to his Throne
Stand ready at command, and are his Eyes
That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th' Earth
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
O're Sea and Land, him *Satan* thus accostes
Uriel, for thou of those seav'n Spirits that stand
In sight of Gods high Throne, gloriously bright,
The first art wont his great authentic will
Interpreter through highest Heav'n to bring,
Where all his Sons thy Embassie attend,
And here art likeliest by supream decree
Like honour to obtain, and as his Eye
To visit oft this new Creation round
Unspeakable desire to see, and know
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,

His chief delight and favour him for whom
All these his works so wondrous he ordaind
Hath brought me from the Quires of Cherubim
Alone thus wandring Brightest Seraph tell
In which of all these shining Orbes hath Man
His fixed seat or fixed seat hath none
But all these shining Orbes his choice to dwell
That I may find him and with secret gaze
Or open admiration him behold
On whom the great Creator hath bestowd
Worlds and on whom hath all these graces powrd
That both in him and all things as is meet
The Universal Maker we may praise
Who justly hath drivn out his Rebell Foes
To deepest Hell and to repair that loss
Created this new happie Race of Men
To serve him better wise are all his wayes
  So spake the false dissembler unperceivd
For neither Man nor Angel can discern
Hypocrisie the only evil that walks
Invisible except to God alone
By his permissive will through Heavn and Earth
And oft though wisdom wake suspicion sleeps
At wisdoms Gate and to simplicitie
Resigns her charge while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems Which now for once beguild
Uriel though Regent of the Sun and held
The sharpest sighted Spirit of all in Heavn
Who to the fraudulent Impostor foule
In his uprightness answer thus returnd
Faire Angel thy desire which tends to know
The works of God thereby to glorifie
The great *Work Maister leads to no excess*
That reaches blame but rather merits praise
The more it seems excess that led thee hither
From thy Empyreal Mansion thus alone
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps
Contented with report heare onely in heavn
For wonderful indeed are all his works
Pleasant to know and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight
But what created mind can comprehend
Thir number or the wisdom infinite
That brought them *forth but hid thir causes deep*
I saw when at his Word the formless Mass
This worlds material mould came to a heap

Confusion heard his voice, and wilde uproar
Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd,
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
Light shon, and order from disorder sprung
Swift to thir several Quarters hasted then
The cumbrous Elements, Earth, Flood, Aire, Fire,
And this Ethereal quintessence of Heav'n
Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
That rowld orbicular, and turnd to Starrs
Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move,
Each had his place appointed, each his course,
The rest in circuit walles this Universe
Look downward on that Globe whose hither side
With light from hence, though but reflected, shines,
That place is Earth the seat of Man, that light
His day, which else as th' other Hemisphere
Night would invade, but there the neighbouring Moon
(So call that opposite fair Starr) her aide
Timely interposes, and her monthly round
Still ending, still renewing through mid Heav'n,
With borrowd light her countenance triform
Hence fills and empties to enlighten the Earth,
And in her pale dominion checks the night
That spot to which I point is *Paradise*,
Adams abode, those loftie shades his Bowre
Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires
Thus said, he turnd, and *Satan* bowing low,
As to superior Spirits is wont in Heav'n,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave, and toward the coast of Earth beneath,
Down from th' Ecliptic, sped with hop'd success,
Throws his steep flight in many an Aerie wheele,
Nor staid, till on *Niphates* top he lights

BOOK IV

THE ARGUMENT

Satan now in prospect of Eden and nigh the place where he must now attempt the bold enterprise which he undertook alone against God and Man falls into many doubts with himself and many passions fear envy and despare but at length confirms himself in evil journeys on to Paradise whose outward prospect and scituation is described overleaps the bounds sits in the shape of a Cormorant on the Tree of life as highest in the Garden to look about him The Garden describ d Satans first sight of Adam and Eve his wonder at thir excellent form and happy state but with resolution to work thir fall overhears thir discourse thence gathers that the Tree of knowledge was forbidden them to eat of under penalty of death and thereon intends to found his temptation by seducing them to transgress then leaves them a while to know further of thir state by some other means Mean while Uriel descending on a Sun beam warns Gabriel who had in charge the Gate of Paradise that some evil spirit had escap d the Deep and past at Noon by his Sphere in the shape of a good Angel down to Paradise discovered after by his furious gestures in the Mount Gabriel promises to find him out ere morning Night coming on Adam and Eve discourse of going to thir rest thir Bower describ d thir Evening worship Gabriel drawing forth his Bands of Night-watch to walk the round of Paradise appoints two strong Angels to Adams Bower least the evill spirit should be there doing some harm to Adam or Eve sleeping there they find him at the ear of Eve tempting her in a dream and bring him though unwilling to Gabriel by whom question d he scornfully answers prepares resistance but hinder d by a Sign from Heaven flies out of Paradise

O FOR that warning voice which he who saw
Th Apocalyps, heard cry in Heav n aloud
Then when the Dragon put to second rout
Came furious down to be reveng d on men
Wo to the inhabitants on Earth that now
While time was our first Parents had bin warnd
The coming of thir secret foe and scap d
Haply so scap d his mortal snare for now
Satan now first inflam d with rage came down
The Tempter ere th Accuser of man kind
To wreck on innocent frail man his loss
Of that first Battel and his flight to Hell
Yet not rejoycing in his speed though bold
Far off and fearless nor with cause to boast
Begins his dire attempt which nigh the birth
Now rowling boiles in his tumultuous brest
And like a devillish Engine back recoiles
Upon himself horror and doubt distract
His troubl d thoughts and from the bottom stirr
The Hell within him for within him Hell

He brings, and round about him, nor from Hell
One step no more then from himself can fly
By change of place: Now conscience wakes despair
That slumberd, wakes the bitter memorie
Of what he was, what is, and what must be
Worse; of worse deeds worse sufferings must ensue.
Sometimes towards *Eden* which now in his view
Lay pleasant, his grievd look he fixes sad,
Sometimes towards Heav'n and the full-blazing Sun,
Which now sat high in his Meridian Towre:
Then much revolving, thus in sighs began.
  O thou that with surpassing Glory crownd,
Look'st from thy sole Dominion like the God
Of this new World; at whose sight all the Starrs
Hide thir diminisht heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy Spheare;
Till Pride and worse Ambition threw me down
Warring in Heav'n against Heav'ns matchless King:
Ah wherefore! he deservd no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less then to afford him praise,
The easiest recompence, and pay him thanks,
How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high
I 'sdeind subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burthensome, still paying, still to ow;
Forgetful what from him I still receivd,
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged; what burden then?
O had his powerful Destiny ordaind
Me some inferiour Angel, I had stood
Then happie; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? som other Power
As great might have aspir'd, and me though mean
Drawn to his part; but other Powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshak'n, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free Will and Power to stand?

Thou hadst whom hast thou then or what to accuse
But Heav ns free Love dealt equally to all?
Be then his Love accurst since love or hate
To me alike it deals eternal woe
Nay curs d be thou since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues
Me miserable! which way shall I flie
Infinite wrauth and infinite despaire?
Which way I flie is *Hell* my self am *Hell*
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threatning to devour me opens wide
To which the Hell I suffer seems a Heav n.
O then at last relent is there no place
Left for Repentance none for Pardon left?
None left but by submission and that word
Disdain forbids me and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath whom I seduc d
With other promises and other vaunts
Then to submit boasting I could subdue
Th Omnipotent Ay me they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vaine
Under what torments inwardly I groane
While they adore me on the Throne of Hell
With Diadem and Scepter high advanced
The lower still I fall onely Supream
In miserie such joy Ambition findes
But say I could repent and *could* obtaine
By Act of Grace my former state how soon
Would highth *recal* high thoughts how soon unsay
What feign d submission swore ease would recant
Vows made in pain as violent and void
For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have peirc d so deep
Which would but *lead* me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall so should I purchase deare
Short intermission bought with *double smart*
This knows my punisher therefore as farr
From granting hee as I from begging peace
All hope excluded thus behold in stead
Of us out cast, exil d his new delight
Mankind created and for him this World
So farwel Hope and with Hope farwel Fear
Farwel Remorse all Good to me is lost
Evil be thou my Good by thee at least
Divided Empire with Heav ns King I hold
By thee and more then half perhaps will reigne

As Man ere long, and this new World shall know
  Thus while he spake, each passion dimm'd his face
Thrice chang'd with pale, ire, envie and despair,
Which marrd his borrow'd visage, and betraid
Him counterfet, if any eye beheld
For heav'nly mindes from such distempers foule
Are ever cleer Whereof hee soon aware,
Each perturbation smooth'd with outward calme,
Artificer of fraud, and was the first
That practisd falshood under saintly shew,
Deep malice to conceale, couch't with revenge
Yet not anough had practisd to deceive
Uriel once warnd, whose eye pursu'd him down
The way he went, and on th' *Assyrian* mount
Saw him disfigur'd, more then could befall
Spirit of happie sort his gestures fierce
He markd and mad demeanour, then alone,
As he suppos'd all unobserv'd, unseen
So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of *Eden*, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, Crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound the champain head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairie sides
With thicket overgrown, grottesque and wilde,
Access deni'd, and over head up grew
Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and Pine, and Firr, and branching Palm
A Silvan Scene, and as the ranks ascend
Shade above shade, a woodie Theatre
Of stateliest view Yet higher then thir tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise up sprung
Which to our general Sire gave prospect large
Into his neather Empire neighbouring round
And higher then that wall a circling row
Of goodliest Trees loaden with fairest Fruit,
Blossoms and Fruits at once of golden hue
Appeerd, with gay enameld colours mixt
On which the Sun more glad impress d his beams
Then in fair Evening Cloud, or humid Bow,
When God hath showrd the earth so lovely seemd
That Lantskip And of pure now purer aire
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy able to drive
All sadness but despair now gentle gales
Fanning thir odoriferous wings dispense
Native perfumes and whisper whence they stole

Those balmie spoiles As when to them who sail
Beyond the *Cape of Hope* and now are past
Mozambic off at Sea North East windes blow
Sabean Odours from the spicie shoare
Of *Arabie* the blest with such delay
Well pleas d they slack thir course and many a League
Cheard with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles
So entertaind those odorous sweets the Fiend
Who came thir bane though with them better pleas d
Then *Asmodeus* with the fishie fume
That drove him though enamourd from the Spouse
Of *Tobits* Son and with a vengeance sent
From *Media* post to *Ægypt* there fast bound
  Now to th ascent of that steep savage Hill
Satan had journied on pensive and slow
But further way found none so thick entwin d
As one continu d brake the undergrowth
Of shrubs and tangling bushes had perplext
All path of Man or Beast that past that way
One Gate there onely was and that look d East
On th other side which when th arch fellon saw
Due entrance he disdaind and in contempt
At one slight bound high overleap d all bound
Of Hill or highest Wall and sheer within
Lights on his feet As when a prowling Wolfe
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey
Watching where Shepherds pen thir Flocks at eeve
In hurdl d Cotes amid the field secure
Leaps o re the fence with ease into the Fould
Or as a Thief bent to unhoord the cash
Of some rich Burgher whose substantial dores
Cross barrd and bolted fast fear no assault
In at the window climbes or o re the tiles
So clomb this first grand Thief into Gods Fould
So since into his Church lewd Hirelings climbe
Thence up he flew and on the Tree of Life
The middle Tree and highest there that grew
Sat like a Cormorant yet not true Life
Thereby regaind but sat devising Death
To them who liv d nor on the vertue thought
Of that life giving Plant but only us d
For prospect what well us d had bin the pledge
Of immortalitie So little knows
Any but God alone to value right
The good before him but perverts best things
To worst abuse or to thir meanest use

Beneath him with new wonder now he views
To all delight of human sense expos'd
In narrow room Natures whole wealth, yea more,
A Heaven on Earth for blissful Paradise
Of God the Garden was, by him in the East
Of *Eden* planted, *Eden* stretchd her Line
From *Auran* Eastward to the Royal Towrs
Of Great *Seleucia*, built by *Grecian* Kings,
Or where the Sons of *Eden* long before
Dwelt in *Telassar* in this pleasant soile
His farr more pleasant Garden God ordaind,
Out of the fertil ground he caus'd to grow
All Trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste,
And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming Ambrosial Fruit
Of vegetable Gold, and next to Life
Our Death the Tree of Knowledge grew fast by,
Knowledge of Good bought dear by knowing ill
Southward through *Eden* went a River large,
Nor chang'd his course, but through the shaggie hill
Pass'd underneath ingulft, for God had thrown
That Mountain as his Garden mould high rais'd
Upon the rapid current, which through veins
Of porous Earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
Rose a fresh Fountain, and with many a rill
Waterd the Garden, thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the neather Flood,
Which from his darksom passage now appeers
And now divided into four main Streams,
Runs divers, wandring many a famous Realme
And Country whereof here needs no account,
But rather to tell how, if Art could tell,
How from that Saphire Fount the crisped Brooks,
Rowling on Orient Pearl and sands of Gold,
With mazie error under pendant shades
Ran Nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flours worthy of Paradise which not nice Art
In Beds and curious Knots, but Nature boon
Powrd forth profuse on Hill and Dale and Plaine,
Both where the morning Sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierc't shade
Imbround the noontide Bowrs Thus was this place,
A happy rural seat of various view
Groves whose rich Trees wept odorous Gumms and Balme,
Others whose fruit burnisht with Golden Rinde

Hung amiable *Hesperian* Fables true
If true here onely and of delicious taste
Betwixt them Lawns or level Downs and Flocks
Grasing the tender herb were interpos d
Or palmie hilloc or the flourie lap
Of som irriguous Valley spread her store
Flours of all hue and without Thorn the Rose
Another side umbrageous Grots and Caves
Of coole recess ore which the mantling Vine
Layes forth her purple Grape and gently creeps
Luxuriant mean while murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills disperst or in a Lake
That to the fringed Bank with Myrtle crownd
Her chrystall mirror holds unite thir streams
The Birds thir quire apply aires vernal aires
Breathing the smell of field and grove attune
The trembling leaves while Universal *Pan*
Knit with the *Graces* and the *Hours* in dance
Led on th Eternal Spring Not that faire field
Of *Enna* where *Proserpin* gathring flours
Her self a fairer Floure by gloomie *Dis*
Was gatherd which cost *Ceres* all that pain
To seek her through the world nor that sweet Grove
Of *Daphne* by *Orontes* and th inspir d
Castalian Spring might with this Paradise
Of *Eden* strive nor that *Nyseian* Ile
Girt with the River *Triton* where old *Cham*
Whom Gentiles *Ammon* call and *Libyan Jove*
Hid *Amalthea* and her Florid Son
Young *Bacchus* from his Stepdame *Rhea s* eye
Nor where *Abassin* Kings thir issue Guard
Mount *Amara* though this by som suppos d
True Paradise under the *Ethiop* Line
By *Nilus* head enclos d with shining Rock
A whole dayes journey high but wide remote
From this *Assyrian* Garden where the Fiend
Saw undelighted all delight all kind
Of living Creatures new to sight and strange
Two of far nobler shape erect and tall
Godlike erect with native Honour clad
In naked Majestie seemd Lords of all
And worthie seemd for in thir looks Divine
The image of thir glorious Maker shon
Truth Wisdome Sanctitude severe and pure
Severe but in true filial freedom plac t
Whence true autoritie in men though both

Not equal, as their sex not equal seemd,
For contemplation hee and valour formd,
For softness shee and sweet attractive Grace
Hee for God only, shee for God in him
His fair large Front and Eye sublime declar'd
Absolute rule, and Hyacinthin Locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustring, but not beneath his shoulders broad
Shee as a vail down to the slender waste
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dissheveld, but in wanton ringlets wav'd
As the Vine curles her tendrils, which impli'd
Subjection, but requir'd with gentle sway,
And by her yeilded, by him best receivd,
Yeilded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet reluctant amorous delay
Nor those mysterious parts were then conceald,
Then was not guiltie shame, dishonest shame
Of natures works, honor dishonorable,
Sin-bred, how have ye troubl'd all mankind
With shews instead, meer shews of seeming pure,
And banisht from mans life his happiest life,
Simplicitie and spotless innocence
So passd they naked on, nor shund the sight
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill
So hand in hand they passd, the lovliest pair
That ever since in loves imbraces met,
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His Sons, the fairest of her Daughters *Eve*
Under a tuft of shade that on a green
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh Fountain side
They sat them down, and after no more toil
Of thir sweet Gardning labour then suffic'd
To recommend coole *Zephyr*, and made ease
More easie, wholsom thirst and appetite
More grateful, to thir Supper Fruits they fell,
Nectarine Fruits which the compliant boughes
Yeilded them, side-long as they sat recline
On the soft downie Bank damaskt with flours
The savourie pulp they chew, and in the rinde
Still as they thirsted scoop the brimming stream,
Nor gentle purpose nor endearing smiles
Wanted, nor youthful dalliance as beseems
Fair couple, linkt in happie nuptial League,
Alone as they About them frisking playd
All Beasts of th' Earth, since wilde, and of all chase

In Wood or Wilderness Forrest or Den
Sporting the Lion rampd and in his paw
Dandl d the Kid Bears Tygers Ounces Pards
Gambold before them th unwieldy Elephant
To make them mirth us d all his might and wreathd
His Lithe Proboscis close the Serpent sly
Insinuating wove with Gordian twine
His breaded train and of his fatal guile
Gave proof unheeded others on the grass
Coucht and now fild with pasture gazing sat
Or Bedward ruminating for the Sun
Declin d was hasting now with prone carreer
To th Ocean Iles and in th ascending Scale
Of Heav n the Starrs that usher Evening rose
When *Satan* still in gaze as first he stood
Scarce thus at length faild speech recoverd sad
O Hell! what doe mine eyes with grief behold
Into our room of bliss thus high advanc t
Creatures of other mould earth born perhaps
Not Spirits yet to heav nly Spirits bright
Little inferior whom my thoughts pursue
With wonder and could love so lively shines
In them Divine resemblance and such grace
The hand that formd them on thir shape hath pourd
Ah gentle pair yee little think how nigh
Your change approaches when all these delights
Will vanish and deliver ye to woe
More woe the more your taste is now of joy
Happie but for so happie ill secur d
Long to continue and this high seat your Heav n
Ill fenc t for Heav n to keep out such a foe
As now is enterd yet no purpos d foe
To you whom I could pittie thus forlorne
Though I unpittied League with you I seek
And mutual amitie so streight so close
That I with you must dwell or you with me
Henceforth my dwelling haply may not please
Like this fair Paradise your sense yet such
Accept your Makers work he gave it me
Which I as freely give Hell shall unfould
To entertain you two her widest Gates
And send forth all her Kings there will be room
Not like these narrow limits to receive
Your numerous ofspring if no better place
Thank him who puts me loath to this revenge
On you who wrong me not for him who wrongd

And should I at your harmless innocence
Melt, as I doe, yet public reason just,
Honour and Empire with revenge enlarg'd,
By conquering this new World, compels me now
To do what else though damnd I should abhorre
So spake the Fiend, and with necessitie,
The Tyrants plea, excus'd his devilish deeds
Then from his loftie stand on that high Tree
Down he alights among the sportful Herd
Of those fourfooted kindes, himself now one,
Now other, as thir shape serv'd best his end
Neerer to view his prey, and unespi'd
To mark what of thir state he more might learn
By word or action markt: about them round
A Lion now he stalkes with fierie glare,
Then as a Tiger, who by chance hath spi'd
In some Purlieu two gentle Fawnes at play,
Strait couches close, then rising changes oft
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground
Whence rushing he might surest seise them both
Grip't in each paw: when *Adam* first of men
To first of women *Eve* thus moving speech,
Turnd him all eare to heare new utterance flow
Sole partner and sole part of all these joyes,
Dearer thy self then all, needs must the Power
That made us, and for us this ample World
Be infinitly good, and of his good
As liberal and free as infinite,
That rais'd us from the dust and plac't us here
In all this happiness, who at his hand
Have nothing merited, nor can performe
Aught whereof hee hath need, hee who requires
From us no other service then to keep
This one, this easie charge, of all the Trees
In Paradise that beare delicious fruit
So various, not to taste that onely Tree
Of knowledge, planted by the Tree of Life,
So neer grows Death to Life, what ere Death is,
Som dreadful thing no doubt, for well thou knowst
God hath pronounc't it death to taste that Tree,
The only sign of our obedience left
Among so many signes of power and rule
Conferrd upon us, and Dominion giv'n
Over all other Creatures that possesse
Earth, Aire, and Sea: Then let us not think hard
One easie prohibition, who enjoy

Free leave so large to all things else and choice
Unlimited of manifold delights
But let us ever praise him and extoll
His bountie following our delightful task
To prune these growing Plants & tend these Flours
Which were it toilsom yet with thee were sweet
   To whom thus *Eve* repli d O thou for whom
And from whom I was formd flesh of thy flesh
And without whom am to no end my Guide
And Head what thou hast said is just and right
For wee to him indeed all praises owe
And daily thanks I chiefly who enjoy
So farr the happier Lot enjoying thee
Preeminent by so much odds while thou
Like consort to thy self canst no where find
That day I oft remember when from sleep
I first awak t and found my self repos d
Under a shade on flours much wondring where
And what I was whence thither brought and how
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issu d from a Cave and spread
Into a liquid Plain then stood unmov d
Pure as th expanse of Heav n I thither went
With unexperienc t thought and laid me downe
On the green bank to look into the cleer
Smooth Lake that to me seemd another Skie
As I bent down to look just opposite
A *Shape* within the watry gleam appeerd
Bending to look on me I started back
It started back but pleasd I soon returnd
Pleas d it returnd as soon with answering looks
Of sympathie and love there I had fixt
Mine eyes till now and pin d with vain desire
Had not a voice thus warnd me What thou seest,
What there thou seest fair Creature is thy self
With thee it came and goes but follow me
And I will bring thee where no shadow staies
Thy coming and thy soft imbraces hee
Whose image thou art him thou shall enjoy
Inseparablie thine to him shalt beare
Multitudes like thy self and thence be call d
Mother of human Race what could I doe
But follow strait invisibly thus led?
Till I espi d thee fair indeed and tall
Under a Platan yet methought less faire
Less winning soft less amiablie milde

Then that smooth watry image, back I turnd,
Thou following cry'd'st aloud, Return fair *Eve*,
Whom fli'st thou? whom thou fli'st, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone, to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, neerest my heart
Substantial Life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear,
Part of my Soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half: with that thy gentle hand
Seisd mine, I yeilded, and from that time see
How beauty is excelld by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.
 So spake our general Mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd,
And meek surrender, half imbracing leand
On our first Father, half her swelling Breast
Naked met his under the flowing Gold
Of her loose tresses hid: he in delight
Both of her Beauty and submissive Charms
Smil'd with superior Love, as *Jupiter*
On *Juno* smiles, when he impregns the Clouds
That shed *May* Flowers, and press'd her Matron lip
With kisses pure: aside the Devil turnd
For envie, yet with jealous leer maligne
Ey'd them askance, and to himself thus plaind.
 Sight hateful, sight tormenting! thus these two
Imparadis't in one anothers arms
The happier *Eden*, shall enjoy thir fill
Of bliss on bliss, while I to Hell am thrust,
Where neither joy nor love, but fierce desire,
Among our other torments not the least,
Still unfulfill'd with pain of longing pines,
Yet let me not forget what I have gain'd
From thir own mouths, all is not theirs it seems:
One fatal Tree there stands of Knowledge call'd,
Forbidden them to taste: Knowledge forbidd'n?
Suspicious, reasonless. Why should thir Lord
Envie them that? can it be sin to know,
Can it be death? and do they onely stand
By Ignorance, is that thir happie state,
The proof of thir obedience and thir faith?
O fair foundation laid whereon to build
Thir ruine! Hence I will excite thir minds
With more desire to know, and to reject
Envious commands, invented with designe
To keep them low whom knowledge might exalt

Equal with Gods aspiring to be such
They taste and die what likelier can ensue?
But first with narrow search I must walk round
This Garden and no corner leave unspi d
A chance but chance may lead where I may meet
Some wandring Spirit of Heav n by Fountain side
Or in thick shade retir d from him to draw
What further would be learnt Live while ye may
Yet happie pair enjoy till I return
Short pleasures for long woes are to succeed
  So saying his proud step he scornful turn d
But with sly circumspection and began
Through wood through waste o re hil o re dale his roam
Mean while in utmost Longitude where Heav n
With Earth and Ocean meets the setting Sun
Slowly descended and with right aspect
Against the eastern Gate of Paradise
Leveld his eevning Rayes it was a Rock
Of Alablaster pil d up to the Clouds
Conspicuous farr winding with one ascent
Accessible from Earth one entrance high
The rest was craggie cliff that overhung
Still as it rose impossible to climbe
Betwixt these rockie Pillars *Gabriel* sat
Chief of th Angelic Guards awaiting night
About him exercis d Heroic Games
Th unarmed Youth of Heav n but nigh at hand
Celestial Armourie Shields Helmes and Speares
Hung high with Diamond flaming and with Gold
Thither came *Uriel* gliding through the Eeven
On a Sun beam swift as a shooting Starr
In *Autumn* thwarts the night when vapors fir d
Impress the Air and shews the Mariner
From what point of his Compass to beware
Impetuous winds he thus began in haste
  Gabriel to thee thy cours by Lot hath giv n
Charge and strict watch that to this happie place
No evil thing approach or enter in
This day at highth of Noon came to my Spheare
A Spirit zealous as he seem d to know
More of th Almighties works and chiefly Man
Gods latest Image I describ d his way
Bent all on speed and markt his Aerie Gate
But in the Mount that lies from *Eden* North
Where he first lighted soon discernd his looks

Alien from Heav'n, with passions foul obscur'd
Mine eye pursu'd him still, but under shade
Lost sight of him, one of the banisht crew
I fear, hath ventur'd from the deep, to raise
New troubles, him thy care must be to find
  To whom the winged Warriour thus returnd
Uriel, no wonder if thy perfet sight,
Amid the Suns bright circle where thou sitst,
See farr and wide in at this Gate none pass
The vigilance here plac't, but such as come
Well known from Heav'n, and since Meridian hour
No Creature thence if Spirit of other sort,
So minded, have oreleapt these earthie bounds
On purpose, hard thou knowst it to exclude
Spiritual substance with corporeal barr
But if within the circuit of these walks
In whatsoever shape he lurk, of whom
Thou telst, by morrow dawning I shall know
  So promis'd hee, and *Uriel* to his charge
Returnd on that bright beam, whose point now raisd
Bore him slope downward to the Sun now fall'n
Beneath th' *Azores*, whither the prime Orb,
Incredible how swift, had thither rowl'd
Diurnal, or this less volubil Earth
By shorter flight to th' East, had left him there
Arraying with reflected Purple and Gold
The Clouds that on his Western Throne attend
Now came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
Had in her sober Liverie all things clad,
Silence accompanied, for Beast and Bird,
They to thir grassie Couch, these to thir Nests
Were slunk, all but the wakeful Nightingale,
She all night long her amorous descant sung,
Silence was pleas'd now glow'd the Firmament
With living Saphirs *Hesperus* that led
The starrie Host, rode brightest, till the Moon
Rising in clouded Majestie, at length
Apparent Queen unvaild her peerless light,
And o're the dark her Silver Mantle threw
  When *Adam* thus to *Eve* Fair Consort, th' hour
Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night to men
Successive and the timely dew of sleep
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines
Our eye-lids, other Creatures all day long

Rove idle unimploid and less need rest
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed which declares his Dignitie
And the regard of Heav'n on all his waies
While other Animals unactive range
And of thir doings God takes no account.
To morrow ere fresh Morning streak the East
With first approach of light we must be ris'n
And at our pleasant labour to reform
Yon flourie Arbors yonder Allies green
Our walks at noon with branches overgrown
That mock our scant manuring and require
More hands than ours to lop thir wanton growth
Those Blossoms also and those dropping Gumms
That lie bestrowne unsightly and unsmooth
Ask riddance if we mean to tread with ease
Mean while as Nature wills Night bids us rest
  To whom thus *Eve* with perfet beauty adornd
My Author and Disposer what thou bidst
Unargu'd I obey so God ordains
God is thy Law thou mine to know no more
Is womans happiest knowledge and her praise
With thee conversing I forget all time
All seasons and thir change all please alike
Sweet is the breath of morn her rising sweet
With charm of earliest Birds pleasant the Sun
When first on this delightful Land he spreads
His orient Beams on herb tree fruit and flour
Glistring with dew fragrant the fertil earth
After soft showers and sweet the coming on
Of grateful Evening milde then silent Night
With this her solemn Bird and this fair Moon
And these the Gemms of Heav'n her starrie train
But neither breath of Morn when she ascends
With charm of earliest Birds nor rising Sun
On this delightful land nor herb fruit floure
Glistring with dew nor fragrance after showers
Nor grateful Evening mild nor silent Night
With this her solemn Bird nor walk by Moon
Or glittering Starr light without thee is sweet.
But wherfore all night long shine these for whom
This glorious sight when sleep hath shut all eyes?
  To whom our general Ancestor repli'd
Daughter of God and Man accomplisht *Eve*
Those have thir course to finish round the Earth
By morrow Evening and from Land to Land

In order, though to Nations yet unborn,
Ministring light prepar'd, they set and rise,
Least total darkness should by Night regaine
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In Nature and all things, which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heate
Of various influence foment and warme,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Thir stellar vertue on all kinds that grow
On Earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the Suns more potent Ray
These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain, nor think, though men were none,
That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise,
Millions of spiritual Creatures walk the Earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep
All these with ceasless praise his works behold
Both day and night how often from the steep
Of echoing Hill or Thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to others note
Singing thir great Creator oft in bands
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk
With Heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic number joind, thir songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to Heaven
Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd
On to thir blissful Bower, it was a place
Chos'n by the sovran Planter, when he fram'd
All things to mans delightful use, the roofe
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
Laurel and Mirtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf, on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushie shrub
Fenc'd up the verdant wall, each beauteous flour,
Iris all hues, Roses, and Gessamin
Rear'd high thir flourisht heads between, and wrought
Mosaic, underfoot the Violet,
Crocus, and Hyacinth with rich inlay
Broiderd the ground, more colour'd then with stone
Of costliest Emblem other Creature here
Beast, Bird, Insect, or Worm durst enter none,
Such was thir awe of man In shadier Bower
More sacred and sequesterd, though but feignd,
Pan or *Silvanus* never slept, nor Nymph,
Nor *Faunus* haunted Here in close recess

With Flowers Garlands and sweet smelling Herbs
Espoused *Eve* deckt first her Nuptial Bed
And heav nly Quires the Hymenæan sung
What day the genial Angel to our Sire
Brought her in naked beauty more adorn d
More lovely then Pandora whom the Gods
Endowd with all thir gifts and O too like
In sad event when to the unwiser Son
Of *Japhet* brought by *Hermes* she ensnar d
Mankind with her faire looks to be aveng d
On him who had stole *Joves* authentic fire
  Thus at thir shadie Lodge arriv d both stood
Both turnd and under op n Skie ador d
The God that made both Skie Air Earth & Heav n
Which they beheld the Moons resplendent Globe
And starrie Pole Thou also mad st the Night
Maker Omnipotent and thou the Day
Which we in our appointed work imploy d
Have finisht happie in our mutual help
And mutual love the Crown of all our bliss
Ordain d by thee and this delicious place
For us too large where thy abundance wants
Partakers and uncropt falls to the ground
But thou hast promis d from us two a Race
To fill the Earth who shall with us extoll
Thy goodness infinite both when we wake
And when we seek as now *thy gift of sleep*
  This said unanimous and other Rites
Observing none but adoration pure
Which God likes best into thir inmost bower
Handed they went and eas d the putting off
These troublesom disguises which wee wear
Strait side by side were laid nor turnd I weene
Adam from his fair Spouse nor Eve the Rites
Mysterious of connubial Love refus d
Whatever Hypocrites austerely talk
Of puritie and place and innocence
Defaming as impure what God declare
Pure and commands to som leaves free to all
Our Maker bids increase who bids abstain
But our Destroyer foe to God and Man?
Haile wedded Love mysterious Law true sourse
Of human ofspring sole proprietie
In Paradise of all things common else
By thee adulterous lust was driv n from men
Among the bestial herds to raunge by thee

Founded in Reason, Loyal, Just, and Pure,
Relations dear, and all the Charities
Of Father, Son, and Brother first were known
Farr be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place,
Perpetual Fountain of Domestic sweets,
Whose Bed is undefil'd and chast pronounc't,
Present, or past, as Saints and Patriarchs us'd
Here Love his golden shafts imploies, here lights
His constant Lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels, not in the bought smile
Of Harlots, loveless, joyless, unindeard,
Casual fruition, nor in Court Amours
Mixt Dance, or wanton Mask, or Midnight Bal,
Or Serenate, which the starv'd Lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain
These lulld by Nightingales imbraceing slept,
And on thir naked limbs the flourie roof
Showrd Roses, which the Morn repair'd Sleep on,
Blest pair, and O yet happiest if ye seek
No happier state, and know to know no more
  Now had night measur'd with her shaddowie Cone
Half way up Hill this vast Sublunar Vault,
And from thir Ivorie Port the Cherubim
Forth issuing at th' accustomd hour stood armd
To thir night watches in warlike Parade,
When *Gabriel* to his next in power thus spake
  Uzziel, half these draw off, and coast the South
With strictest watch, these other wheel the North,
Our circuit meets full West As flame they part
Half wheeling to the Shield, half to the Spear
From these, two strong and suttle Spirits he calld
That neer him stood, and gave them thus in charge
  Ithuriel and *Zephon*, with wingd speed
Search through this Garden, leave unsearcht no nook,
But chiefly where those two fair Creatures Lodge,
Now laid perhaps asleep secure of harme
This Evening from the Sun's decline arriv'd
Who tells of som infernal Spirit seen
Hitherward bent (who could have thought) escap'd
The barrs of Hell, on errand bad no doubt
Such where ye find, seise fast and hither bring
  So saying, on he led his radiant Files
Dazling the Moon, these to the Bower direct
In search of whom they sought him there they found
Squat like a Toad, close at the eare of *Eve*

Assaying by his Devilish art to reach
The Organs of her Fancie and with them forge
Illusions as he list Phantasms and Dreams
Or if inspiring venom he might taint
Th animal Spirits that from pure blood arise
Like gentle breaths from Rivers pure thence raise
At least distemperd discontented thoughts
Vain hopes vain aimes inordinate desires
Blown up with high conceits ingendring pride
Him thus intent *Ithuriel* with his Spear
Touch d lightly for no falshood can endure
Touch of Celestial temper but returns
Of force to its own likeness up he start
Discoverd and surpriz d As when a spark
Lights on a heap of nitrous Powder laid
Fit for the Tun som Magazin to store
Against a rumord Warr the Smuttie graine
With sudden blaze diffus d inflames the Aire
So started up in his own shape the Fiend
Back stept those two fair Angels half amaz d
So sudden to behold the grieslie King
Yet thus unmovd with fear accost him soon
  Which of those rebell Spirits adjudg d to Hell
Com st thou escap d thy prison and transform d
Why satst thou like an enemie in waite
Here watching at the head of these that sleep?
  Know ye not then said *Satan* filld with scorn
Know ye not me? ye knew me once no mate
For you there sitting where ye durst not soare
Not to know mee argues your selves unknown
The lowest of your throng or if ye know
Why ask ye and superfluous begin
Your message like to end as much in vain?
To whom thus *Zephon* answering scorn with scorn
Think not revolted Spirit thy shape the same
Or undiminisht brightness to be known
As when thou stoodst in Heav n upright and pure
That Glorie then when thou no more wast good
Departed from thee and thou resembl st now
Thy sin and place of doom obscure and foule
But come for thou besure shalt give account
To him who sent us whose charge is to keep
This place inviolable and these from harm
  So spake the Cherube and his grave rebuke
Severe in youthful beautie added grace
Invincible abasht the Devil stood

And felt how awful goodness is, and saw
Vertue in her shape how lovly, saw, and pin'd
His loss; but chiefly to find here observ'd
His lustre visibly impar'd; yet seemd
Undaunted. If I must contend, said he,
Best with the best, the Sender not the sent,
Or all at once; more glorie will be wonn,
Or less be lost. Thy fear, said *Zephon* bold,
Will save us trial what the least can doe
Single against thee wicked, and thence weak.
The Fiend repli'd not, overcome with rage;
But like a proud Steed reind, went hautie on,
Chaumping his iron curb: to strive or flie
He held it vain; awe from above had quelld
His heart, not else dismai'd. Now drew they nigh
The western point, where those half-rounding guards
Just met, & closing stood in squadron joind
Awaiting next command. To whom thir Chief
Gabriel from the Front thus calld aloud.
O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
Hasting this way, and now by glimps discerne
Ithuriel and *Zephon* through the shade,
And with them comes a third of Regal port,
But faded splendor wan; who by his gate
And fierce demeanour seems the Prince of Hell,
Not likely to part hence without contest;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.
He scarce had ended, when those two approachd
And brief related whom they brought, wher found,
How busied, in what form and posture coucht.
To whom with stern regard thus *Gabriel* spake.
Why hast thou, *Satan*, broke the bounds prescrib'd
To thy transgressions, and disturbd the charge
Of others, who approve not to transgress
By thy example, but have power and right
To question thy bold entrance on this place;
Imploi'd it seems to violate sleep, and those
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss?
To whom thus *Satan* with contemptuous brow.
Gabriel, thou hadst in Heav'n th' esteem of wise,
And such I held thee; but this question askt
Puts me in doubt. Lives ther who loves his pain?
Who would not, finding way, break loose from Hell,
Though thither doomd? Thou wouldst thy self, no doubt,
And boldly venture to whatever place
Farthest from pain, where thou mightst hope to change

Torment with ease & soonest recompence
Dole with delight which in this place I sought
To thee no reason who knowst only good
But evil hast not tri'd and wilt object
His will who bound us? let him surer barr
His Iron Gates if he intends our stay
In that dark durance thus much what was askt
The rest is true they found me where they say
But that implies not violence or harme
  Thus hee in scorn The warlike Angel mov'd
Disdainfully half smiling thus repli'd
O loss of one in Heav'n to judge of wise
Since *Satan* fell whom follie overthrew
And now returns him from his prison scap't
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise
Or not who ask what boldness brought him hither
Unlicenc't from his bounds in Hell prescrib'd
So wise he judges it to fly from pain
However and to scape his punishment
So judge thou still presumptuous till the wrauth
Which thou incurr'st by flying meet thy flight
Seavenfold and scourge that wisdom back to Hell
Which taught thee yet no better that no pain
Can equal anger infinite provok't
But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee
Came not all Hell broke loose? is pain to them
Less pain less to be fled or thou then they
Less hardie to endure? courageous Chief
The first in flight from pain had'st thou alleg'd
To thy deserted host this cause of flight
Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive
  To which the Fiend thus answerd frowning stern
Not that I less endure or shrink from pain
Insulting Angel well thou knowst I stood
Thy fiercest when in Battel to thy aide
The blasting volied Thunder made all speed
And seconded thy else not dreaded Spear
But still thy words at random as before
Argue thy inexperience what behooves
From hard assaies and ill successes past
A faithful Leader not to hazard all
Through wayes of danger by himself untri'd
I therefore I alone first undertook
To wing the desolate Abyss and spie
This new created World whereof in Hell
Fame is not silent, here in hope to find

Better abode, and my afflicted Powers
To settle here on Earth, or in mid Aire,
Though for possession put to try once more
What thou and thy gay Legions dare against,
Whose easier business were to serve thir Lord
High up in Heav'n, with songs to hymne his Throne,
And practis'd distances to cringe, not fight
  To whom the warriour Angel soon repli'd
To say and strait unsay, pretending first
Wise to flie pain, professing next the Spie,
Argues no Leader, but a lyar trac't,
Satan, and couldst thou faithful add? O name,
O sacred name of faithfulness profan'd!
Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?
Armie of Fiends, fit body to fit head,
Was this your discipline and faith ingag'd,
Your military obedience, to dissolve
Allegeance to th' acknowledg'd Power supream?
And thou sly hypocrite, who now wouldst seem
Patron of liberty, who more then thou
Once fawn'd, and cring'd, and servilly ador'd
Heav'ns awful Monarch? wherefore but in hope
To dispossess him, and thy self to reigne
But mark what I arreede thee now, avant,
Flie thither whence thou fledst if from this houre
Within these hallow'd limits thou appeer,
Back to th' infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,
And Seale thee so, as henceforth not to scorne
The facil gates of hell too slightly barr'd
  So threatn'd hee, but *Satan* to no threats
Gave heed, but waxing more in rage repli'd
  Then when I am thy captive talk of chaines,
Proud limitarie Cherube, but ere then
Farr heavier load thy self expect to feel
From my prevailing arme though Heavens King
Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy Compeers,
Us'd to the yoak, draw'st his triumphant wheels
In progress through the rode of Heav'n Star-pav'd
  While thus he spake, th' *Angelic Squadron* bright
Turnd fierie red, sharpning in mooned hornes
Thir Phalanx, and began to hemm him round
With ported Spears, as thick as when a field
Of *Ceres* ripe for harvest waving bends
Her bearded Grove of ears which way the wind
Swayes them, the careful Plowman doubting stands
Least on the threshing floore his hopeful sheaves

Prove chaff On th other side *Satan* allarm d
Collecting all his might dilated stood
Like *Teneriff* or *Atlas* unremov d
His stature reacht the Skie and on his Crest
Sat horror Plum d nor wanted in his graspe
What seemd both Spear and Shield now dreadful deeds
Might have ensu d nor onely Paradise
In this commotion but the Starrie Cope
Of Heav n perhaps or all the Elements
At least had gon to rack disturbd and torne
With violence of this conflict had not soon
Th Eternal to prevent such horrid fray
Hung forth in Heav n his golden Scales yet seen
Betwixt *Astrea* and the *Scorpion* signe
Wherein all things created first he weighd
The pendulous round Earth with ballanc t Aire
In counterpoise now ponders all events
Battels and Realms in these he put two weights
The sequel each of parting and of fight
The latter quick up flew and kickt the beam
Which *Gabriel* spying thus bespake the Fiend
Satan I know thy strength and thou knowst mine
Neither our own but giv n what follie then
To boast what Arms can doe since thine no more
Then Heav n permits nor mine though doubld now
To trample thee as mire for proof look up
And read thy Lot in yon celestial Sign
Where thou art weigh d & shown how light how weak
If thou resist. The Fiend lookt up and knew
His mounted scale aloft nor more but fled
Murmuring and with him fled the shades of night

BOOK V

THE ARGUMENT

Morning approach't, Eve *relates to* Adam *her troublesome dream; he likes it not, yet comforts her: They come forth to thir day labours: Their Morning Hymn at the Door of their Bower. God to render Man inexcusable sends* Raphael *to admonish him of his obedience, of his free estate, of his enemy near at hand; who he is, and why his enemy, and whatever else may avail* Adam *to know.* Raphael *comes down to Paradise, his appearance describ'd, his coming discern'd by* Adam *afar off sitting at the door of his Bower; he goes out to meet him, brings him to his lodge, entertains him with the choycest fruits of Paradise got together by* Eve*; their discourse at Table:* Raphael *performs his message, minds* Adam *of his state and of his enemy; relates at* Adams *request who that enemy is, and how he came to be so, beginning from his first revolt in Heaven, and the occasion thereof; how he drew his Legions after him to the parts of the North, and there incited them to rebel with him, perswading all but only* Abdiel *a Seraph, who in Argument diswades and opposes him, then forsakes him.*

NOW morn her rosie steps in th' Eastern Clime
Advancing, sow'd the Earth with Orient Pearle,
When *Adam* wak't, so customd, for his sleep
Was Aerie light, from pure digestion bred,
And temperat vapors bland, which th' only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, *Aurora's* fan,
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill Matin Song
Of Birds on every bough; so much the more
His wonder was to find unwak'nd *Eve*
With Tresses discompos'd, and glowing Cheek,
As through unquiet rest: he on his side
Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial Love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beautie, which whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar Graces; then with voice
Milde, as when *Zephyrus* on *Flora* breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisperd thus. Awake
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heav'ns last best gift, my ever new delight,
Awake, the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us, we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tended Plants, how blows the Citron Grove,
What drops the Myrrhe, & what the balmie Reed,
How Nature paints her colours, how the Bee
Sits on the Bloom extracting liquid sweet.
Such whispering wak'd her, but with startl'd eye
On *Adam*, whom imbracing, thus she spake.

O Sole in whom my thoughts find all repose
My Glorie my Perfection glad I see
Thy face and Morn return'd for I this Night
Such night till this I never pass'd have dream'd
If dream'd not as I oft am wont of thee
Works of day pass't or morrows next designe
But of offence and trouble which my mind
Knew never till this irksom night methought
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk
With gentle voice I thought it thine it said
Why sleepst thou *Eve*? now is the pleasant time
The cool the silent save where silence yields
To the night warbling Bird that now awake
Tunes sweetest his love labor'd song now reignes
Full Orb'd the Moon and with more pleasing light
Shadowie sets off the face of things in vain
If none regard Heav'n wakes with all his eyes
Whom to behold but thee Natures desire
In whose sight all things joy with ravishment
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze
I rose as at thy call but found thee not
To find thee I directed then my walk
And on methought alone I pass'd through ways
That brought me on a sudden to the Tree
Of interdicted Knowledge fair it seem'd
Much fairer to my Fancie then by day
And as I wondring lookt beside it stood
One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from Heav'n
By us oft seen his dewie locks distill'd
Ambrosia on that Tree he also gaz'd
And O fair Plant said he with fruit surcharg'd
Deigns none to ease thy load and taste thy sweet
Nor God nor Man is Knowledge so despis'd?
Or envie or what reserve forbids to taste?
Forbid who will none shall from me withhold
Longer thy offerd good why else set here?
This said he paus'd not but with ventrous Arme
He pluckt he tasted mee damp horror chil'd
At such bold words voucht with a deed so bold
But he thus overjoy'd O Fruit Divine
Sweet of thy self but much more sweet thus cropt
Forbidd'n here it seems as onely fit
For Gods yet able to make Gods of Men
And why not Gods of Men since good the more
Communicated more abundant growes
The Author not impair'd but honourd more?

Here, happie Creature, fair Angelic *Eve*,
Partake thou also, happie though thou art,
Happier thou mayst be, worthier canst not be
Taste this, and be henceforth among the Gods
Thy self a Goddess, not to Earth confind,
But somtimes in the Air, as wee, somtimes
Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see
What life the Gods live there, and such live thou
So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
Even to my mouth of that same fruit held part
Which he had pluckt, the pleasant savourie smell
So quick'nd appetite, that I, methought,
Could not but taste Forthwith up to the Clouds
With him I flew, and underneath beheld
The Earth outstretcht immense, a prospect wide
And various wondring at my flight and change
To this high exaltation, suddenly
My Guide was *gon*, and I, *me thought, sunk down*,
And fell asleep, but O how glad I wak'd
To find this but a dream! Thus *Eve* her Night
Related, and thus *Adam* answerd sad
  Best Image of my self and dearer half,
The trouble of thy thoughts this night in sleep
Affects me equally, nor can I like
This uncouth dream, of evil sprung I fear,
Yet evil whence? in thee can harbour none,
Created pure But know that in the Soule
Are many lesser Faculties that serve
Reason as chief, among these Fansie next
Her office holds, of all external things,
Which the five watchful Senses represent,
She forms Imaginations, Aerie shapes,
Which Reason joyning or disjoyning, frames
All what we affirm or what deny, and call
Our knowledge or opinion, then retires
Into her private Cell when Nature rests
Oft *in her* absence mimic Fansie wakes
To imitate her, but misjoyning shapes,
Wilde work produces oft, and most in dreams,
Ill matching words and deeds long past or late.
Som such resemblances methinks I find
Of our last Evenings talk, in this thy dream,
But with addition strange, yet be not sad
Evil into the mind of God or Man
May come and go, so unapprov'd and leave
No spot or blame behind Which gives me hope

That what in sleep thou didst abhorr to dream
Waking thou never wilt consent to do
Be not disheart nd then nor cloud those looks
That wont to be *more chearful and serene*
Then when fair Morning first smiles on the World
And let us to our fresh imployments rise
Among the Groves the Fountains and the Flours
That open now thir choicest bosom d smells
Reserv d from night and kept for thee in store
So cheard he his fair Spouse and she was cheard
But silently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye and wip d them with her haire
Two other precious drops that ready stood
Each in thir chrystal sluce hee ere they fell
Kiss d *as the gracious signs of sweet remorse*
And pious awe that feard to have offended
So all was cleard and to the Field they haste
But first from under shadie arborous roof
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day spring and the Sun who scarce up risen
With wheels yet hov ring o re the Ocean brim
Shot paralel to the earth his dewie ray
Discovering in wide Lantskip all the East
Of Paradise and *Edens* happie Plains
Lowly they bow d adoring and began
Thir Orisons each Morning duly paid
In various style for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Thir Maker in fit strains pronounc t or sung
Unmeditated such prompt eloquence
Flow d from thir lips in Prose or numerous Verse
More tuneable then needed Lute or Harp
To add more sweetness and they thus began
These are thy glorious works Parent of good
Almightie thine this universal Frame
Thus wondrous fair thy self how wondrous then!
Unspeakable who sitst above these Heavens
To us invisible or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought and Power Divine
Speak yee who best can tell ye Sons of light,
Angels for yee behold him and with songs
And choral symphonies Day without Night,
Circle his Throne rejoycing yee in Heav n,
On Earth joyn all yee Creatures to extoll
Him first him last him midst and without end.

Fairest of Starrs, last in the train of Night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crownst the smiling Morn
With thy bright Circlet, praise him in thy Spheare
While day arises, that sweet hour of Prime.
Thou Sun, of this great World both Eye and Soule,
Acknowledge him thy Greater, sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high Noon hast gaind, & when thou fallst.
Moon, that now meetst the orient Sun, now fli'st
With the fixt Starrs, fixt in thir Orb that flies,
And yee five other wandring Fires that move
In mystic Dance not without Song, resound
His praise, who out of Darkness call'd up Light.
Aire, and ye Elements the eldest birth
Of Natures Womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual Circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceasless change
Varie to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise
From Hill or steaming Lake, duskie or grey,
Till the Sun paint your fleecie skirts with Gold,
In honour to the Worlds great Author rise,
Whether to deck with Clouds the uncolourd skie,
Or wet the thirstie Earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise ye Winds, that from four Quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With every Plant, in sign of Worship wave.
Fountains and yee, that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Joyn voices all ye living Souls, ye Birds,
That singing up to Heaven Gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise,
Yee that in Waters glide, and yee that walk
The Earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, Morn or Eeven,
To Hill, or Valley, Fountain, or fresh shade
Made vocal by my Song, and taught his praise.
Hail universal Lord, be bounteous still
To give us onely good, and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil or conceald,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.
So pray'd they innocent, and to thir thoughts
Firm peace recoverd soon and wonted calm.
On to thir mornings rural work they haste

Among sweet dewes and flours where any row
Of Fruit trees overwoodie reachd too far
Thir pamperd boughes and needed hands to check
Fruitless imbraces or they led the Vine
To wed her Elm she spous d about him twines
Her mariageable arms and with her brings
Her dowr th adopted Clusters to adorn
His barren leaves Them thus imploid beheld
With pittie Heav ns high King and to him call d
Raphael the sociable Spirit that deign d
To travel with Tobias and secur d
His marriage with the seaventimes wedded Maid
Raphael said hee thou hear st what stir on Earth
Satan from Hell scap t through the darksom Gulf
Hath raisd in Paradise and how disturbd
This night the human pair how he designes
In them at once to ruin all mankind
Go therefore half this day as friend with friend
Converse with *Adam* in what Bowre or shade
Thou find st him from the heat of Noon retir d
To respit his day labour with repast
Or with repose and such discourse bring on
As may advise him of his happie state
Happiness in his power left free to will
Left to his own free Will his Will though free
Yet mutable whence warne him to beware
He swerve not too secure tell him withall
His danger and from whom what enemie
Late falln himself from Heaven is plotting now
The fall of others from like state of bliss
By violence no for that shall be withstood
But by deceit and lies this let him know
Least wilfully transgressing he pretend
Surprisal unadmonisht unforewarnd
So spake th Eternal Father and fulfilld
All Justice nor delaid the winged Saint
After his charge receiv d but from among
Thousand Celestial Ardors where he stood
Vaild with his gorgeous wings up springing light
Flew through the midst of Heav n th angelic Quires
On each hand parting to his speed gave way
Through all th' Empyreal road till at the Gate
Of Heav n arriv d the gate self opend wide
On golden Hinges turning as by work
Divine the sov ran Architect had fram d
From hence no cloud or to obstruct his sight

Starr interpos'd, however small he sees,
Not unconform to other shining Globes,
Earth and the Gard'n of God, with Cedars crown'd
Above all Hills. As when by night the Glass
Of *Galileo*, less assur'd, observes
Imagin'd Lands and Regions in the Moon:
Or Pilot from amidst the *Cyclades*
Delos or *Samos* first appeering kenns
A cloudy spot. Down thither prone in flight
He speeds, and through the vast Ethereal Skie
Sailes between worlds & worlds, with steddie wing
Now on the polar windes, then with quick Fann
Winnows the buxom Air; till within soare
Of Towring Eagles, to all the Fowles he seems
A *Phœnix*, gaz'd by all, as that sole Bird
When to enshrine his reliques in the Sun's
Bright Temple, to *Ægyptian Theb's* he flies.
At once on th' Eastern cliff of Paradise
He lights, and to his proper shape returns
A Seraph wingd; six wings he wore, to shade
His lineaments Divine; the pair that clad
Each shoulder broad, came mantling o're his brest
With regal Ornament; the middle pair
Girt like a Starrie Zone his waste, and round
Skirted his loines and thighes with downie Gold
And colours dipt in Heav'n; the third his feet
Shaddowd from either heele with featherd maile
Skie tinctur'd grain. Like *Maia's* son he stood,
And shook his Plumes, that Heav'nly fragrance filld
The circuit wide. Strait knew him all the Bands
Of Angels under watch; and to his state,
And to his message high in honour rise;
For on som message high they guessd him bound.
Thir glittering Tents he passd, and now is come
Into the blissful field, through Groves of Myrrhe,
And flouring Odours, Cassia, Nard, and Balme;
A Wilderness of sweets; for Nature here
Wantond as in her prime, and plaid at will
Her Virgin Fancies, pouring forth more sweet,
Wilde above rule or art; enormous bliss.
Him through the spicie Forrest onward com
Adam discernd, as in the dore he sat
Of his coole Bowre, while now the mounted Sun
Shot down direct his fervid Raies, to warme
Earths inmost womb, more warmth then *Adam* needs;
And *Eve* within, due at her hour prepar'd

For dinner savourie fruits of taste to please
True appetite and not disrelish thirst
Of nectarous draughts between from milkie stream
Berrie or Grape to whom thus *Adam* call d
Haste hither *Eve* and worth thy sight behold
Eastward among those Trees what glorious shape
Comes this way moving seems another Morn
Ris n on mid noon som great behest from Heav n
To us perhaps he brings and will voutsafe
This day to be our Guest But goe with speed
And what thy stores contain bring forth and poure
Abundance fit to honour and receive
Our Heav nly stranger well we may afford
Our givers thir own gifts and large bestow
From large bestow d where Nature multiplies
Her fertil growth and by disburd ning grows
More fruitful which instructs us not to spare
To whom thus *Eve Adam* earths hallow d mould
Of God inspir d small store will serve where store
All seasons ripe for use hangs on the stalk
Save what by frugal storing firmness gains
To nourish and superfluous moist consumes
But I will haste and from each bough and break
Each Plant & juciest Gourd will pluck such choice
To entertain our Angel guest as hee
Beholding shall confess that here on Earth
God hath dispenst his bounties as in Heav n
So saying with dispatchful looks in haste
She turns on hospitable thoughts intent
What choice to chuse for delicacie best
What order so contriv d as not to mix
Tastes not well joyn d inelegant but bring
Taste after taste upheld with kindliest change
Bestirs her then and from each tender stalk
Whatever Earth all bearing Mother yields
In *India* East or West or middle shoare
In *Pontus* or the *Punic* Coast or where
Alcinous reign d fruit of all kindes in coate
Rough or smooth rin d or bearded husk *or shell*
She gathers Tribute large and on the board
Heaps with unsparing hand for drink the Grape
She crushes inoffensive moust and meathes
From many a berrie and from sweet kernels prest
She tempers dulcet creams nor these to hold
Wants her fit vessels pure then strews the ground
With Rose and Odours from the shrub unfum d

Mean while our Primitive great Sire, to meet
His god-like Guest, walks forth, without more train
Accompani'd then with his own compleat
Perfections, in himself was all his state,
More solemn then the tedious pomp that waits
On Princes, when thir rich Retinue long
Of Horses led, and Grooms besmeard with Gold
Dazles the croud, and sets them all agape.
Neerer his presence *Adam* though not awd,
Yet with submiss approach and reverence meek,
As to a superior Nature, bowing low,
  Thus said. Native of Heav'n, for other place
None can then Heav'n such glorious shape contain;
Since by *descending from* the Thrones above,
Those happie places thou hast deignd a while
To want, and honour these, voutsafe with us
Two onely, who yet by sov'ran gift possess
This spacious ground, in yonder shadie Bowre
To rest, and what the Garden choicest bears
To sit and taste, till this meridian heat
Be over, and the Sun more coole decline.
  Whom thus the Angelic Vertue answered milde.
Adam, I therefore came, nor art thou such
Created, or such place hast here to dwell,
As may not oft invite, though Spirits of Heav'n
To visit thee; lead on then where thy Bowre
Oreshades; for these mid-hours, till Eevning rise
I have at will. So to the Silvan Lodge
They came, that like *Pomona's* Arbour smil'd
With flourets deck't and fragrant smells; but *Eve*
Undeckt, save with her self more lovely fair
Then Wood-Nymph, or the fairest Goddess feign'd
Of three that in Mount *Ida* naked strove,
Stood to entertain her guest from Heav'n; no vaile
Shee needed, Vertue-proof, no thought infirme
Alterd her cheek. On whom the Angel *Haile*
Bestowd, the holy salutation us'd
Long after to blest *Marie*, second *Eve*.
  Haile Mother of Mankind, whose fruitful Womb
Shall fill the World more numerous with thy Sons
Then with these various fruits the Trees of God
Have heap'd this Table. Rais'd of grassie terf
Thir Table was, and mossie seats had round,
And on her ample Square from side to side
All *Autumn* pil'd, though *Spring* and *Autumn* here
Danc'd hand in hand. A while discourse they hold;

No fear lest Dinner coole when thus began
Our Authour Heav nly stranger please to taste
These bounties which our Nourisher from whom
All perfet good unmeasur d out descends
To us for food and for delight hath caus d
The Earth to yeild unsavourie food perhaps
To spiritual Natures only this I know
That one Celestial Father gives to all
  To whom the Angel Therefore what he gives
(Whose praise be ever sung) to man in part
Spiritual may of purest Spirits be found
No ingrateful food and food alike those pure
Intelligential substances require
As doth your Rational and both contain
Within them every lower facultie
Of sense whereby they hear see smell touch taste
Tasting concoct digest assimilate
And corporeal to incorporeal turn
For know whatever was created needs
To be sustaind and fed of Elements
The grosser feeds the purer earth the sea
Earth and the Sea feed Air the Air those Fires
Ethereal and as lowest first the Moon
Whence in her visage round those spots unpurg d
Vapours not yet into her substance turn d
Nor doth the Moon no nourishment exhale
From her moist Continent to higher Orbes
The Sun that light imparts to all receives
From all his alimental recompence
In humid exhalations and at Even
Sups with the Ocean though in Heav n the Trees
Of life ambrosial frutage bear and vines
Yeild Nectar though from off the boughs each Morn
We brush mellifluous Dewes and find the ground
Cover d with pearly grain yet God hath here
Varied his bounty so with new delights
As may compare with Heaven and to taste
Think not I shall be nice So down they sat
And to thir viands fell nor seemingly
The Angel nor in mist the common gloss
Of Theologians but with keen dispatch
Of real hunger and concoctive heate
To transubstantiate what redounds transpires
Through Spirits with ease nor wonder if by fire
Of sooty coal the Empiric Alchimist
Can turn or holds it possible to turn

Metals of drossiest Ore to perfet Gold
As from the Mine. Mean while at Table *Eve*
Ministerd naked, and thir flowing cups
With pleasant liquors crown'd: O innocence
Deserving Paradise! if ever, then,
Then had the Sons of God excuse to have bin
Enamour'd at that sight; but in those hearts
Love unlibidinous reign'd, nor jealousie
Was understood, the injur'd Lovers Hell.
  Thus when with meats & drinks they had suffic'd
Not burd'nd Nature, sudden mind arose
In *Adam*, not to let th' occasion pass
Given him by this great Conference to know
Of things above his World, and of thir being
Who dwell in Heav'n, whose excellence he saw
Transcend his own so farr, whose radiant forms
Divine effulgence, whose high *Power so far*
Exceeded human, and his wary speech
Thus to th' Empyreal Minister he fram'd.
  Inhabitant with God, now know I well
Thy favour, in this honour done to man,
Under whose lowly roof thou hast voutsaf't
To enter, and these earthly fruits to taste,
Food not of Angels, yet accepted so,
As that more willingly thou couldst not seem
At Heav'ns *high feasts to have fed: yet what compare?*
  To whom the winged Hierarch repli'd.
O *Adam*, one Almightie is, from whom
All things proceed, and up to him return,
If not deprav'd from good, created all
Such to perfection, one first matter all,
Indu'd with various forms, various degrees
Of substance, and in things that live, of life,
But more refin'd, more spiritous, and pure,
As neerer to him plac't or neerer tending
Each in thir several active Sphears assignd,
Till body up to spirit work, in bounds
Proportiond to each kind. So from the root
Springs lighter the green stalk, from thence the leaves
More aerie, *last the bright consummate floure*
Spirits odorous breathes: flours and thir fruit
Mans nourishment, by gradual scale sublim'd
To vital Spirits aspire, to animal,
To intellectual, give both life and sense,
Fansie and understanding, whence the soule
Reason receives, and reason is her being,

Discursive or Intuitive discourse
Is oftest yours the latter most is ours
Differing but in degree of kind the same
Wonder not then what God for you saw good
If I refuse not but convert as you
To proper substance time may come when men
With Angels may participate and find
No inconvenient Diet nor too light Fare
And from these corporal nutriments perhaps
Your bodies may at last turn all to Spirit
Improv d by tract of time and wingd ascend
Ethereal as wee or may at choice
Here or in Heav nly Paradises dwell
If ye be found obedient and retain
Unalterably firm his love entire
Whose progenie you are Mean while enjoy
Your fill what happiness this happie state
Can comprehend incapable of more
To whom the Patriarch of mankind repli d
O favourable spirit propitious guest
Well hast thou taught the way that might direct
Our knowledge and the scale of Nature set
From center to circumference whereon
In contemplation of created things
By steps we may ascend to God But say
What meant that caution joind *if ye be found*
Obedient? can wee want obedience then
To him or possibly his love desert
Who formd us from the dust and plac d us here
Full to the utmost measure of what bliss
Human desires can seek or apprehend?
To whom the Angel Son of Heav n and Earth
Attend That thou art happie owe to God
That thou continu st such owe to thy self
That is to thy obedience therein stand
This was that caution giv n thee be advis d
God made thee perfet not immutable
And good he made thee but to persevere
He left it in thy power ordaind thy will
By nature free not over rul d by Fate
Inextricable or strict necessity
Our voluntarie service he requires
Not our necessitated such with him
Findes no acceptance nor can find for how
Can hearts not free be tri d whether they serve
Willing or no who will but what they must

By Destinie, and can no other choose
My self and all th' Angelic Host that stand
In sight of God enthron'd, our happie state
Hold, as you yours, while our obedience holds,
On other surety none, freely we serve
Because wee freely love, as in our will
To love or not, in this we stand or fall
And som are fall'n, to disobedience fall'n,
And so from Heav'n to deepest Hell, O fall
From what high state of bliss into what woe!
  To whom our great Progenitor. Thy words
Attentive, and with more delighted eare
Divine instructer, I have heard, then when
Cherubic Songs by night from neighbouring Hills
Aereal Music send: nor knew I not
To be both will and deed created free,
Yet that we never shall forget to love
Our maker, and obey him whose command
Single, is yet so just, my constant thoughts
Assur'd me and still assure: though what thou tellst
Hath past in Heav'n, som doubt within me move,
But more desire to hear, if thou consent,
The full relation, which must needs be strange,
Worthy of Sacred silence to be heard;
And we have yet large day, for scarce the Sun
Hath finisht half his journey, and scarce begins
His other half in the great Zone of Heav'n.
  Thus *Adam* made request, and *Raphael*
After short pause assenting, thus began.
  High matter thou injoinst me, O prime of men,
Sad task and hard, for how shall I relate
To human sense th' invisible exploits
Of warring Spirits; how without remorse
The ruin of so many glorious once
And perfet while they stood; how last unfould
The secrets of another world, perhaps
Not lawful to reveal? yet for thy good
This is dispenc't, and what surmounts the reach
Of human sense, I shall delineate so,
By lik'ning spiritual to corporal forms,
As may express them best, though what if Earth
Be but the shaddow of Heav'n, and things therein
Each to other like, more then on earth is thought?
  As yet this world was not, and *Chaos* wilde
Reignd where these Heav'ns now rowl, where Earth
    now rests

Upon her Center pois'd when on a day
(For Time though in Eternitie appli'd
To motion measures all things durable
By present past and future) on such day
As Heav'ns great Year brings forth th' Empyreal Host
Of Angels by Imperial summons call'd
Innumerable before th' Almighties Throne
Forthwith *from all the ends of Heav'n appeerd*
Under thir Hierarchs in orders bright
Ten thousand thousand Ensignes high advanc'd
Standards and Gonfalons twixt Van and Reare
Streame in the Aire and for distinction serve
Of Hierarchies of Orders and Degrees
Or in thir glittering Tissues bear imblaz'd
Holy Memorials acts of Zeale and Love
Recorded eminent Thus when in Orbes
Of circuit inexpressible they stood
Orb *within* Orb *the Father infinite*
By whom in bliss imbosom'd sat the Son
Amidst as from a flaming Mount whose top
Brightness had made invisible thus spake
Hear all ye Angels Progenie of Light
Thrones *Dominations Princedoms* Vertues Powers
Hear my Decree which unrevok't shall stand
This day I have begot whom I declare
My onely Son and on this holy Hill
Him have anointed whom ye now behold
At my right hand your Head I him *appoint*
And by my Self have sworn to him shall bow
All knees in Heav'n *and shall confess him Lord*
Under his great Vice-gerent Reign abide
United as one individual Soule
For ever happie him who disobeyes
Mee disobeyes breaks union and that day
Cast out from God and blessed *vision falls*
Into utter darkness deep ingulft his place
Ordaind without redemption without end
So spake th' Omnipotent and with his words
All seemd well pleas'd all seem'd but were not all
That day as *other solem* dayes they *spent*
In song and dance about the sacred Hill
Mystical dance which yonder starrie Spheare
Of Planets and of fixt in all her Wheeles
Resembles nearest mazes intricate
Eccentric intervolv'd yet regular
Then most when most irregular they seem

And in thir motions harmonie Divine
So smooths her charming tones, that Gods own ear
Listens delighted. Eevning approachd
(For we have also our Eevning and our Morn,
We ours for change delectable, not need)
Forthwith from dance to sweet repast they turn
Desirous, all in Circles as they stood,
Tables are set, and on a sudden pil'd
With Angels Food, and rubied Nectar flows
In Pearl, in Diamond, and massie Gold,
Fruit of delicious Vines, the growth of Heav'n.
They eat, they drink, and with refection sweet
Are fill'd, before th' all bounteous King, who showrd
With copious hand, rejoycing in thir joy.
Now when ambrosial Night with Clouds exhal'd
From that high mount of God, whence light & shade
Spring both, the face of brightest Heav'n had changd
To grateful Twilight (for Night comes not there
In darker veile) and roseat Dews dispos'd
All but the unsleeping eyes of God to rest,
Wide over all the Plain, and wider farr
Then all this globous Earth in Plain outspred,
(Such are the Courts of God) Th' Angelic throng
Disperst in Bands and Files thir Camp extend
By living Streams among the Trees of Life,
Pavilions numberless, and sudden reard,
Celestial Tabernacles, where they slept
Fannd with coole Winds, save those who in thir course
Melodious Hymns about the sovran Throne
Alternate all night long: but not so wak'd
Satan, so call him now, his former name
Is heard no more in Heav'n; he of the first,
If not the first Arch-Angel, great in Power,
In favour and præeminence, yet fraught
With envie against the Son of God, that day
Honourd by his great Father, and proclaimd
Messiah King anointed, could not beare
Through pride that sight, and thought himself impaird.
Deep malice thence conceiving & disdain,
Soon as midnight brought on the duskie houre
Friendliest to sleep and silence, he resolv'd
With all his Legions to dislodge, and leave
Unworshipt, unobey'd the Throne supream
Contemptuous, and his next subordinate
Awak'ning, thus to him in secret spake.
Sleepst thou, Companion dear, what sleep can close

Thy eye lids and remembrest what Decree
Of yesterday so late hath past the lips
Of Heav ns Almightie Thou to me thy thoughts
Wast wont I mine to thee was wont to impart
Both waking we were one how then can now
Thy sleep dissent? new Laws thou seest impos d
New Laws from him who reigns new minds may raise
In us who serve new Counsels to debate
What doubtful may ensue more in this place
To utter is not safe Assemble thou
Of all those Myriads which we lead the chief
Tell them that by command ere yet dim Night
Her shadowie Cloud withdraws I am to haste
And all who under me thir Banners wave
Homeward with flying march where we possess
The Quarters of the North there to prepare
Fit entertainment to receive our King
The great *Messiah* and his new commands
Who speedily through all the Hierarchies
Intends to pass triumphant and give Laws
  So spake the false Arch Angel and infus d
Bad influence into th unwarie brest
Of his Associate hee together calls
Or several one by one the Regent Powers
Under him Regent tells as he was taught
That the most High commanding now ere Night
Now ere dim Night had disincumberd Heav n
The great Hierarchal Standard was to move
Tells the suggested cause and casts between
Ambiguous words and jealousies to sound
Or taint integritie but all obey d
The wonted signal and superior voice
Of thir great Potentate for great indeed
His name and high was his degree in Heav n
His count nance as the Morning Starr that guides
The starrie flock allur d them and with lyes
Drew after him the third part of Heav ns Host
Mean while th Eternal eye whose sight discernes
Abstrusest thoughts from forth his holy Mount
And from within the golden Lamps that burne
Nightly before him saw without thir light
Rebellion rising saw in whom how spred
Among the sons of Morn what multitudes
Were banded to oppose his high Decree
And smiling to his onely Son thus said
  Son thou in whom my glory I behold

In full resplendence, Heir of all my might,
Neerly it now concernes us to be sure
Of our Omnipotence, and with what Arms
We mean to hold what anciently we claim
Of Deitie or Empire, such a foe
Is rising, who intends to erect his Throne
Equal to ours, throughout the spacious North;
Nor so content, hath in his thought to trie
In battel, what our Power is, or our right.
Let us advise, and to this hazard draw
With speed what force is left, and all imploy
In our defence, lest unawares we lose
This our high place, our Sanctuarie, our Hill.
To whom the Son with calm aspect and cleer
Light'ning Divine, ineffable, serene,
Made answer. Mightie Father, thou thy foes
Justly hast in derision, and secure
Laugh'st at thir vain designes and tumults vain,
Matter to mee of Glory, whom thir hate
Illustrates, when they see all Regal Power
Giv'n me to quell thir pride, and in event
Know whether I be dextrous to subdue
Thy Rebels, or be found the worst in Heav'n.
So spake the Son, but *Satan* with his Powers
Farr was advanc't on winged speed, an Host
Innumerable as the Starrs of Night,
Or Starrs of Morning, Dew-drops, which the Sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flouer.
Regions they pass'd, the mightie Regencies
Of Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones
In thir triple Degrees, Regions to which
All thy Dominion, *Adam*, is no more
Then what this Garden is to all the Earth,
And all the Sea, from one entire globose
Stretcht into Longitude, which having pass'd
At length into the limits of the North
They came, and *Satan* to his Royal seat
High on a Hill, far blazing, as a Mount
Rais'd on a Mount, with Pyramids and Towrs
From Diamond Quarries hew'n, & Rocks of Gold,
The Palace of great *Lucifer*, (so call
That Structure in the Dialect of men
Interpreted) which not long after, hee
Affecting all equality with God,
In imitation of that Mount whereon
Messiah was declar'd in sight of Heav'n,

Thy making while the Maker gave thee being?
We know no time when we were not as now;
Know none before us, self-begot, self-rais'd
By our own quick'ning power, when fatal course
Had circl'd his full Orbe, the birth mature
Of this our native Heav'n, Ethereal Sons.
Our puissance is our own, our own right hand
Shall teach us highest deeds, by proof to try
Who is our equal: then thou shalt behold
Whether by supplication we intend
Address, and to begirt th' Almighty Throne
Beseeching or besieging. This report,
These tidings carrie to th' anointed King;
And fly, ere evil intercept thy flight.
He said, and as the sound of waters deep
Hoarce murmur echo'd to his words applause
Through the infinite Host, *nor less for that*
The flaming Seraph fearless, *though alone*
Encompass'd *round with foes, thus answerd bold.*
O *alienate from God, O spirit accurst,*
Forsak'n of all good; I see thy *fall*
Determind, *and thy hapless crew involv'd*
In this perfidious fraud, contagion spred
Both of thy crime and punishment: henceforth
No more be troubl'd how to quit the yoke
Of Gods *Messiah*; those indulgent Laws
Will not now be voutsaf't, other Decrees
Against thee are gon forth without recall;
That Golden Scepter which thou didst reject
Is now an Iron Rod to bruise and breake
Thy disobedience. Well thou didst advise,
Yet not for thy advise or threats I fly
These wicked Tents devoted, least the wrauth
Impendent, raging into sudden flame
Distinguish not: for soon expect to feel
His Thunder on thy head, devouring fire.
Then who created thee lamenting learne,
When who can uncreate thee thou shalt know.
So spake the Seraph *Abdiel* faithful found,
Among the faithless, faithful only hee;
Among innumerable false, unmov'd,
Unshak'n, unseduc'd, unterrifi'd
His Loyaltie he kept, his Love, his Zeale;
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,

Long way through hostile scorn, which he sustaind
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught,
And with retorted scorn his back he turn'd
On those proud Towrs to swift destruction doom'd

BOOK VI

THE ARGUMENT

Raphael *continues to relate how* Michael *and* Gabriel *were sent forth to Battel against* Satan *and his Angels. The first Fight describ'd:* Satan *and his Powers retire under Night: He calls a Councel, invents devilish Engines, which in the second dayes Fight put* Michael *and his Angels to some disorder; But they at length pulling up Mountains overwhelm'd both the force and Machins of* Satan*: Yet the Tumult not so ending, God on the third day sends* Messiah *his Son, for whom he had reserv'd the glory of that Victory: Hee in the Power of his Father coming to the place, and causing all his Legions to stand still on either side, with his Chariot and Thunder driving into the midst of his Enemies, pursues them unable to resist towards the wall of Heaven; which opening, they leap down with horrour and confusion into the place of punishment prepar'd for them in the Deep:* Messiah *returns with triumph to his Father.*

ALL NIGHT the dreadless Angel unpursu'd
Through Heav'ns wide Champain held his way, till Morn,
Wak't by the circling Hours, with rosie hand
Unbarr'd the gates of Light. There is a Cave
Within the Mount of God, fast by his Throne,
Where light and darkness in perpetual round
Lodge and dislodge by turns, which makes through Heav'n
Grateful vicissitude, like Day and Night;
Light issues forth, and at the other dore
Obsequious darkness enters, till her houre
To veile the Heav'n, though darkness there might well
Seem twilight here; and now went forth the Morn
Such as in highest Heav'n, arrayd in Gold
Empyreal, from before her vanisht Night,
Shot through with orient Beams: when all the Plain
Coverd with thick embatteld Squadrons bright,
Chariots and flaming Armes, and fierie Steeds
Reflecting blaze on blaze, first met his view:
Warr he perceav'd, warr in procinct, and found
Already known what he for news had thought
To have reported: gladly then he mixt
Among those friendly Powers who him receav'd
With joy and acclamations loud, that one
That of so many Myriads fall'n, yet one
Returnd not lost: On to the sacred hill
They led him high applauded, and present

Before the seat supream from whence a voice
From midst a Golden Cloud thus milde was heard
   Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintaind
Against revolted multitudes the Cause
Of Truth, in word mightier then they in Armes,
And for the testimonie of Truth hast born
Universal reproach, far worse to beare
Then violence for this was all thy care
To stand approv'd in sight of God, though Worlds
Judg'd thee perverse the easier conquest now
Remains thee, aided by this host of friends,
Back on thy foes more glorious to return
Then scornd thou didst depart, and to subdue
By force, who reason for thir Law refuse,
Right reason for thir Law, and for thir King
Messiah, who by right of merit Reigns
Goe *Michael* of Celestial Armies Prince,
And thou in Military prowess next
Gabriel, lead forth to Battel these my Sons
Invincible, lead forth my armed Saints
By Thousands and by Millions rang'd for fight,
Equal in number to that Godless crew
Rebellious, them with Fire and hostile Arms
Fearless assault, and to the brow of Heav'n
Pursuing drive them out from God and bliss,
Into thir place of punishment, the Gulf
Of *Tartarus*, which ready opens wide
His fiery *Chaos* to receave thir fall
   So spake the Sovran voice, and Clouds began
To darken all the Hill, and smoak to rowl
In duskie wreathes, reluctant flames, the signe
Of wrauth awak't nor with less dread the loud
Ethereal Trumpet from on high gan blow
At which command the Powers Militant,
That stood for Heav'n, in mighty Quadrate joyn'd
Of Union irresistible, mov'd on
In silence thir bright Legions, to the sound
Of instrumental Harmonie that breath'd
Heroic Ardor to advent'rous deeds
Under thir God-like Leaders, in the Cause
Of God and his *Messiah* On they move
Indissolubly firm, nor obvious Hill,
Nor streit'ning Vale, nor Wood, nor Stream divides
Thir perfet ranks, for high above the ground
Thir march was, and the passive Air upbore

To heav nly Soules had bin all one but now
I see that most through sloth had rather serve
Ministring Spirits trained up in Feast and Song
Such hast thou arm d the Minstrelsie of Heav n
Servilitie with freedom to contend
As both thir deeds compar d this day shall prove
To whom in brief thus *Abdiel* stern repli d
Apostat still thou errst nor end wilt find
Of erring from the path of truth remote
Unjustly thou deprav st it with the name
Of *Servitude* to serve whom God ordains
Or Nature God and Nature bid the same
When he who rules is worthiest and excells
Them whom he governs This is servitude
To serve th unwise or him who hath rebelld
Against his worthier as thine now serve thee
Thy self not free but to thy self enthrall d
Yet leudly dar st our ministring upbraid
Reign thou in Hell thy Kingdom let mee serve
In Heav n God ever blest and his Divine
Behests obey worthiest to be obey d
Yet Chains in Hell not Realms expect mean while
From mee returnd as erst thou saidst from flight
This greeting on thy impious Crest receive
So saying a noble stroke he lifted high
Which hung not but so swift with tempest fell
On the proud Crest of *Satan* that no sight
Nor motion of swift thought less could his Shield
Such ruin intercept ten paces huge
He back recoild the tenth on bended knee
His massie Spear upstaid as if on Earth
Winds under ground or waters forcing way
Sidelong had push t a Mountain from his seat
Half sunk with all his Pines Amazement seis d
The Rebel Thrones but greater rage to see
Thus foil d thir mightiest ours joy filld and shout
Presage of Victorie and fierce desire
Of Battel whereat *Michael* bid sound
Th Arch angel trumpet through the vast of Heav n
It sounded and the faithful Armies rung
Hosanna to the Highest nor stood at gaze
The adverse Legions nor less hideous joyn d
The horrid shock now storming furie rose
And clamour such as heard in Heav n till now
Was never Arms on Armour clashing bray d
Horrible discord and the madding Wheeles

Of brazen Chariots rag'd, dire was the noise
Of conflict over head the dismal hiss
Of fiery Darts in flaming volies flew,
And flying vaulted either Host with fire
So under fierie Cope together rush'd
Both Battels maine, with ruinous assault
And inextinguishable rage, all Heav'n
Resounded, and had Earth bin then all Earth
Had to her Center shook What wonder when
Millions of fierce encountring Angels fought
On either side the least of whom could weild
These Elements, and arm him with the force
Of all thir Regions how much more of Power
Armie against Armie numberless to raise
Dreadful combustion warring, and disturb,
Though not destroy, thir happie Native seat,
Had not th' Eternal King Omnipotent
From his strong hold of Heav'n high over-rul'd
And limited *thir might, though numberd* such
As each divided Legion might have seemed
A numerous Host, in strength each armed hand
A Legion, led in fight, yet Leader seemd
Each Warriour single as in Chief, expert
When to advance, or stand, or turn the sway
Of Battel, open when, and when to close
The ridges of grim Warr, no thought of flight,
None of retreat, no unbecoming deed
That argu'd fear, each on himself reli'd,
As onely in his arm the moment lay
Of victorie, deeds of eternal fame
Were don, but infinite for wide was spred
That Warr and various, somtimes on firm ground
A standing fight, then soaring on main wing
Tormented all the Air, all Air seemd then
Conflicting Fire long time in eeven scale
The Battel hung, till *Satan*, who that day
Prodigious power had shewn, and met in Armes
No equal, ranging through the dire attack
Of fighting Seraphim confus'd, at length
Saw where the Sword of *Michael* smote, and fell'd
Squadrons at once, with huge two-handed sway
Brandisht aloft the horrid edge came down
Wide wasting, such destruction to withstand
He hasted, and oppos'd the rockie Orb
Of tenfold Adamant, his ample Shield
A vast circumference At his approach

The great Arch Angel from his warlike toile
Surceas d and glad as hoping here to end
Intestine War in Heav n the arch foe subdu d
Or Captive drag d in Chains with hostile frown
And visage all enflam d first thus began
  Author of evil unknown till thy revolt
Unnam d in Heav n now plenteous as thou seest
These Acts of hateful strife hateful to all
Though heaviest by just measure on thy self
And thy adherents how hast thou disturb d
Heav ns blessed peace and into Nature brought
Miserie uncreated till the crime
Of thy Rebellion? how hast thou instill d
Thy malice into thousands once upright
And faithful now prov d false But think not here
To trouble Holy Rest Heav n casts thee out
From all her Confines Heav n the seat of bliss
Brooks not the works of violence and Warr
Hence then and evil go with thee along
Thy offspring to the place of evil Hell
Thou and thy wicked crew there mingle broiles
Ere this avenging Sword begin thy doome
Or som more sudden vengeance wing d from God
Precipitate thee with augmented paine
  So spake the Prince of Angels to whom thus
The Adversarie Nor think thou with wind
Of airie threats to aw whom yet with deeds
Thou canst not Hast thou turnd the least of these
To flight or if to fall but that they rise
Unvanquisht easier to transact with mee
That thou shouldst hope imperious & with threats
To chase me hence? erre not that so shall end
The strife which thou call st evil but wee style
The strife of Glorie which we mean to win
Or turn this Heav n it self into the Hell
Thou fablest here however to dwell free
If not to reign mean while thy utmost force
And join him nam d *Almightie* to thy aid
I flie not but have sought thee farr and nigh
  They ended parle and both addrest for fight
Unspeakable for who though with the tongue
Of Angels can relate or to what things
Liken on Earth conspicuous that may lift
Human imagination to such highth
Of Godlike Power for likest Gods they seemd
Stood they or mov d in stature motion arms

Fit to decide the Empire of great Heav'n.
Now wav'd thir fierie Swords, and in the Aire
Made horrid Circles, two broad Suns thir Shields
Blaz'd opposite, while expectation stood
In horror, from each hand with speed retir'd
Where erst was thickest fight, th' Angelic throng,
And left large field, unsafe within the wind
Of such commotion, such as to set forth
Great things by small, if Natures concord broke,
Among the Constellations warr were sprung,
Two Planets rushing from aspect maligne
Of fiercest opposition in mid Skie,
Should combat, and thir jarring Sphears confound.
Together both with next to Almightie Arme,
Uplifted imminent one stroke they aim'd
That might determine, and not need repeate,
As not of power, at once; nor odds appeerd
In might or swift prevention; but the sword
Of *Michael* from the Armorie of God
Was giv'n him temperd so, that neither keen
Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
The sword of *Satan* with steep force to smite
Descending, and in half cut sheere, nor staid,
But with swift wheele reverse, deep entring shar'd
All his right side; then *Satan* first knew pain,
And writh'd him to and fro convolv'd; so sore
The griding sword with discontinuous wound
Pass'd through him, but th' Ethereal substance clos'd
Not long divisible, and from the gash
A stream of Nectarous humor issuing flow'd
Sanguin, such as Celestial Spirits may bleed,
And all his Armour staind ere while so bright.
Forthwith on all sides to his aide was run
By Angels many and strong, who interpos'd
Defence, while others bore him on thir Shields
Back to his Chariot, where it stood retir'd
From off the files of warr; there they him laid
Gnashing for anguish and despite and shame
To find himself not matchless, and his pride
Humbl'd by such rebuke, so farr beneath
His confidence to equal God in power.
Yet soon he heal'd; for Spirits that live throughout
Vital in every part, not as frail man
In Entrailes, Heart or Head, Liver or Reines,
Cannot but by annihilating die;
Nor in thir liquid texture mortal wound

Receive no more then can the fluid Aire
All Heart they live all Head all Eye all Eare
All Intellect all Sense and as they please
They Limb themselves and colour shape or size
Assume as likes them best condense or rare
  Mean while in other parts like deeds deserv'd
Memorial where the might of *Gabriel* fought,
And with fierce Ensignes pierc'd the deep array
Of *Moloc* furious King who him defi'd
And at his Chariot wheeles to drag him bound
Threatn'd nor from the Holie One of Heav'n
Refrein'd his tongue blasphemous but anon
Down clov'n to the waste with shatterd Armes
And uncouth paine fled bellowing On each wing
Uriel and *Raphael* his vaunting foe
Though huge and in a Rock of Diamond Armd
Vanquish'd *Adramelec* and *Asmadai*
Two potent Thrones that to be less then Gods
Disdain'd but meaner thoughts learnd in thir flight
Mangl'd with gastly wounds through Plate and Maile
Nor stood unmindful *Abdiel* to annoy
The Atheist crew but with redoubl'd blow
Ariel and *Arioc* and the violence
Of *Ramiel* scorcht and blasted overthrew
I might relate of thousands and thir names
Eternize here on Earth but those elect
Angels contented with thir fame in Heav'n
Seek not the praise of men the other sort
In might though *wondrous and in Acts of Warr*
Nor of Renown less eager yet by doome
Canceld from Heav'n and sacred memorie
Nameless in dark oblivion let them dwell
For strength from Truth divided and from Just
Illaudable naught merits but dispraise
And ignominie yet to glorie aspires
Vain glorious and through infamie seeks fame
Therfore Eternal silence be thir doome
  And now thir mightiest quelld the battel swerv'd
With many an inrode gor'd deformed rout
Enter'd and foul disorder all the ground
With shiverd armour strown and on a heap
Chariot and Charioter lay *overturnd*
And fierie foaming Steeds what stood recoyld
Orewearied through the faint Satanic Host
Defensive scarce or with pale fear surpris'd
Then first with fear surpris'd and sense of paine

Fled ignominious, to such evil brought
By sinne of disobedience, till that hour
Not liable to fear or flight or paine.
Far otherwise th' inviolable Saints
In Cubic Phalanx firm advanc't entire,
Invulnerable, impenitrably arm'd:
Such high advantages thir innocence
Gave them above thir foes, not to have sinnd,
Not to have disobei'd; in fight they stood
Unwearied, unobnoxious to be pain'd
By wound, though from thir place by violence mov'd.
Now Night her course began, and over Heav'n
Inducing darkness, grateful truce impos'd,
And silence on the odious dinn of Warr:
Under her Cloudie covert both retir'd,
Victor and Vanquisht: on the foughten field
Michael and his Angels prevalent
Encamping, plac'd in Guard thir Watches round,
Cherubic waving fires: on th' other part
Satan with his rebellious disappeerd,
Far in the dark dislodg'd, and void of rest,
His Potentates to Councel call'd by night;
And in the midst thus undismai'd began.
O now in danger tri'd, now known in Armes
Not to be overpowerd, Companions deare,
Found worthy not of Libertie alone,
Too mean pretense, but what we more affect,
Honour, Dominion, Glorie, and renowne,
Who have sustaind one day in doubtful fight,
(And if one day, why not Eternal dayes?)
What Heavens Lord had powerfullest to send
Against us from about his Throne, and judg'd
Sufficient to subdue us to his will,
But proves not so: then fallible, it seems,
Of future we may deem him, though till now
Omniscient thought. True is, less firmly arm'd,
Some disadvantage we endur'd and paine,
Till now not known, but known as soon contemnd,
Since now we find this our Empyreal forme
Incapable of mortal injurie
Imperishable, and though peirc'd with wound,
Soon closing, and by native vigour heal'd.
Of evil then so small as easie think
The remedie; perhaps more valid Armes,
Weapons more violent, when next we meet,
May serve to better us, and worse our foes,

Or equal what between us made the odds
In Nature none if other hidden cause
Left them Superiour while we can preserve
Unhurt our mindes and understanding sound
Due search and consultation will disclose
  He sat and in th assembly next upstood
Nisroc of Principalities the prime
As one he stood escap t from cruel fight
Sore toild his riv n Armes to havoc hewn
And cloudie in aspect thus answering spake
Deliverer from new Lords leader to free
Enjoyment of our right as Gods yet hard
For Gods and too unequal work we find
Against unequal armes to fight in paine
Against unpaind impassive from which evil
Ruin must needs ensue for what availes
Valour or strength though matchless quelld with pain
Which all subdues and makes remiss the hands
Of Mightiest Sense of pleasure we may well
Spare out of life perhaps and not repine
But live content which is the calmest life
But pain is perfet miserie the worst
Of evils and excessive overturnes
All patience He who therefore can invent
With what more forcible we may offend
Our yet unwounded Enemies or arme
Our selves with like defence to mee deserves
No less then for deliverance what we owe
  Whereto with look compos d *Satan* repli d
Not uninvented that which thou aright
Beleivst so main to our success I bring
Which of us who beholds the bright surface
Of this Ethereous mould whereon we stand
This continent of spacious Heav n adornd
With Plant Fruit Flour Ambrosial Gemms & Gold
Whose Eye so superficially surveyes
These things as not to mind from whence they grow
Deep under ground materials dark and crude
Of spiritous and fierie spume till toucht
With Heav ns ray and temperd they shoot forth
So beauteous op'ning to the ambient light
These in thir dark Nativitie the Deep
Shall yeild us pregnant with infernal flame
Which into hollow Engins long and round
Thick rammd at th other bore with touch of fire
Dilated and infuriate shall send forth

From far with thundring noise among our foes
Such implements of mischief as shall dash
To pieces, and orewhelm whatever stands
Adverse, that they shall fear we have disarmd
The Thunderer of his only dreaded bolt
Nor long shall be our labour, yet ere dawne
Effect shall end our wish Mean while revive,
Abandon fear, to strength and counsel joind
Think nothing hard, much less to be despaird
He ended, and his words thir drooping chere
Enlightn'd, and thir languisht hope reviv'd
Th' invention all admir'd, and each, how hee
To be th' inventer miss'd, so easie it seemd
Once found, which yet unfound most would have thought
Impossible yet haply of thy Race
In future dayes, if Malice should abound,
Some one intent on mischief, or inspir'd
With dev'lish machination might devise
Like instrument to plague the Sons of men
For sin, on warr and mutual slaughter bent
Forthwith from Councel to the work they flew,
None arguing stood, innumerable hands
Were ready, in a moment up they turnd
Wide the Celestial soile, and saw beneath
Th' originals of Nature in thir crude
Conception, Sulphurous and Nitrous Foame
They found, they mingl'd, and with suttle Art,
Concocted and adusted they reduc'd
To blackest grain, and into store convey'd
Part hidd'n veins diggd up (nor hath this Earth
Entrails unlike) of Mineral and Stone,
Whereof to found thir Engins and thir Balls
Of missive ruin, part incentive reed
Provide, pernicious with one touch to fire
So all ere day-spring, under conscious Night
Secret they finish'd, and in order set,
With silent circumspection unespi'd
Now when fair Morn Orient in Heav'n appeerd
Up rose the Victor Angels, and to Arms
The matin Trumpet Sung in Arms they stood
Of Golden Panoplie, refulgent Host,
Soon banded, others from the dawning Hills
Look'd round, and Scouts each Coast light-armed scoure,
Each quarter, to descrie the distant foe,
Where lodg'd, or whither fled, or if for fight,

In motion or in alt him soon they met
Under spred Ensignes moving nigh in slow
But firm Battalion back with speediest Sail
Zophiel of Cherubim the swiftest wing
Came flying and in mid Aire aloud thus cri d
Arme Warriours Arme for fight the foe at hand
Whom fled we thought will save us long pursuit
This day fear not his flight so thick a Cloud
He comes and settl d in his face I see
Sad resolution and secure let each
His Adamantine coat gird well and each
Fit well his Helme gripe fast his orbed Shield
Born eev n or high for this day will pour down
If I conjecture aught no drizling showr
But ratling storm of Arrows barbd with fire
So warnd he them aware themselves and soon
In order quit of all impediment
Instant without disturb they took Allarm
And onward move Embattelld when behold
Not distant far with heavie pace the Foe
Approaching gross and huge in hollow Cube
Training his devilish Enginrie impal d
On every side with shaddowing Squadrons Deep
To hide the fraud At interview both stood
A while but suddenly at head appeerd
Satan And thus was heard Commanding loud
Vangard to Right and Left the Front unfould
That all may see who hate us how we seek
Peace and composure and with open brest
Stand readie to receive them if they like
Our overture and turn not back perverse
But that I doubt however witness Heaven
Heav n witness thou anon while we discharge
Freely our part yee who appointed stand
Do as you have in charge and briefly touch
What we propound and loud that all may hear
So scoffing in ambiguous words he scarce
Had ended when to Right and Left the Front
Divided and to either Flank retir d
Which to our eyes discoverd new and strange
A triple mounted row of Pillars laid
On Wheels (for like to Pillars most they seem d
Or hollow d bodies made of Oak or Firr
With branches lopt in Wood or Mountain fell d)
Brass Iron Stonie mould had not thir mouthes
With hideous orifice gap t on us wide

Portending hollow truce; at each behind
A Seraph stood, and in his hand a Reed
Stood waving tipt with fire; while we suspense,
Collected stood within our thoughts amus'd,
Not long, for sudden all at once thir Reeds
Put forth, and to a narrow vent appli'd
With nicest touch. Immediate in a flame,
But soon obscurd with smoak, all Heav'n appeerd,
From those deep-throated Engins belcht, whose roar
Emboweld with outragious noise the Air,
And all her entrails tore, disgorging foule
Thir devillish glut, chaind Thunderbolts and Hail
Of Iron Globes, which on the Victor Host
Level'd, with such impetuous furie smote,
That whom they hit, none on thir feet might stand,
Though standing else as Rocks, but down they fell
By thousands, Angel on Arch-Angel rowl'd;
The sooner for thir Arms, unarm'd they might
Have easily as Spirits evaded swift
By quick contraction or remove; but now
Foule dissipation follow'd and forc't rout;
Nor serv'd it to relax thir serried files.
What should they do? if on they rusht, repulse
Repeated, and indecent overthrow
Doubl'd, would render them yet more despis'd,
And to thir foes a laughter; for in view
Stood rankt of Seraphim another row
In posture to displode thir second tire
Of Thunder: back defeated to return
They worse abhorr'd. *Satan* beheld thir plight,
And to his Mates thus in derision call'd.
  O Friends, why come not on these Victors proud?
Ere while they fierce were coming, and when wee,
To entertain them fair with open Front
And Brest, (what could we more?) propounded terms
Of composition, strait they chang'd thir minds,
Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell,
As they would dance, yet for a dance they seemd
Somwhat extravagant and wilde, perhaps
For joy of offerd peace: but I suppose
If our proposals once again were heard
We should compel them to a quick result.
  To whom thus *Belial* in like gamesom mood.
Leader, the terms we sent were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, and full of force urg'd home,
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,

And stumbl d many who receives them right
Had need from head to foot well understand
Not understood this gift they have besides
They shew us when *our foes* walk *not* upright.
 So they among themselves in pleasant veine
Stood scoffing highthn d in thir thoughts beyond
All doubt of Victorie eternal might
To match with thir inventions they presum d
So easie and of his Thunder made a scorn
And all his Host derided while they stood
A *while in trouble but they stood not long*
Rage prompted them at length & found them arms
Against such hellish mischief fit to oppose
Forthwith (behold the excellence the power
Which God hath in his mighty Angels plac d)
Thir Arms away they threw and to the Hills
(For Earth hath this variety from Heav n
Of pleasure situate in Hill and Dale)
Light as the Lightning glimps they ran they flew
From thir foundations loosning to and fro
They pluckt the seated Hills with all thir load
Rocks Waters Woods and by the shaggie tops
Up lifting bore them in thir hands Amaze
Be sure and terrour seis d the rebel Host
When *coming towards them so dread they saw*
The bottom of the Mountains upward turn d
Till on those cursed Engins triple row
They saw them whelmd and all thir confidence
Under the weight of Mountains buried deep
Themselves invaded next and on thir heads
Main Promontories flung which in the Air
Came *shadowing and opprest whole Legions arm d*
Thir armor help d their harm crush t in and brus d
Into thir substance pent which wrought them pain
Implacable and many a dolorous groan
Long strugling underneath ere they could wind
Out of such prison though Spirits of purest light
Purest at first now gross by sinning grown
The rest in imitation to like Armes
Betook them and the neighbouring Hills uptore
So Hills amid the Air encountered Hills
Hurl d to and fro with jaculation dire
That under ground they fought in dismal shade
Infernal noise Warr *seem d a civil Game*
To this uproar horrid confusion heapt
Upon confusion rose and now all Heav n

Had gone to wrack, with ruin overspred,
Had not th' Almightie Father where he sits
Shrin'd in his Sanctuarie of Heav'n secure,
Consulting on the sum of things, foreseen
This tumult, and permitted all, advis'd:
That his great purpose he might so fulfill,
To honour his Anointed Son aveng'd
Upon his enemies, and to declare
All power on him transferr'd: whence to his Son
Th' Assessor of his Throne he thus began.
   Effulgence of my Glorie, Son belov'd,
Son in whose face invisible is beheld
Visibly, what by Deitie I am,
And in whose hand what by Decree I doe,
Second Omnipotence, two dayes are past,
Two dayes, as we compute the dayes of Heav'n,
Since *Michael* and his Powers went forth to tame
These disobedient; sore hath been thir fight,
As likeliest was, when two such Foes met arm'd;
For to themselves I left them, and thou knowst,
Equal in their Creation they were form'd,
Save what sin hath impaird, which yet hath wrought
Insensibly, for I suspend thir doom;
Whence in perpetual fight they needs must last
Endless, and no solution will be found:
Warr wearied hath perform'd what Warr can do,
And to disorder'd rage let loose the reines,
With Mountains as with Weapons arm'd, which makes
Wild work in Heav'n, and dangerous to the maine;
Two dayes are therefore past, the third is thine;
For thee I have ordain'd it, and thus farr
Have sufferd, that the Glorie may be thine
Of ending this great Warr, since none but Thou
Can end it. Into thee such Vertue and Grace
Immense I have transfus'd, that all may know
In Heav'n and Hell thy Power above compare,
And this perverse Commotion governd thus,
To manifest thee worthiest to be Heir
Of all things, to be Heir and to be King
By Sacred Unction, thy deserved right.
Go then thou Mightiest in thy Fathers might,
Ascend my Chariot, guide the rapid Wheeles
That shake Heav'ns basis, bring forth all my Warr,
My Bow and Thunder, my Almightie Arms
Gird on, and Sword upon thy puissant Thigh;
Pursue these sons of Darkness, drive them out

From all Heav ns bounds into the utter Deep
There let them learn as likes them to despise
God and Messiah his anointed King
  He said and on his Son with Rayes direct
Shon full he all his Father full exprest
Ineffably into his face receiv d
And thus the filial Godhead answering spoke
  O Father O Supream of heav nly Thrones
First Highest Holiest Best thou alwayes seekst
To glorifie thy Son I alwayes thee
As is most just this I my Glorie account
My exaltation and my whole delight
That thou in me well pleas d declarst thy will
Fulfill d which to fulfil is all my bliss
Scepter and Power thy giving I assume
And gladlier shall resign when in the end
Thou shalt be All in All and I in thee
For ever and in mee all whom thou lov st
But whom thou hat st I hate and can put on
Thy terrors as I put thy mildness on
Image of thee in all things and shall soon
Armd with thy might rid heav n of these rebell d
To thir prepar d ill Mansion driven down
To chains of Darkness and th undying Worm
That from thy just obedience could revolt
Whom to obey is happiness entire
Then shall thy Saints unmixt and from th impure
Farr separate circling thy holy Mount
Unfained *Hallelujahs* to thee sing
Hymns of high praise and I among them chief
So said he o re his Scepter bowing rose
From the right hand of Glorie where he sate
And the third sacred Morn began to shine
Dawning through Heav n forth rush d with whirl wind sound
The Chariot of Paternal Deitie
Flashing thick flames Wheele within Wheele undrawn
It self instinct with Spirit but convoy d
By four Cherubic shapes four Faces each
Had wondrous as with Starrs thir bodies all
And Wings were set with Eyes with Eyes the Wheels
Of Beril and careering Fires between
Over thir heads a chrystal Firmament
Whereon a Saphir Throne inlaid with pure
Amber and colours of the showrie Arch
Hee in Celestial Panoplie all armd

Of radiant *Urim*, work divinely wrought,
Ascended, at his right hand Victorie
Sate Eagle-wing'd, beside him hung his Bow
And Quiver with three-bolted Thunder stor'd,
And from about him fierce Effusion rowld
Of smoak and bickering flame, and sparkles dire,
Attended with ten thousand thousand Saints,
He onward came, farr off his coming shon,
And twentie thousand (I thir number heard)
Chariots of God, half on each hand were seen
Hee on the wings of Cherub rode sublime
On the Crystallin Skie, in Saphir Thron'd
Illustrious farr and wide, but by his own
First seen, them unexpected joy surpriz'd,
When the great Ensign of *Messiah* blaz'd
Aloft by Angels born, his Sign in Heav'n
Under whose Conduct *Michael* soon reduc'd
His Armie, circumfus'd on either Wing,
Under thir Head imbodied all in one
Before him Power Divine his way prepar'd,
At his command the uprooted Hills retir'd
Each to his place, they heard his voice and went
Obsequious, Heav'n his wonted face renewed,
And with fresh Flourets Hill and Valley smil'd
This saw his hapless Foes, but stood obdur'd,
And to rebellious fight rallied thir Powers
Insensate, hope conceiving from despair
In heav'nly Spirits could such perverseness dwell?
But to convince the proud what Signs availe,
Or Wonders move th' obdurate to relent?
They hard'nd more by what might most reclame,
Grieving to see his Glorie, at the sight
Took envie, and aspiring to his highth,
Stood reimbattell'd fierce, by force or fraud
Weening to prosper, and at length prevaile
Against God and *Messiah*, or to fall
In universal ruin last, and now
To final Battel drew, disdaining flight,
Or faint retreat, when the great Son of God
To all his Host on either hand thus spake
Stand still in bright array ye Saints, here stand
Ye Angels arm'd, this day from Battel rest,
Faithful hath been your Warfare, and of God
Accepted, fearless in his righteous Cause,
And as ye have receivd, so have ye don
Invincibly but of this cursed crew

The punishment to other hand belongs
Vengeance is his or whose he sole appoints
Number to this dayes work is not ordain d
Nor multitude stand onely and behold
Gods indignation on these Godless pourd
By mee not you but mee they have despis d
Yet envied against mee is all thir rage
Because the Father t whom in Heav n supream
Kingdom and Power and Glorie appertains
Hath honourd me according to his will
Therefore to mee thir doom he hath assig n d
That they may have thir wish to trie with mee
In Battel which the stronger proves they all
Or I alone against them since by strength
They measure all of other excellence
Not emulous nor care who them excells
Nor other strife with them do I voutsafe
  So spake the Son and into terrour chang d
His count nance too severe to be beheld
And full of wrauth bent on his Enemies
At once the Four spred out thir Starrie wings
With dreadful shade contiguous and the Orbes
Of his fierce Chariot rowld as with the sound
Of torrent Floods or of a numerous Host
Hee on his impious Foes right onward drove
Gloomie as Night under his burning Wheeles
The stedfast Empyrean shook throughout
All but the Throne it self of God Full soon
Among them he arriv d in his right hand
Grasping ten thousand Thunders which he sent
Before him such as in thir Soules infix d
Plagues they astonisht all resistance lost
All courage down thir idle weapons drop d
O re Shields and Helmes and helmed heads he rode
Of Thrones and mighty Seraphim prostrate
That wish d *the Mountains now might be again*
Thrown *on them as a shelter from his ire*
Nor less on either side tempestuous fell
His arrows, from the fourfold visag d Foure
Distinct with eyes and from the living Wheels
Distinct alike with multitude of eyes
One Spirit in them rul d and every eye
Glar d lightning and shot forth pernicious fire
Among th accurst that witherd all thir strength
And of thir wonted vigour left them draind
Exhausted spiritless, afflicted fall n

Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
His Thunder in mid Volie, for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of Heav'n
The overthrown he rais'd, and as a Heard
Of Goats or timerous flock together throngd
Drove them before him Thunder-struck, pursu'd
With terrors and with furies to the bounds
And Chrystall wall of Heav'n, which op'ning wide,
Rowld inward, and a spacious Gap disclos'd
Into the wastful Deep, the monstrous sight
Strook them with horror backward, but far worse
Urg'd them behind, headlong themselvs they threw
Down from the verge of Heav'n, Eternal wrauth
Burnt after them to the bottomless pit
Hell heard th' unsufferable noise, Hell saw
Heav'n ruining from Heav'n, and would have fled
Affrighted, but strict Fate had cast too deep
Her dark foundations, and too fast had bound
Nine dayes they fell, confounded *Chaos* roard,
And felt tenfold confusion in thir fall
Through his wilde Anarchie, so huge a rout
Incumberd him with ruin Hell at last
Yawning receavd them whole, and on them clos'd,
Hell thir fit habitation fraught with fire
Unquenchable, the house of woe and paine
Disburd'nd Heav'n rejoic'd, and soon repaird
Her mural breach, returning whence it rowld
Sole Victor from th' expulsion of his Foes
Messiah his triumphal Chariot turnd
To meet him all his Saints, who silent stood
Eye witnesses of his Almightie Acts,
With Jubilie advanc'd, and as they went,
Shaded with branching Palme, each order bright,
Sung Triumph, and him sung Victorious King,
Son, Heire, and Lord, to him Dominion giv'n,
Worthiest to Reign he celebrated rode
Triumphant through mid Heav'n, into the Courts
And Temple of his mightie Father Thron'd
On high, who into Glorie him receav'd,
Where now he sits at the right hand of bliss
Thus measuring things in Heav'n by things on Earth
At thy request, and that thou maist beware
By what is past, to thee I have reveal'd
What might have else to human Race bin hid
The discord which befel, and Warr in Heav'n
Among th' Angelic Powers, and the deep fall

Of those too high aspiring who rebelld
With *Satan* hee who envies now thy state
Who now is plotting how he may seduce
Thee also from obedience that with him
Bereavd of happiness thou maist partake
His punishment Eternal miserie
Which would be all his solace and revenge
As a despite don against the most High
Thee once to gaine Companion of his woe
But list n not to his Temptations warne
Thy weaker let it profit thee to have heard
By terrible Example the reward
Of disobedience firm they might have stood
Yet fell remember and fear to transgress

BOOK VII

THE ARGUMENT

Raphael *at the request of* Adam *relates how and wherefore this world was first created; that God, after the expelling of* Satan *and his Angels out of Heaven, declar'd his pleasure to create another World and other Creatures to dwell therein; sends his Son with Glory and attendance of Angels to perform the work of Creation in six dayes: the Angels celebrate with Hymns the performance thereof, and his reascention into Heaven.*

DESCEND from Heav'n *Urania*, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whose Voice divine
Following, above th' *Olympian* Hill I soare,
Above the flight of *Pegasean* wing.
The meaning, not the Name I call: for thou
Nor of the Muses nine, nor on the top
Of old *Olympus* dwell'st, but Heav'nlie borne,
Before the Hills appeerd, or Fountain flow'd,
Thou with Eternal wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy Sister, and with her didst play
In presence of th' Almightie Father, pleas'd
With thy Celestial Song. Up led by thee
Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns I have presum'd,
An Earthlie Guest, and drawn Empyreal Aire,
Thy tempring; with like safetie guided down
Return me to my Native Element:
Least from this flying Steed unrein'd, (as once
Bellerophon, though from a lower Clime)
Dismounted, on th' *Aleian* Field I fall
Erroneous, there to wander and forlorne.
Half yet remaines unsung, but narrower bound
Within the visible Diurnal Spheare;
Standing on Earth, not rapt above the Pole,
More safe I Sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
To hoarce or mute, though fall'n on evil dayes,
On evil dayes though fall'n, and evil tongues;
In darkness, and with dangers compast round,
And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
Visit'st my slumbers Nightly, or when Morn
Purples the East: still govern thou my Song,
Urania, and fit audience find, though few.
But drive farr off the barbarous dissonance
Of *Bacchus* and his Revellers, the Race

Of that wilde Rout that tore the *Thracian* Bard
In *Rhodope* where Woods and Rocks had Eares
To rapture till the savage clamor dround
Both Harp and Voice nor could the Muse defend
Her Son So fail not thou who thee implores
For thou art Heav nlie shee an empty dreame
Say Goddess what ensu d when *Raphael*
The affable Arch angel had forewarn d
Adam by dire example to beware
Apostasie by what befell in Heaven
To those Apostates least the like befall
In Paradise to *Adam* or his Race
Charg d not to touch the interdicted Tree
If they trangress and slight that sole command
So easily obey d amid the choice
Of all tasts else to please thir appetite
Though wandring He with his consorted *Eve*
The storie heard attentive and was fill d
With admiration and deep Muse to heare
Of things so high and strange things to thir thought
So unimaginable as hate in Heav n
And Warr so neer the Peace of God in bliss
With such confusion but the evil soon
Driv n back redounded as a flood on those
From whom it sprung impossible to mix
With Blessedness Whence *Adam* soon repeal d
The doubts that in his heart arose and now
Led on yet sinless with desire to know
What neerer might concern him how this World
Of Heav n and Earth conspicuous first began
When and whereof created for what cause
What within *Eden* or without was done
Before his memorie as one whose drouth
Yet scarce allay d still eyes the current streame
Whose liquid murmur heard new thirst excites
Proceeded thus to ask his Heav nly Guest
Great things and full of wonder in our eares
Farr differing from this World thou hast reveal d
Divine Interpreter by favour sent
Down from the Empyrean to forewarne
Us timely of what might else have bin our loss,
Unknown which human knowledg could not reach
For which to the infinitly Good we owe
Immortal thanks and his admonishment
Receave with solemne purpose to observe
Immutably his sovran will the end

Of what we are. But since thou hast voutsaf't
Gently for our instruction to impart
Things above Earthly thought, which yet concernd
Our knowing, as to highest wisdom seemd,
Deign to descend now lower, and relate
What may no less perhaps availe us known,
How first began this Heav'n which we behold
Distant so high, with moving Fires adornd
Innumerable, and this which yeelds or fills
All space, the ambient Aire wide interfus'd
Imbracing round this florid Earth, what cause
Mov'd the Creator in his holy Rest
Through all Eternitie so late to build
In *Chaos*, and the work begun, how soon
Absolv'd, if unforbid thou maist unfould
What wee, not to explore the secrets aske
Of his Eternal Empire, but the more
To magnifie his works, the more we know
And the great Light of Day yet wants to run
Much of his Race though steep, suspens in Heav'n
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he heares,
And longer will delay to heare thee tell
His Generation, and the rising Birth
Of Nature from the unapparent Deep
Or if the Starr of Eevning and the Moon
Haste to thy audience, Night with her will bring
Silence, and Sleep listning to thee will watch,
Or we can bid his absence, till thy Song
End, and dismiss thee ere the Morning shine
Thus *Adam* his illustrious Guest besought
And thus the Godlike Angel answerd milde
This also thy request with caution askt
Obtaine though to recount Almightie works
What words or tongue of Seraph can suffice,
Or heart of man suffice to comprehend
Yet what thou canst attain, which best may serve
To glorifie the Maker, and inferr
Thee also happier, shall not be withheld
Thy hearing, such Commission from above
I have receav'd, to answer thy desire
Of knowledge within bounds, beyond abstain
To ask, nor let thine own inventions hope
Things not reveal'd which th' invisible King,
Onely Omniscient hath supprest in Night,
To none communicable in Earth or Heaven
Anough is left besides to search and know

But Knowledge is as food and needs no less
Her Temperance over Appetite to know
In measure what the mind may well contain
Oppresses else with Surfet and soon turns
Wisdom to Folly as Nourishment to Winde
  Know then that after *Lucifer* from Heav'n
(So call him brighter once amidst the Host
Of Angels then that Starr the Starrs among)
Fell with his flaming Legions through the Deep
Into his place and the great Son returnd
Victorious with his Saints th' Omnipotent
Eternal Father from his Throne beheld
Thir multitude and to his Son thus spake
  At least our envious Foe hath fail'd who thought
All like himself rebellious by whose aid
This inaccessible high strength the seat
Of Deitie supream us dispossest
He trusted to have seis'd and into fraud
Drew many whom thir place knows here no more
Yet farr the greater part have kept I see
Thir station Heav'n yet populous retaines
Number sufficient to possess her Realmes
Though wide and this high Temple to frequent
With Ministeries due and solemn Rites
But least his heart exalt him in the harme
Already done to have dispeopl'd Heav'n
My damage fondly deem'd I can repaire
That detriment if such it be to lose
Self lost and in a moment will create
Another World out of one man a Race
Of men innumerable there to dwell
Not here till by degrees of merit rais'd
They open to themselves at length the way
Up hither under long obedience tri'd
And Earth be chang'd to Heav'n & Heav'n to Earth
One Kingdom Joy and Union without end
Mean while inhabit laxe ye Powers of Heav'n
And thou my Word begotten Son by thee
This I perform speak thou and be it don
My overshadowing Spirit and might with thee
I send along ride forth and bid the Deep
Within appointed bounds be Heav'n and Earth
Boundless the Deep because I am who fill
Infinitude nor vacuous the space
Though I uncircumscrib'd my self retire
And put not forth my goodness which is free

To act or not, Necessitie and Chance
Approach not mee, and what I will is Fate
So spake th' Almightie and to what he spake
His Word, the Filial Godhead, gave effect
Immediate are the Acts of God, more swift
Then time or motion, but to human ears
Cannot without process of speech be told,
So told as earthly notion can receave
Great triumph and rejoycing was in Heav'n
When such was heard declar'd the Almightie's will,
Glorie they sung to the most High, good will
To future men, and in thir dwellings peace
Glorie to him whose just avenging ire
Had driven out th' ungodly from his sight
And th' habitations of the just, to him
Glorie and praise, whose wisdom had ordain'd
Good out of evil to create, in stead
Of Spirits maligne a better Race to bring
Into thir vacant room, and thence diffuse
His good to Worlds and Ages infinite
So sang the Hierarchies Mean while the Son
On his great Expedition now appeer'd,
Girt with Omnipotence, with Radiance crown'd
Of Majestie Divine, Sapience and Love
Immense, and all his Father in him shon
About his Chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and Seraph, Potentates and Thrones,
And Vertues, winged Spirits, and Chariots wing'd,
From the Armourie of God, where stand of old
Myriads between two brazen Mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn day, harnest at hand,
Celestial Equipage, and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,
Attendant on thir Lord Heav'n op'nd wide
Her ever during Gates, Harmonious sound
On golden Hinges moving, to let forth
The King of Glorie in his powerful Word
And Spirit coming to create new Worlds
On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore
They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyss
Outrageous as a Sea, dark, wasteful, wilde,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious windes
And surging waves, as Mountains to assault
Heav'ns higth, and with the Center mix the Pole
Silence, ye troubl'd waves, and thou Deep, peace,
Said then th' Omnific Word, your discord end

Nor staid but on the Wings of Cherubim
Uplifted in Paternal Glorie rode
Farr into *Chaos* and the World unborn
For *Chaos* heard his voice him all his Traine
Follow d in bright procession to behold
Creation and the wonders of his might.
Then staid the fervid Wheeles and in his hand
He took the golden Compasses prepar d
In Gods Eternal store to circumscribe
This Universe and all created things
One foot he center d and the other turn d
Round through the vast profunditie obscure
And said thus farr extend thus farr thy bounds
This be thy just Circumference O World
Thus God the Heav n created thus the Earth
Matter unform d and void Darkness profound
Cover d th Abyss but on the watrie calme
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspred
And vital vertue infus d and vital warmth
Throughout the fluid Mass but downward purg d
The black tartareous cold infernal dregs
Adverse to life then founded then conglob d
Like things to like the rest to several place
Disparted and between spun out the Air
And Earth self ballanc t on her Center hung
Let ther be Light said God and forthwith Light
Ethereal first of things quintessence pure
Sprung from the Deep and from her Native East
To journie through the airie gloom began
Sphear d in a radiant Cloud for yet the Sun
Was not shee in a cloudie Tabernacle
Sojourn d the while God saw the Light was good
And light from darkness by the Hemisphere
Divided Light the Day and Darkness Night
He nam d Thus was the first Day Eev n and Morn
Nor past uncelebrated nor unsung
By the Celestial Quires when Orient Light
Exhaling first from Darkness they beheld
Birth day of Heav n and Earth with joy and shout
The hollow Universal Orb they fill d
And touch t thir Golden Harps & hymning prais d
God and his works Creatour him they sung
Both when first Eevning was and when first Morn
Again God said let ther be Firmament
Amid the Waters and let it divide
The Waters from the Waters and God made

The Firmament, expanse of liquid, pure,
Transparent, Elemental Air, diffus'd
In circuit to the uttermost convex
Of this great Round: partition firm and sure,
The Waters underneath from those above
Dividing: for as Earth, so hee the World
Built on circumfluous Waters calme, in wide
Crystallin Ocean, and the loud misrule
Of *Chaos* farr remov'd, least fierce extreames
Contiguous might distemper the whole frame:
And Heav'n he nam'd the Firmament: So Ev'n
And Morning *Chorus* sung the second Day.
The Earth was form'd, but in the Womb as yet
Of Waters, Embryon immature involv'd,
Appeer'd not: over all the face of Earth
Main Ocean flow'd, not idle, but with warme
Prolific humour soft'ning all her Globe,
Fermented the great Mother to conceave,
Satiate with genial moisture, when God said
Be gather'd now ye Waters under Heav'n
Into one place, and let dry Land appeer.
Immediately the Mountains huge appeer
Emergent, and thir broad bare backs upheave
Into the Clouds, thir tops ascend the Skie:
So high as heav'd the tumid Hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of Waters: thither they
Hasted with glad precipitance, uprowld
As drops on dust conglobing from the drie;
Part rise in crystal Wall, or ridge direct,
For haste; such flight the great command impress'd
On the swift flouds: as Armies at the call
Of Trumpet (for of Armies thou hast heard)
Troop to thir Standard, so the watrie throng,
Wave rowling after Wave, where way they found,
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through Plaine,
Soft-ebbing; nor withstood them Rock or Hill,
But they, or under ground, or circuit wide
With Serpent errour wandring, found thir way,
And on the washie Oose deep Channels wore;
Easie, e're God had bid the ground be drie,
All but within those banks, where Rivers now
Stream, and perpetual draw thir humid traine.
The dry Land, Earth, and the great receptacle
Of congregated Waters he call'd Seas:
And saw that it was good, and said, Let th' Earth

Put forth the verdant Grass Herb yeilding Seed
And Fruit Tree yeilding Fruit after her kind
Whose Seed is in her self upon the Earth
He scarce had said when the bare Earth till then
Desert and bare unsightly unadorn d
Brought forth the tender Grass whose verdure clad
Her Universal Face with pleasant green
Then Herbs of every leaf that sudden flour d
Op ning thir various colours and made gay
Her bosom smelling sweet and these scarce blown
Forth flourish t thick the clustring Vine forth crept
The smelling Gourd up stood the cornie Reed
Embattell d *in her field* add the humble Shrub
And Bush with frizl d hair implicit last
Rose as in Dance the stately Trees and spred
Thir branches hung with copious Fruit or gemm d
Thir Blossoms *with high Woods the Hills* were crown d
With tufts the vallies & each fountain side
With borders long the Rivers That Earth now
Seemd like to Heav n a seat where Gods might dwell
Or wander with delight and love to haunt
Her sacred shades though God had yet not rain d
Upon the Earth and man to till the ground
None was but from the Earth a dewie Mist
Went up and waterd all the ground and each
Plant of the field which e re it was in the Earth
God made and every Herb before it grew
On the green stemm God saw that it was good
So Ev n and Morn recorded the Third Day
Again th Almightie spake *Let there be Lights*
High in th expanse of Heaven to divide
The Day from Night and let them be for Signes
For Seasons and for Dayes and circling Years
And let them be for Lights as I ordaine
Thir Office in the Firmament of Heav n
To give Light on the Earth and it was so
And God made two great Lights great for thir use
To Man the greater to have rule by Day
The less by Night alterne and made the Starrs
And set them in the Firmament of Heav n
To illuminate the Earth and rule the Day
In thir vicissitude and rule the Night
And Light from Darkness to divide God saw
Surveying his great Work that it was good
For of Celestial Bodies first the Sun
A mightie Spheare he fram d unlightsom first

Though of Ethereal Mould then form'd the Moon
Globose, and everie magnitude of Starrs,
And sow'd with Starrs the Heav'n thick as a field
Of Light by farr the greater part he took,
Transplanted from her cloudie Shrine, and plac'd
In the Suns Orb, made porous to receive
And drink the liquid Light, firm to retaine
Her gather'd beams, great Palace now of Light
Hither as to thir Fountain other Starrs
Repairing, in thir gold'n Urns draw Light,
And hence the Morning Planet guilds his horns,
By tincture or reflection they augment
Thir small peculiar, though from human sight
So farr remote, with diminution seen
First in his East the glorious Lamp was seen,
Regent of Day, and all th' Horizon round
Invested with bright Rayes, *jocond to run*
His Longitude through Heav'ns high rode the gray
Dawn, and the *Pleiades* before him danc'd
Shedding sweet influence less bright the Moon,
But opposite in leveld West was set
His mirror with full face borrowing her Light
From him, for other light she needed none
In that aspect, and still that distance keepes
Till night, then in the East her turn she shines,
Revolvd on Heav'ns great Axle, and her Reign
With thousand lesser Lights dividual holds,
With thousand thousand Starres, that then appeer'd
Spangling the Hemisphere then first adornd
With thir bright Luminaries that Set and Rose,
Glad Eevning & glad Morn crownd the fourth day
  And God said, let the Waters generate
Reptil with Spawn abundant, living Soule
And let Fowle flie above the Earth, with wings
Displayd on the op'n Firmament of Heav'n
And God *created the great Whales, and each*
Soul living, each that crept, which plenteously
The waters generated by thir kindes,
And *every* Bird of wing after his kinde,
And saw that it was good, and bless'd them, saying,
Be fruitful, multiply, and in the Seas
And Lakes and running Streams the waters fill,
And let the Fowle be multiply'd on the Earth
Forthwith the Sounds and Seas, each Creek & Bay
With Frie innumerable swarme, and Shoales
Of Fish that with thir Finns & shining Scales

Glide under the green Wave in Sculles that oft
Bank the mid Sea part single or with mate
Graze the Sea weed thir pasture & through Groves
Of Coral stray or sporting with quick glance
Show to the Sun thir wav'd coats dropt with Gold
Or in thir Pearlie shells at ease attend
Moist nutriment or under Rocks thir food
In jointed Armour watch on smooth the Seale
And bended Dolphins play part huge of bulk
Wallowing unweildie enormous in thir Gate
Tempest the Ocean there Leviathan
Hugest of *living* Creatures on the Deep
Stretcht like a Promontorie sleeps or swimmes
And seems a moving Land and at his Gilles
Draws in and at his Trunck spouts out a Sea
Mean while the tepid Caves and Fens and shoares
Thir Brood as numerous hatch from the Egg that soon
Bursting with kindly rupture forth disclos d
Thir callow young but featherd soon and fledge
They summ d thir Penns and soaring th air sublime
With clang despis d the ground under a cloud
In prospect there the Eagle and the Stork
On Cliffs and Cedar tops thir Eyries build
Part loosly wing the Region part more wise
In common rang d in figure wedge thir way
Intelligent of seasons and set forth
Thir Aerie Caravan high over Sea s
Flying and over Lands with mutual wing
Easing thir flight so stears the prudent Crane
Her annual Voiage born on Windes the Aire
Floats as they pass fann d with unnumber d plumes
From Branch to Branch the smaller Birds with song
Solac d the Woods and spred thir painted wings
Till Ev n nor then the solemn Nightingal
Ceas d warbling but all night tun'd her soft layes
Others on Silver Lakes and Rivers Bath d
Thir downie Brest the Swan with Arched neck
Between her white wings mantling proudly Rowes
Her state with Oarie feet yet oft they quit
The Dank and rising on stiff Pennons towre
The mid Aereal Skie Others on ground
Walk d firm the crested Cock whose clarion sounds
The silent hours and th other whose gay Traine
Adorns him colour d with the Florid hue
Of Rainbows and Starrie Eyes The Waters thus
With Fish replenisht and the Aire with Fowle

Ev'ning and Morn solemniz'd the Fift day.
The Sixt, and of Creation last arose
With Ev'ning Harps and Mattin, when God said,
Let th' Earth bring forth Fowle living in her kinde,
Cattel and Creeping things, and Beast of the Earth,
Each in thir kinde. The Earth obey'd, and strait
Op'ning her fertil Woomb teem'd at a Birth
Innumerous living Creatures, perfet formes,
Limb'd and full grown: out of the ground up rose
As from his Laire the wilde Beast where he wonns
In Forrest wilde, in Thicket, Brake, or Den;
Among the Trees in Pairs they rose, they walk'd:
The Cattel in the Fields and Meddowes green:
Those rare and solitarie, these in flocks
Pasturing at once, and in broad Herds upsprung.
The grassie Clods now Calv'd, now half appeer'd
The Tawnie Lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from Bonds,
And Rampant shakes his Brinded main; the Ounce,
The Libbard, and the Tyger, as the Moale
Rising, the crumbl'd Earth above them threw
In Hillocks; the swift Stag from under ground
Bore up his branching head: scarse from his mould
Behemoth biggest born of Earth upheav'd
His vastness: Fleec't the Flocks and bleating rose,
As Plants: ambiguous between Sea and Land
The River Horse and scalie Crocodile.
At once came forth whatever creeps the ground,
Insect or Worme; those wav'd thir limber fans
For wings, and smallest Lineaments exact
In all the Liveries dect of Summers pride
With spots of Gold and Purple, azure and green:
These as a line thir long dimension drew,
Streaking the ground with sinuous trace; not all
Minims of Nature; some of Serpent kinde
Wondrous in length and corpulence involv'd
Thir Snakie foulds, and added wings. First crept
The Parsimonious Emmet, provident
Of future, in small room large heart enclos'd,
Pattern of just equalitie perhaps
Hereafter, join'd in her popular Tribes
Of Commonaltie: swarming next appeer'd
The Femal Bee that feeds her Husband Drone
Deliciously, and builds her waxen Cells
With Honey stor'd: the rest are numberless,
And thou thir Natures know'st, and gav'st them Names,

Needless to thee repeated nor unknown
The Serpent sutl st Beast of all the field
Of huge extent somtimes with brazen Eyes
And hairie Main terrific though to thee
Not noxious but obedient at thy call
Now Heav n in all her Glorie shon and rowld
Her motions as the great first Movers hand
First wheeld thir course Earth in her rich attire
Consummate lovly smil d Aire Water Earth
By Fowl Fish Beast was flown was swum was walkt
Frequent and of the Sixt day yet remain d
There wanted yet the Master work the end
Of all yet don a Creature who not prone
And Brute as other Creatures but endu d
With Sanctitie of Reason might erect
His Stature and upright with Front serene
Govern the rest self knowing and from thence
Magnanimous to correspond with Heav n
But grateful to acknowledge whence his good
Descends thither with heart and voice and eyes
Directed in Devotion to adore
And worship God Supream who made him chief
Of all his works therefore the Omnipotent
Eternal Father (For where is not hee
Present) thus to his Son audibly spake
 Let us make now Man in our image Man
In our similitude and let them rule
Over the Fish and Fowle of Sea and Aire
Beast of the Field and over all the Earth
And every creeping thing that creeps the ground
This said he formd thee *Adam* thee O Man
Dust of the ground and in thy nostrils breath d
The breath of *Life in his own Image hee*
Created thee in the Image of God
Express and thou becam st a living Soul
Male he created thee but thy consort
Femal for Race then bless d *Mankinde and said*
Be fruitful multiplie and fill the Earth
Subdue it and throughout Dominion hold
Over Fish of the Sea and Fowle of the Aire
And every living thing that moves on the Earth
Wherever thus created for no place
Is yet distinct by name thence as thou know st
He brought thee into this delicious Grove
This Garden planted with the Trees of God
Delectable both to behold and taste

And freely all thir pleasant fruit for food
Gave thee, all sorts are here that all th' Earth yeelds,
Varietie without end, but of the Tree
Which tasted works knowledge of Good and Evil,
Thou mai'st not, in the day thou eat'st, thou di'st,
Death is the penaltie impos'd, beware,
And govern well thy appetite, least sin
Surprise thee, and her black attendant Death.
Here finish'd hee, and all that he had made
View'd, and behold all was entirely good,
So Ev'n and Morn accomplish't the Sixt day:
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Desisting, though unwearied, up returnd
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,
Thence to behold this new created World
Th' addition of his Empire, how it shew'd
In prospect from his Throne, how good, how faire,
Answering his great Idea. Up he rode
Followd with acclamation and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand Harpes that tun'd
Angelic harmonies: the Earth, the Aire
Resounded, (thou remember'st for thou heardst)
The Heav'ns and all the Constellations rung,
The Planets in thir stations list'ning stood,
While the bright Pomp ascended jubilant.
Open, ye everlasting Gates, they sung,
Open, ye Heav'ns, your living dores, let in
The great Creator from his work returnd
Magnificent, his Six days work, a World,
Open, and henceforth oft, for God will deigne
To visit oft the dwellings of just Men
Delighted, and with frequent intercourse
Thither will send his winged Messengers
On errands of supernal Grace. So sung
The glorious Train ascending: He through Heav'n,
That open'd wide her blazing Portals, led
To Gods Eternal house direct the way,
A broad and ample rode, whose dust is Gold
And pavement Starrs, as Starrs to thee appeer,
Seen in the Galaxie, that Milkie way
Which nightly as a circling Zone thou seest
Pouderd with Starrs. And now on Earth the Seaventh
Eev'ning arose in *Eden*, for the Sun
Was set, and twilight from the East came on,
Forerunning Night, when at the holy mount
Of Heav'ns high-seated top, th' Impereal Throne

Of Godhead fixt for ever firm and sure
The Filial Power arm d and sate him down
With his great Father for he also went
Invisible yet staid (such priviledge
Hath Omnipresence) and the work ordain d
Author and end of all things and from work
Now resting bless d and hallow d the Seav nth day
As resting on that day from all his work
But not in silence holy kept the Harp
Had work and rested not the solemn Pipe
And Dulcimer all Organs of sweet stop
All sounds on Fret by String or Golden Wire
Temper d *soft Tunings intermixt with Voice*
Choral or Unison of incense Clouds
Fuming from Golden Censers hid the Mount
Creation and the Six dayes acts they sung
Great are thy works *Jehovah* infinite
Thy power what thought can measure thee or tongue
Relate thee *greater now in thy return*
Then from the Giant Angels thee that day
Thy Thunders magnifi d but to create
Is greater then created to destroy
Who can impair thee mighty King or bound
Thy *Empire*? easily the proud attempt
Of Spirits apostat and thir Counsels vaine
Thou hast repeld while impiously they thought
Thee to diminish and from thee withdraw
The number of thy worshippers Who seekes
To lessen thee against his purpose serves
To manifest the more thy might his evil
Thou usest and from thence creat st more good
Witness this new made World another Heav n
From Heaven Gate not farr founded in view
On the cleer *Hyaline* the Glassie Sea
Of amplitude almost immense with Starr s
Numerous and every Starr perhaps a World
Of destind habitation but thou know st
Thir seasons among these the seat of men
Earth *with her nether Ocean circumfus d*
Thir pleasant dwelling place Thrice happie men
And sons of men whom God hath thus advanc t
Created in his Image there to dwell
And worship him and in reward to rule
Over his Works on Earth in Sea or Air
And multiply a Race of Worshippers
Holy and just thrice happie if they know

Thir happiness, and persevere upright
  So sung they, and the Empyrean rung,
With *Halleluiahs* Thus was Sabbath kept
And thy request think now fulfill'd, that ask'd
How first this World and face of things began,
And what before thy memorie was don
From the beginning, that posteritie
Informd by thee might know, if else thou seek'st
Aught, not surpassing human measure, say

BOOK VIII

THE ARGUMENT

Adam *inquires concerning celestial Motions, is doubtfully answer'd, and exhorted to search rather things more worthy of knowledg:* Adam *assents, and still desirous to detain* Raphael, *relates to him what he remember'd since his own Creation, his placing in Paradise, his talk with God concerning solitude and fit society, his first meeting and Nuptials with Eve, his discourse with the Angel thereupon; who after admonitions repeated departs.*

[THE ANGEL ended, and in *Adams* Eare
So Charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixt to hear;
Then as new wak't thus gratefully repli'd.] [1]
What thanks sufficient, or what recompence
Equal have I to render thee, Divine
Hystorian, who thus largely hast allayd
The thirst I had of knowledge, and voutsaf't
This friendly condescention to relate
Things else by me unsearchable, now heard
With wonder, but delight, and, as is due,
With glorie attributed to the high
Creator; some thing yet of doubt remaines,
Which onely thy solution can resolve.
When I behold this goodly Frame, this World
Of Heav'n and Earth consisting, and compute,
Thir magnitudes, this Earth a spot, a graine,
An Atom, with the Firmament compar'd
And all her numberd Starrs, that seem to rowle
Spaces incomprehensible (for such
Thir distance argues and thir swift return
Diurnal) meerly to officiate light
Round this opacous Earth, this punctual spot,
One day and night; in all thir vast survey
Useless besides; reasoning I oft admire,
How Nature wise and frugal could commit
Such disproportions, with superfluous hand
So many nobler Bodies to create,
Greater so manifold to this one use,
For aught appeers, and on thir Orbs impose

[1] The four bracketed lines were added in the second edition (1674) when Book VII was divided into two at line 640. Line 641 had read: "To whom thus *Adam* gratefully repli'd."

Such restless revolution day by day
Repeated, while the sedentarie Earth,
That better might with farr less compass move,
Serv'd by more noble then her self, attaines
Her end without least motion, and receaves,
As Tribute such a sumless journey brought
Of incorporeal speed, her warmth and light,
Speed, to describe whose swiftness Number failes
  So spake our Sire, and by his count'nance seemd
Entring on studious thoughts abstruse, which *Eve*
Perceaving where she sat retir'd in sight,
With lowliness Majestic from her seat,
And Grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
Rose, and went forth among her Fruits and Flours,
To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
Her Nurserie; they at her coming sprung
And toucht by her fair tendance gladlier grew.
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not capable her eare
Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd,
Adam relating, she sole Auditress;
Her Husband the Relater she preferr'd
Before the Angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather: hee, she knew would intermix
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
With conjugal Caresses, from his Lip
Not Words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
Such pairs, in Love and mutual Honour joyn'd?
With Goddess-like demeanour forth she went,
Not unattended, for on her as Queen
A pomp of winning Graces waited still,
And from about her shot Darts of desire
Into all Eyes to wish her still in sight.
And *Raphael* now to *Adam's* doubt propos'd
Benevolent and facil thus repli'd.
  To ask or search I blame thee not, for Heav'n
Is as the Book of God before thee set,
Wherein to read his wondrous Works, and learne
His Seasons, Hours, or Days, or Months, or Yeares:
This to attain, whether Heav'n move or Earth,
Imports not, if thou reck'n right, the rest
From Man or Angel the great Architect
Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought
Rather admire; or if they list to try
Conjecture, he his Fabric of the Heav'ns

Hath left to thir disputes perhaps to move
His laughter at thir quaint Opinions wide
Hereafter when they come to model Heav n
And calculate the Starrs how they will weild
The mightie frame how build unbuild contrive
To save appeerances how gird the Sphear
With Centric and Eccentric scribl d o re
Cycle and Epicycle Orb in Orb
Alreadie by thy reasoning this I guess
Who art to lead thy ofspring and supposest
That Bodies bright and greater should not serve
The less not bright nor Heav n such journies run
Earth sitting still when she alone receaves
The benefit consider first that Great
Or Bright inferrs not Excellence the Earth
Though in comparison of Heav n so small
Nor glistering may of solid good containe
More plenty then the Sun that barren shines
Whose vertue on it self works no effect
But in the fruitful Earth there first receav d
His beams unactive else thir vigor find
Yet not to Earth are those bright Luminaries
Officious but to thee Earths habitant
And for the Heav ns wide Circuit let it speak
The Makers high magnificence who built
So spacious and his Line stretcht out so farr
That Man may know he dwells not in his own
An Edifice too large for him to fill
Lodg d in a small partition and the rest
Ordain d for uses to his Lord best known
The swiftness of those Circles attribute
Though numberless to his Omnipotence
That to corporeal substances could adde
Speed almost Spiritual mee thou thinkst not slow
Who since the Morning hour set out from Heav n
Where God resides and ere mid day arriv d
In *Eden* distance inexpressible
By Numbers that have name But this I urge
Admitting Motion in the Heav ns to shew
Invalid that which thee to doubt it mov d
Not that I so affirm though so it seem
To thee who hast thy dwelling here on Earth
God to remove his wayes from human sense
Plac d Heav n from Earth so farr that earthly sight
If it presume might erre in things too high
And no advantage gaine What if the Sun

Be Center to the World, and other Starrs
By his attractive vertue and thir own
Incited, dance about him various rounds?
Thir wandring course now high, now low, then hid,
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
In six thou seest, and what if sev'nth to these
The Planet Earth, so stedfast though she seem,
Insensibly three different Motions move?
Which else to several Sphears thou must ascribe,
Mov'd contrarie with thwart obliquities,
Or save the Sun his labour, and that swift
Nocturnal and *Diurnal rhomb* suppos'd,
Invisible else above all Starrs, the Wheele
Of Day and Night, which needs not thy beleefe,
If Earth industrious of her self fetch Day
Travelling East, and with her part averse
From the Suns beam meet Night, her other part
Still luminous by his ray What if that light
Sent from her through the wide transpicuous aire,
To the terrestrial Moon be as a Starr
Enlightning her by Day, as she by Night
This Earth? reciprocal, if Land be there,
Feilds and Inhabitants Her spots thou seest
As Clouds, and Clouds may rain, and Rain produce
Fruits in her soft'nd Soile, for some to eate
Allotted there, and other Suns perhaps
With thir attendant Moons thou wilt descrie
Communicating Male and Femal Light,
Which two great Sexes animate the World,
Stor'd in each Orb perhaps with some that live
For such vast room in Nature unpossest
By living Soule, desert and desolate,
Onely to shine, yet scarce to contribute
Each Orb a glimps of Light, conveyd so farr
Down to this habitable, which returnes
Light back to them, is obvious to dispute
But whether thus these things, or whether not,
Whether the Sun predominant in Heav'n
Rise on the Earth, or Earth rise on the Sun,
Hee from the East his flaming rode begin,
Or Shee from West her silent course advance
With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps
On her soft Axle, while she paces Eev'n,
And bears thee soft with the smooth Air along,
Sollicit not thy thoughts with matters hid,
Leave them to God above, him serve and feare,

Of other *Creatures* as him pleases best
Wherever plac t let him dispose joy thou
In what he gives to thee this Paradise
And thy *fair Eve Heav n is for thee too high*
To know what passes there be lowlie wise
Think onely what concernes thee and thy being
Dream not of other *Worlds what Creatures there*
Live in what state condition or degree
Contented that thus farr hath been reveal d
Not of Earth onely but of highest Heav n
To whom thus *Adam* cleerd of doubt repli d
How fully hast thou satisfi d mee pure
Intelligence of Heav n Angel serene
And freed from intricacies taught to live
The easiest way nor with perplexing thoughts
To interrupt the sweet of Life from which
God hath bid dwell farr off all anxious cares
And *not molest us unless we our selves*
Seek them with wandring thoughts and notions vaine
But apt the Mind or Fancie is to roave
Uncheckt and of *her roaving is no end*
Till warn d or by experience taught she learn
That not to know at large of things remote
From use obscure and suttle but to know
That which before us lies in daily life
Is the prime Wisdom what is more is fume
Or emptiness or fond impertinence
And renders us in things that most concerne
Unpractis d unprepar d *and still to seek*
Therefore from this high pitch let us descend
A lower flight and speak of things at hand
Useful whence haply mention may arise
Of somthing not unseasonable to ask
By sufferance and thy *wonted favour deign d*
Thee I have heard relating what was don
Ere my remembrance now hear mee relate
My *Storie which perhaps thou hast not heard*
And Day is yet not spent till then thou seest
How suttly to detaine thee I devise
Inviting thee to hear while I relate
Fond were it not in hope of thy reply
For while I sit with thee *I seem in Heav n*
And sweeter thy discourse is to my eare
Then Fruits of Palm tree pleasantest to thirst
And hunger both *from labour at the houre*
Of sweet repast they satiate and soon fill

Though pleasant, but thy words with Grace Divine
Imbu'd, bring to thir sweetness no satietie
  To whom thus *Raphael* answer'd heav'nly meek
Nor are thy lips ungraceful, Sire of men,
Nor tongue ineloquent, for God on thee
Abundantly his gifts hath also pour'd
Inward and outward both, his image faire
Speaking or mute all comliness and grace
Attends thee, and each word, each motion formes
Nor less think wee in Heav'n of thee on Earth
Then of our fellow servant, and inquire
Gladly into the wayes of God with Man
For God we see hath honour'd thee, and set
On Man his equal Love say therefore on,
For I that Day was absent, as befell,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,
Farr on excursion toward the Gates of Hell,
Squar'd in full Legion (such command we had)
To see that none thence issu'd forth a spie,
Or enemie, while God was in his work,
Least hee incenst at such eruption bold,
Destruction with Creation might have mixt
Not that they durst without his leave attempt,
But us he sends upon his high behests
For state, as Sovran King, and to enure
Our prompt obedience Fast we found, fast shut
The dismal Gates, and barricado'd strong,
But long ere our approaching heard within
Noise, other then the sound of Dance or Song,
Torment, and lowd lament, and furious rage
Glad we return'd up to the coasts of Light
Ere Sabbath Eev'ning so we had in charge
But thy relation now, for I attend,
Pleas'd with thy words no less then thou with mine
  So spake the Godlike Power, and thus our Sire
For Man to tell how human Life began
Is hard for who himself beginning knew?
Desire with thee still longer to converse
Induc'd me As new wak't from soundest sleep
Soft on the flourie herb I found me laid
In Balmie Sweat, which with his Beames the Sun
Soon dri'd, and on the reaking moisture fed
Strait toward Heav'n my wondring Eyes I turnd,
And gaz'd a while the ample Skie, till rais'd
By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,
As thitherward endevoring, and upright

Stood on my feet about me round I saw
Hill Dale and shadie Woods and sunnie Plaines
And liquid Lapse of murmuring Streams by these
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd and walk'd or flew
Birds on the branches warbling all things smil'd
With fragrance and with joy my heart oreflow'd
My self I then perus'd and Limb by Limb
Survey'd and sometimes went and sometimes ran
With supple joints as lively vigour led
But who I was or where or from what cause
Knew not to speak I tri'd and forthwith spake
My Tongue obey'd and readily could name
What e're I saw Thou Sun said I faire Light
And thou enlight'nd Earth so fresh and gay
Ye Hills and Dales ye Rivers Woods and Plaines
And ye that live and move fair Creatures tell
Tell if ye saw how came I thus how here?
Not of my self by some great Maker then
In goodness and in power præeminent
Tell me how may I know him how adore
From whom I have that thus I move and live
And feel that I am happier then I know
While thus I call'd and stray'd I knew not whither
From where I first drew Aire and first beheld
This happie Light when answer none return'd
On a green shadie Bank profuse of Flours
Pensive I sate me down there gentle sleep
First found me and with soft oppression seis'd
My droused sense untroubl'd though I thought
I then was passing to my former state
Insensible and forthwith to dissolve
When suddenly stood at my Head a dream
Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
My Fancy to believe I yet had being
And liv'd One came methought of shape Divine
And said thy Mansion wants thee *Adam* rise
First Man of Men innumerable ordain'd
First Father call'd by thee I come thy Guide
To the Garden of bliss thy seat prepar'd
So saying by the hand he took me rais'd
And over Fields and Waters as in Aire
Smooth sliding without step last led me up
A woodie Mountain whose high top was plaine
A Circuit wide enclos'd with goodliest Trees
Planted with Walks and Bowers that what I saw
Of Earth before scarce pleasant seemd Each Tree

Loaden with fairest Fruit, that hung to the Eye
Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
To pluck and eate, whereat I wak'd, and found
Before mine Eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively shadowd Here had new begun
My wandring, had not hee who was my Guide
Up hither, from among the Trees appeer'd,
Presence Divine Rejoycing, but with aw
In adoration at his feet I fell
Submiss he rear'd me, & Whom thou soughtst I am,
Said mildely, Author of all this thou seest
Above, or round about thee or beneath
This Paradise I give thee, count it thine
To Till and keep, and of the Fruit to eate
Of every Tree that in the Garden growes
Eate freely with glad heart, fear here no dearth
But of the Tree whose operation brings
Knowledg of good and ill, which I have set
The Pledge of thy Obedience and thy Faith,
Amid the Garden by the Tree of Life,
Remember what I warne thee, shun to taste,
And shun the bitter consequence for know,
The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
Transgrest, inevitably thou shalt dye,
From that day mortal, and this happie State
Shalt loose, expell'd from hence into a World
Of woe and sorrow Sternly he pronounc'd
The rigid interdiction, which resounds
Yet dreadful in mine eare, though in my choice
Not to incur, but soon his cleer aspect
Return'd and gratious purpose thus renew'd
Not onely these fair bounds, but all the Earth
To thee and to thy Race I give, as Lords
Possess it, and all things that therein live,
Or live in Sea, or Aire, Beast, Fish, and Fowle
In signe whereof each Bird and Beast behold
After thir kindes, I bring them to receave
From thee thir Names, and pay thee fealtie
With low subjection, understand the same
Of Fish within thir watry residence,
Not hither summond, since they cannot change
Thir Element to draw the thinner Aire
As thus he spake, each Bird and Beast behold
Approaching two and two, These cowring low
With blandishment, each Bird stoop'd on his wing
I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood

Thir Nature with such knowledg God endu d
My sudden apprehension but in these
I found not what me thought I wanted still
And to the Heav nly vision thus presum d
O by what Name for thou above all these
Above mankinde or aught then mankinde higher
Surpassest farr my naming how may I
Adore thee Author of this Universe
And all this good to man for whose well being
So amply and with hands so liberal
Thou hast provided all things but with mee
I see not who partakes In solitude
What happiness who can enjoy alone
Or all *enjoying what contentment find?*
Thus I presumptuous and the vision bright
As with a smile more bright nd thus repli d
What call st thou *solitude is not the Earth*
With various living creatures and the Aire
Replenisht and all these at thy command
To come and play before thee know st *thou not*
Thir language and thir wayes they also know
And reason not contemptibly with these
Find pastime and beare rule thy Realm is large
So spake the Universal Lord and seem d
So ordering I with leave of speech implor d
And humble deprecation thus repli d
Let not my words offend thee Heav nly Power
My Maker be propitious while I speak
Hast thou not made me here thy substitute
And these inferiour farr beneath me set?
Among unequals what societie
Can sort what harmonie or true delight
Which must be mutual in proportion due
Giv n and receiv d but in disparitie
The one intense the other still remiss
Cannot well suite with either but soon prove
Tedious alike Of fellowship I speak
Such as I seek fit to participate
All rational delight wherein the brute
Cannot be human consort they rejoyce
Each with thir kinde Lion with Lioness
So fitly them *in pairs thou hast combin d*
Much less can Bird with Beast or Fish with Fowle
So well converse nor with the Ox the Ape
Wors then can Man with Beast and least of all
Whereto th Almighty answer d not displeas d

A nice and suttle happiness I see
Thou to thy self proposest, in the choice
Of thy Associates, *Adam*, and wilt taste
No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitarie
What thinkst thou then of mee, and this my State,
Seem I to thee sufficiently possest
Of happiness, or not? who am alone
From all Eternitie, for none I know
Second to mee or like, equal much less
How have I then with whom to hold converse
Save with the Creatures which I made, and those
To me inferiour, infinite descents
Beneath what other Creatures are to thee?
He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd To attaine
The higth and depth of thy Eternal wayes
All human thoughts come short, Supream of things,
Thou in thy self art perfet, and in thee
Is no deficience found, not so is Man,
But in degree, the cause of his desire
By conversation with his like to help,
Or solace his defects No need that thou
Shouldst propagat, already infinite,
And through all numbers absolute, though One,
But Man by number is to manifest
His single imperfection, and beget
Like of his like, this Image multipli'd,
In unitie defective, which requires
Collateral love, and deerest amitie
Thou in thy secresie although alone,
Best with thy self accompanied, seek'st not
Social communication, yet so pleas'd,
Canst raise thy Creature to what highth thou wilt
Of Union or Communion, deifi'd,
I by conversing cannot these erect
From prone, nor in thir wayes complacence find
Thus I embold'nd spake, and freedom us'd
Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd
This answer from the gratious voice Divine
Thus farr to try thee *Adam*, I was pleas'd,
And finde thee knowing not of Beasts alone,
Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thy self,
Expressing well the spirit within thee free,
My Image, not imparted to the Brute,
Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee
Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,
And be so minded still, I, ere thou spak'st,

Knew it not good for Man to be alone
And no such companie as then thou saw st
Intended thee for trial onely brought
To see how thou could st judge of fit and meet
What next I bring shall please thee be assur d
Thy likeness thy fit help thy other self
Thy wish exactly to thy hearts desire
   Hee ended or I heard no more for now
My earthly by his Heav nly overpowerd
Which it had long stood under streind to the highth
In that celestial Colloquie sublime
As with an object that excels the sense
Dazl d and spent, sunk down and sought repair
Of sleep which instantly fell on me call d
By Nature as in aide and clos d mine eyes
Mine eyes he clos d but op n left the Cell
Of Fancie my internal sight by which
Abstract as in a transe methought I saw
Though sleeping where I lay and saw the shape
Still glorious before whom awake I stood
Who stooping op nd my left side and took
From thence a Rib with cordial spirits warme
And Life blood streaming fresh wide was the wound
But suddenly with flesh fill d up & heal d
The Rib he formd and fashond with his hands
Under his forming hands a Creature grew
Manlike but different sex so lovly faire
That what seemd fair in all the World seemd now
Mean or in her summd up in her containd
And in her looks which from that time infus d
Sweetness into my heart unfelt before
And into all things from her Aire inspir d
The spirit of love and amorous delight
She disappeerd and left me dark I wak d
To find her or for ever to deplore
Her loss and other pleasures all abjure
When out of hope behold her not farr off
Such as I saw her in my dream adornd
With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
To make her amiable On she came
Led by her Heav nly Maker though unseen
And guided by his voice nor uninformd
Of nuptial Sanctitie and marriage Rites
Grace was in all her steps, Heav n in her Eye
In every gesture dignitie and love
I overjoy d could not forbear aloud

This turn hath made amends, thou hast fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benigne,
Giver of all things faire, but fairest this
Of all thy gifts, nor enviest I now see
Bone of my Bone, Flesh of my Flesh, my Self
Before me, Woman is her Name, of Man
Extracted, for this cause he shall forgoe
Father and Mother, and to his Wife adhere,
And they shall be one Flesh, one Heart, one Soule
She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,
Yet Innocence and Virgin Modestie,
Her vertue and the conscience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,
The more desirable, or to say all,
Nature her self, though pure of sinful thought,
Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd,
I follow'd her, she what was Honour knew,
And with obsequious Majestie approv'd
My pleaded reason To the Nuptial Bowre
I led her blushing like the Morn all Heav'n,
And happie Constellations on that houre
Shed thir selectest influence, the Earth
Gave sign of gratulation, and each Hill,
Joyous the Birds, fresh Gales and gentle Aires
Whisper'd it to the Woods, and from thir wings
Flung Rose, flung Odours from the spicie Shrub,
Disporting, till the amorous Bird of Night
Sung Spousal, and bid haste the Evening Starr
On his Hill top, to light the bridal Lamp
Thus I have told thee all my State, and brought
My Storie to the sum of earthly bliss
Which I enjoy, and must confess to find
In all things else delight indeed, but such
As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement desire, these delicacies
I mean of Taste, Sight, Smell, Herbs, Fruits & Flours,
Walks, and the melodie of Birds, but here
Farr otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch, here passion first I felt,
Commotion strange, in all enjoyments else
Superiour and unmov'd, here onely weake
Against the charm of Beauties powerful glance
Or Nature faild in mee, and left some part
Not proof enough such Object to sustain,
Or from my side subducting, took perhaps

More then enough at least on her bestow'd
Too much of Ornament in outward shew
Elaborate, of inward less exact
For well I understand in the prime end
Of Nature her th' inferiour in the mind
And inward Faculties which most excell
In outward also her resembling less
His Image who made both and less expressing
The character of that Dominion giv'n
O're other Creatures yet when I approach
Her loveliness so absolute she seems
And in her self compleat so well to know
Her own that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest vertuousest discreetest best
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded Wisdom in discourse with her
Looses discount'nanc't and like folly shewes
Authoritie and Reason on her waite
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally and to consummate all
Greatness of mind and nobleness thir seat
Build in her loveliest and create an awe
About her as a guard Angelic plac't
To whom the Angel with contracted brow
Accuse not Nature she hath don her part
Do thou but thine and be not diffident
Of Wisdom she deserts thee not if thou
Dismiss not her when most thou needst her nigh,
By attributing overmuch to things
Less excellent as thou thy self perceav'st
For what admir'st thou what transports thee so
An outside? fair no doubt and worthy well
Thy cherishing thy honouring and thy love
Not thy subjection weigh with her thy self
Then value Oft times nothing profits more
Then self esteem grounded on just and right
Well manag'd of that skill the more thou know'st
The more she will acknowledge thee her Head
And to realities yeild all her shows
Made so adorn for thy delight the more
So awful that with honour thou maist love
Thy mate who sees when thou art seen least wise
But if the sense of touch whereby mankind
Is propagated seem such dear delight
Beyond all other think the same voutsaf't
To Cattel and each Beast which would not be

To them made common & divulg'd, if aught
Therein enjoy'd were worthy to subdue
The Soule of Man, or passion in him move.
What higher in her societie thou findst
Attractive, human, rational, love still;
In loving thou dost well, in passion not,
Wherein true Love consists not; love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges, hath his seat
In Reason, and is judicious, is the scale
By which to heav'nly Love thou maist ascend,
Not sunk in carnal pleasure, for which cause
Among the Beasts no Mate for thee was found.
  To whom thus half abash't *Adam* repli'd.
Neither her out-side formd so fair, nor aught
In procreation common to all kindes
(Though higher of the genial Bed by far,
And with mysterious reverence I deem)
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions, mixt with Love
And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of Mind, or in us both one Soule;
Harmonie to behold in wedded pair
More grateful then harmonious sound to the eare.
Yet these subject not; I to thee disclose
What inward thence I feel, not therefore foild,
Who meet with various objects, from the sense
Variously representing; yet still free
Approve the best, and follow what I approve.
To love thou blam'st me not, for love thou saist
Leads up to Heav'n, is both the way and guide;
Bear with me then, if lawful what I ask;
Love not the heav'nly Spirits, and how thir Love
Express they, by looks onely, or do they mix
Irradiance, virtual or immediate touch?
  To whom the Angel with a smile that glow'd
Celestial rosie red, Loves proper hue,
Answer'd. Let it suffice thee that thou know'st
Us happie, and without Love no happiness.
Whatever pure thou in the body enjoy'st
(And pure thou wert created) we enjoy
In eminence, and obstacle find none
Of membrane, joynt, or limb, exclusive barrs:
Easier then Air with Air, if Spirits embrace,
Total they mix, Union of Pure with Pure
Desiring; nor restrain'd conveyance need

As Flesh to mix with Flesh or Soul with Soul
But I can now no more the parting Sun
Beyond the Earths green Cape and verdant Isles
Hesperean sets my Signal to depart
Be strong live happie and love but first of all
Him whom to love is to obey and keep
His great command take heed least Passion sway
Thy Judgement to do aught which else free Will
Would not admit thine and of all thy Sons
The weal or woe in thee is plac t beware
I in thy persevering shall rejoyce
And all the Blest stand fast to stand or fall
Free in thine own Arbitrement it lies
Perfect within no outward aid require
And all temptation to transgress repel
  So saying he arose whom *Adam* thus
Follow d with benediction Since to part
Go heavenly Guest Ethereal Messenger
Sent from whose sov ran goodness I adore
Gentle to me and affable hath been
Thy condescension and shall be honour d ever
With grateful Memorie thou to mankind
Be good and friendly still and oft return
  So parted they the Angel up to Heav n
From the thick shade and *Adam* to his Bowre

BOOK IX

THE ARGUMENT

Satan having compast the Earth, with meditated guile returns as a mist by Night into Paradise, enters into the Serpent sleeping Adam *and* Eve *in the Morning go forth to thir labours, which* Eve *proposes to divide in several places each labouring apart* Adam *consents not, alledging the danger, lest that Enemy, of whom they were forewarn'd, should attempt her found alone* Eve *loath to be thought not circumspect or firm enough, urges her going apart, the rather desirous to make tryal of her strength,* Adam *at last yields The Serpent finds her alone, his subtle approach, first gazing then speaking, with much flattery extolling* Eve *above all other Creatures* Eve *wondring to hear the Serpent speak, asks how he attain'd to human speech and such understanding not till now the Serpent answers that by tasting of a certain Tree in the Garden he attain'd both to Speech and Reason, till then void of both* Eve *requires him to bring her to that Tree, and finds it to be the Tree of Knowledge forbidden The Serpent now grown bolder, with many wiles and arguments induces her at length to eat, she pleas'd with the taste deliberates awhile whether to impart thereof to* Adam *or not, at last brings him of the Fruit, relates what perswaded her to eat thereof* Adam *at first amaz'd, but perceiving her lost, resolves through vehemence of love to perish with her and extenuating the trespass, eats also of the Fruit The effects thereof in them both they seek to cover thir nakedness, then fall to variance and accusation of one another*

NO MORE of talk where God or Angel Guest
With Man, as with his Friend, familiar us'd
To sit indulgent, and with him partake
Rural repast, permitting him the while
Venial discourse unblam'd I now must change
Those Notes to Tragic, foul distrust, and breach
Disloyal on the part of Man, revolt,
And disobedience On the part of Heav'n
Now alienated, distance and distaste,
Anger and just rebuke, and judgement giv'n,
That brought into this World a world of woe,
Sinne and her shadow Death, and Miserie
Deaths Harbinger Sad task, yet argument
Not less but more Heroic then the wrauth
Of stern *Achilles* on his Foe pursu'd
Thrice Fugitive about *Troy* Wall, or rage
Of *Turnus* for *Lavinia* disespous'd,
Or *Neptun's* ire or *Juno's*, that so long
Perplex'd the *Greek* and *Cytherea's* Son,
If answerable style I can obtaine
Of my Celestial Patroness, who deignes
Her nightly visitation unimplor'd,
And dictates to me slumbring, or inspires

Easie my unpremeditated Verse
Since first this Subject for Heroic Song
Pleas d me long choosing and beginning late
Not sedulous by Nature to indite
Warrs hitherto the onely Argument
Heroic deem d chief maistrie to dissect
With long and tedious havoc fabl d Knights
In Battels feign d the better fortitude
Of Patience and Heroic Martyrdom
Unsung or to describe Races and Games
Or tilting Furniture emblazon d Shields
Impreses quaint Caparisons and Steeds
Bases and tinsel Trappings gorgious Knights
At Joust and Torneament then marshal d Feast
Serv d up in Hall with Sewers and Seneshals
The skill of Artifice or Office mean
Not that which justly gives Heroic name
To Person or to Poem Mee of these
Nor skilld nor studious higher Argument
Remaines sufficient of it self to raise
That name unless an age too late or cold
Climat or Years damp may intended wing
Deprest and much they may if all be mine
Not Hers who brings it nightly to my Ear
The Sun was sunk and after him the Starr
Of *Hesperus* whose Office is to bring
Twilight upon the Earth short Arbiter
Twixt Day and Night and now from end to end
Nights Hemisphere had veild the Horizon round
When *Satan* who late fled before the threats
Of *Gabriel* out of *Eden* now improv d
In meditated fraud and malice bent
On mans destruction maugre what might hap
Of heavier on himself fearless return d
By Night he fled and at Midnight return d
From compassing the Earth cautious of day
Since *Uriel* Regent of the Sun descri d
His entrance and forewarnd the Cherubim
That kept thir watch thence full of anguish driv n
The space of seven continu d Nights he rode
With darkness thrice the Equinoctial Line
He circl d four times cross d the Carr of Night
From Pole to Pole traversing each Colure
On the eighth return d and on the Coast averse
From entrance or Cherubic Watch by stealth
Found unsuspected way There was a place

Now not, though Sin, not Time, first wraught the change,
Where *Tigris* at the foot of Paradise
Into a Gulf shot under ground, till part
Rose up a Fountain by the Tree of Life,
In with the River sunk, and with it rose
Satan involv'd in rising Mist, then sought
Where to lie hid, Sea he had searcht and Land
From *Eden* over *Pontus*, and the Poole
Mæotis, up beyond the River *Ob*,
Downward as farr Antartic, and in length
West from *Orontes* to the Ocean barr'd
At *Darien*, thence to the Land where flowes
Ganges and *Indus* thus the Orb he roam'd
With narrow search, and with inspection deep
Consider'd every Creature, which of all
Most opportune might serve his Wiles, and found
The Serpent suttlest Beast of all the Field
Him after long debate, irresolute
Of thoughts revolv'd, his final sentence chose
Fit Vessel, fittest Imp of fraud, in whom
To enter, and his dark suggestions hide
From sharpest sight for in the wilie Snake,
Whatever sleights none would suspicious mark,
As from his wit and native suttletie
Proceeding, which in other Beasts observ'd
Doubt might beget of Diabolic pow'r
Active within beyond the sense of brute
Thus he resolv'd, but first from inward griefe
His bursting passion into plaints thus pour'd
O Earth, how like to Heav'n, if not preferr'd
More justly, Seat worthier of Gods, as built
With second thoughts, reforming what was old!
For what God after better worse would build?
Terrestrial Heav'n, danc't round by other Heav'ns
That shine, yet bear thir bright officious Lamps,
Light above Light, for thee alone, as seems,
In thee concentring all thir precious beams
Of sacred influence As God in Heav'n
Is Center, yet extends to all, so thou
Centring receav'st from all those Orbs, in thee,
Not in themselves, all thir known vertue appeers
Productive in Herb, Plant, and nobler birth
Of Creatures animate with gradual life
Of Growth, Sense, Reason, all summ'd up in Man
With what delight could I have walk't thee round

If I could joy in aught sweet interchange
Of Hill and Vallie Rivers Woods and Plaines
Now Land now Sea & Shores with Forrest crownd
Rocks Dens and Caves but I in none of these
Find place or refuge and the more I see
Pleasures about me so much more I feel
Torment within me as from the hateful siege
Of contraries all good to me becomes
Bane and in Heav'n much worse would be my state
But neither here seek I no nor in Heav'n
To dwell unless by maistring Heav'ns Supreame
Nor hope to be my self less miserable
By what I seek but others to make such
As I though thereby worse to me redound
For onely in destroying I finde ease
To my relentless thoughts and him destroyd
Or won to what may work his utter loss
For whom all this was made all this will soon
Follow as to him linkt in weal or woe
In wo then that destruction wide may range
To mee shall be the glorie sole among
The infernal Powers in one day to have marr'd
What he *Almightie* styl'd six Nights and Days
Continu'd making and who knows how long
Before had bin contriving though perhaps
Not longer then since I in one Night freed
From servitude inglorious welnigh half
Th' Angelic Name and thinner left the throng
Of his adorers hee to be aveng'd
And to repaire his numbers thus impair'd
Whether such vertue spent of old now faild
More Angels to Create if they at least
Are his Created or to spite us more
Determin'd to advance into our room
A Creature form'd of Earth and him endow
Exalted from so base original
With Heav'nly spoils our spoils What he decreed
He effected Man he made and for him built
Magnificent this World and Earth his seat
Him Lord pronounc'd and O indignitie!
Subjected to his service Angel wings
And flaming Ministers to watch and tend
Thir earthie Charge Of these the vigilance
I dread and to elude thus wrapt in mist
Of midnight vapor glide obscure, and prie
In every Bush and Brake where hap may finde

The Serpent sleeping, in whose mazie foulds
To hide me, and the dark intent I bring
O foul descent! that I who erst contended
With Gods to sit the highest, am now constraind
Into a Beast, and mixt with bestial slime,
This essence to incarnate and imbrute,
That to the hight of Deitie aspir'd,
But what will not Ambition and Revenge
Descend to? who aspires must down as low
As high he soard, obnoxious first or last
To basest things Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long back on it self recoiles,
Let it, I reck not, so it light well aim'd,
Since higher I fall short, on him who next
Provokes my envie, this new Favorite
Of Heav'n, this Man of Clay, Son of despite,
Whom us the more to spite his Maker rais'd
From dust spite then with spite is best repaid
  So saying, through each Thicket Danck or Drie,
Like a black mist low creeping, he held on
His midnight search, where soonest he might finde
The Serpent him fast sleeping soon he found
In Labyrinth of many a round self-rowld,
His head the midst, well stor'd with suttle wiles
Not yet in horrid Shade or dismal Den,
Not nocent yet, but on the grassie Herbe
Fearless unfeard he slept in at his Mouth
The Devil enterd, and his brutal sense,
In heart or head, possessing soon inspir'd
With act intelligential, but his sleep
Disturb'd not, waiting close th' approach of Morn
Now whenas sacred Light began to dawne
In *Eden* on the humid Flours, that breathd
Thir morning Incense, when all things that breath,
From th' Earths great Altar send up silent praise
To the Creator, and his Nostrils fill
With gratefull Smell, forth came the human pair
And joynd thir vocal Worship to the Quire
Of Creatures wanting voice, that done, partake
The season, prime for sweetest Sents and Aires
Then commune how that day they best may ply
Thir growing work for much thir work outgrew
The hands dispatch of two Gardning so wide
And *Eve* first to her Husband thus began
  Adam, well may we labour still to dress
This Garden, still to tend Plant, Herb and Flour

Our pleasant task enjoyn d but till more hands
Aid us the work under our labour grows
Luxurious by restraint what we by day
Lop overgrown or prune or prop or bind
One night or two with wanton growth derides
Tending to wilde Thou therefore now advise
Or hear what to my mind first thoughts present
Let us divide our labours thou where choice
Leads thee or where most needs whether to wind
The Woodbine round this Arbour or direct
The clasping Ivie where to climb while I
In yonder Spring of Roses intermixt
With Myrtle find what to redress till Noon
For while so near each other thus all day
Our task we choose what wonder if so near
Looks intervene and smiles or object new
Casual discourse draw on which intermits
Our dayes work brought to little though begun
Early and th hour of Supper comes unearn d
To whom mild answer *Adam* thus return d
Sole *E e* Associate sole to me beyond
Compare above all living Creatures deare
Well hast thou motion d wel thy thoughts imploy d
How we might best fulfill the work which here
God hath assign d us nor of me shalt pass
Unprais d for nothing lovelier can be found
In woman then to studie houshold good
And good workes in her Husband to promote
Yet not so strictly hath our Lord impos d
Labour as to debarr us when we need
Refreshment whether food or talk between
Food of the mind or this sweet intercourse
Of looks and smiles for smiles from Reason flow
To brute deni d and are of Love the food
Love not the lowest end of human life
For not to irksom toile but to delight
He made us and delight to Reason joyn d
These paths and Bowers doubt not but our joynt hands
Will keep from Wilderness with ease as wide
As we need walk till younger hands ere long
Assist us But if much converse perhaps
Thee satiate to short absence I could yeild
For solitude somtimes is best societie
And short retirement urges sweet returne
But other doubt possesses me least harm
Befall thee sever d from me for thou knowst

What hath bin warn'd us, what malicious Foe
Envying our happiness, and of his own
Despairing, seeks to work us woe and shame
By sly assault, and somwhere nigh at hand
Watches, no doubt, with greedy hope to find
His wish and best advantage, us asunder,
Hopeless to circumvent us joynd, where each
To other speedie aide might lend at need,
Whether his first design be to withdraw
Our fealtie from God, or to disturb
Conjugal Love, then which perhaps no bliss
Enjoy'd by us excites his envie more,
Or this, or worse, leave not the faithful side
That gave thee being, stil shades thee and protects
The Wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her Husband staies,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures
  To whom the Virgin Majestie of *Eve*,
As one who loves, and some unkindness meets,
With sweet austeer composure thus reply'd
  Ofspring of Heav'n and Earth, and all Earths Lord
That such an Enemie we have, who seeks
Our ruin, both by thee informd I learne,
And from the parting Angel over-heard
As in a shadie nook I stood behind,
Just then returnd at shut of Evening Flours
But that thou shouldst my firmness therfore doubt
To God or thee, because we have a foe
May tempt it, I expected not to hear
His violence thou fearst not, being such,
As wee, not capable of death or paine,
Can either not receave, or can repell
His fraud is then thy fear, which plain inferrs
Thy equal fear that my firm Faith and Love
Can by his fraud be shak'n or seduc't,
Thoughts, which how found they harbour in thy brest,
Adam, missthought of her to thee so dear?
  To whom with healing words *Adam* reply'd
Daughter of God and Man, immortal *Eve*,
For such thou art, from sin and blame entire
Not diffident of thee do I dissuade
Thy absence from my sight, but to avoid
Th' attempt it self, intended by our Foe
For hee who tempts, though in vain, at least asperses
The tempted with dishonour foul, suppos'd
Not incorruptible of Faith, not prooff

Against temptation thou thy self with scorne
And anger wouldst resent the offer'd wrong
Though ineffectual found misdeem not then
If such affront I labour to avert
From thee alone which on us both at once
The Enemie though bold will hardly dare
Or daring first on mee th' assault shall light
Nor thou his malice and false guile contemn
Suttle he needs must be who could seduce
Angels nor think superfluous others aid
I from the influence of thy looks receave
Access in every Vertue in thy sight
More wise more watchful stronger if need were
Of outward strength while shame thou looking on
Shame to be overcome or over reacht
Would utmost vigor raise and rais'd unite
Why shouldst not thou like sense within thee feel
When I am present and thy trial choose
With me best witness of thy Vertue tri'd
So spake domestick *Adam* in his care
And Matrimonial Love but *Eve* who thought
Less attributed to her Faith sincere
Thus her reply with accent sweet renew'd
If this be our condition thus to dwell
In narrow circuit strait'nd by a Foe
Suttle or violent we not endu'd
Single with like defence wherever met
How are we happie still in fear of harm?
But harm precedes not sin onely our Foe
Tempting affronts us with his foul esteem
Of our integritie his foul esteeme
Stick's no dishonor on our Front but turns
Foul on himself then wherfore shund or feard
By us? who rather double honour gaine
From his surmise prov'd false finde peace within,
Favour from Heav'n our witness from th' event
And what is Faith Love Vertue unassaid
Alone without exterior help sustaind?
Let us not then suspect our happie State
Left so imperfet by the Maker wise
As not secure to single or combin'd.
Fraile is our happiness, if this be so
And *Eden* were no *Eden* thus expos'd.
To whom thus Adam fervently repli'd
O Woman best are all things as the will
Of God ordaind them his creating hand

Nothing imperfet or deficient left
Of all that he Created, much less Man,
Or ought that might his happie State secure,
Secure from outward force, within himself
The danger lies, yet lies within his power
Against his will he can receave no harme
But God left free the Will, for what obeyes
Reason, is free, and Reason he made right
But bid her well beware, and still erect,
Least by some faire appeering good surpris'd
She dictate false, and missinforme the Will
To do what God expressly hath forbid
Not then mistrust, but tender love enjoynes,
That I should mind thee oft, and mind thou me
Firm we subsist, yet possible to swerve,
Since Reason not impossibly may meet
Some specious object by the Foe subornd,
And fall into deception unaware,
Not keeping strictest watch, as she was warnd
Seek not temptation then, which to avoide
Were better, and most likelie if from mee
Thou sever not Trial will come unsought
Wouldst thou approve thy constancie, approve
First thy obedience, th' other who can know,
Not seeing thee attempted, who attest?
But if thou think, trial unsought may finde
Us both securer then thus warnd thou seemst,
Go, for thy stay, not free, absents thee more,
Go in thy native innocence, relie
On what thou hast of vertue, summon all,
For God towards thee hath done his part, do thine
  So spake the Patriarch of Mankinde, but *Eve*
Persisted, yet submiss, though last, repli'd
With thy permission then, and thus forewarnd
Chiefly by what thy own last reasoning words
Touchd onely, that our trial, when least sought,
May finde us both perhaps farr less prepar'd,
The willinger I goe, nor much expect
A Foe so proud will first the weaker seek,
So bent, the more shall shame him his repulse
Thus saying, from her Husbands hand her hand
Soft she withdrew, and like a Wood-Nymph light
Oread or *Dryad*, or of *Delia's* Traine,
Betook her to the Groves, but *Delia's* self
In gate surpass'd and Goddess-like deport,
Though not as shee with Bow and Quiver armd,

But with such Gardning Tools as Art yet rude
Guiltless of fire had formd or Angels brought
To *Pales* or *Pomona* thus adornd
Likest she seemd *Pomona* when she fled
Vertumnus or to *Ceres* in her Prime
Yet Virgin of *Proserpina* from *Jove*
Her long with ardent look his Eye pursu'd
Delighted but desiring more her stay
Oft he to her his charge of quick returne
Repeated shee to him as oft engag'd
To be returnd by Noon amid the Bowre,
And all things in best order to invite
Noontide repast or Afternoons repose
O much deceav'd much failing hapless *Eve*
Of thy presum'd return! event perverse!
Thou never from that houre in Paradise
Foundst either sweet repast or sound repose
Such ambush hid among sweet Flours and Shades
Waited with hellish rancor imminent
To intercept thy way or send thee back
Despoild of Innocence of Faith of Bliss
For now and since first break of dawne the Fiend
Meer Serpent in appearance forth was come
And on his Quest where likeliest he might finde
The onely two of Mankinde but in them
The whole included Race his purposd prey
In Bowre and Field he sought where any tuft
Of Grove or Garden Plot more pleasant lay
Thir tendance or Plantation for delight
By *Fountain or by shadie Rivulet*
He sought them both but wish'd his hap might find
Eve separate he wish'd but not with hope
Of what so seldom chanc'd when to his wish
Beyond his hope *Eve* separate he spies
Veil'd in a Cloud of Fragrance where she stood
Half spi'd so thick the Roses bushing round
About her glow'd oft stooping to support
Each Flour of slender stalk whose head though gay
Carnation Purple Azure or spect with Gold
Hung drooping unsustaind them she upstaies
Gently with Mirtle band mindless the while
Her self though fairest unsupported Flour
From her best prop so farr and storm so nigh.
Neerer he drew and many a walk travers'd
Of stateliest Covert Cedar Pine or Palme
Then voluble and bold, now hid now seen

Among thick-wov'n Arborets and Flours
Imborderd on each Bank, the hand of *Eve*
Spot more delicious then those Gardens feign'd
Or of reviv'd *Adonis*, or renownd
Alcinous, host of old *Laertes* Son,
Or that, not Mystic, where the Sapient King
Held dalliance with his faire *Egyptian* Spouse
Much hee the Place admir'd, the Person more
As one who long in populous City pent,
Where Houses thick and Sewers annoy the Aire,
Forth issuing on a Summers Morn to breathe
Among the pleasant Villages and Farmes
Adjoynd, from each thing met conceaves delight,
The smell of Grain, or tedded Grass, or Kine
Or Dairie, each rural sight, each rural sound,
If chance with Nymphlike step fair Virgin pass,
What pleasing seemd, for her now pleases more,
She most, and in her looks summs all Delight
Such Pleasure took the Serpent to behold
This Flourie Plat, the sweet recess of *Eve*
Thus earlie, thus alone, her Heav'nly forme
Angelic, but more soft, and Feminine,
Her graceful Innocence, her every Aire
Of gesture or lest action overaw'd
His Malice, and with rapine sweet bereav'd
His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought
That space the Evil one abstracted stood
From his own evil, and for the time remaind
Stupidly good, of enmitie disarm'd,
Of guile, of hate, of envie, of revenge,
But the hot Hell that alwayes in him burnes,
Though in mid Heav'n, soon ended his delight,
And tortures him now more, the more he sees
Of pleasure not for him ordain'd then soon
Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts
Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites
  Thoughts, whither have ye led me, with what sweet
Compulsion thus transported to forget
What hither brought us, hate, nor love, nor hope
Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste
Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,
Save what is in destroying, other joy
To me is lost Then let me not let pass
Occasion which now smiles, behold alone
The Woman, opportune to all attempts,
Her Husband, for I view far round, not nigh,

Whose higher intellectual more I shun
And strength of courage hautie and of limb
Heroic built though o terrestrial mould
Foe not informidable exempt from wound
I not so much hath Hell debas d and paine
Infeebl d me to what I was in Heav n
Shee fair divinely fair fit Love for Gods
Not terrible though terrour be in Love
And beautie not approacht by stronger hate
Hate stronger under shew of Love well feign d
The way which to her ruin now I tend
  So spake the Enemie of Mankind enclos d
In Serpent Inmate bad and toward *Eve*
Address d his way not with indented wave
Prone on the ground as since but on his reare
Circular base of rising foulds that tour d
Fould above fould a surging Maze his Head
Crested aloft and Carbuncle his Eyes
With burnisht Neck of verdant Gold erect
Amidst his circling Spires that on the grass
Floted redundant pleasing was his shape
And lovely never since of Serpent kind
Lovelier not those that in *Illyria* chang d
Hermione and *Cadmus* or the God
In *Epidaurus* nor to which transformd
Ammonian Jove or *Capitoline* was seen
Hee with *Olympias* this with her who bore
Scipio the highth of *Rome* With tract oblique
At first as one who sought access but feard
To interrupt side long he works his way
As when a Ship by skilful Stearsman wrought
Nigh Rivers mouth or Foreland where the Wind
Veres oft as oft so steers and shifts her Saile
So varied hee and of his tortuous Traine
Curld many a wanton wreath in sight of *Eve*
To lure her Eye shee busied heard the sound
Of rusling Leaves but minded not as us d
To such disport before her through the Field
From every Beast more duteous at her call
Then at *Circean* call the Herd disguis d
Hee boulder now uncall d before her stood
But as in gaze admiring Oft he bow d
His turret Crest, and sleek enamel d Neck
Fawning, and lick d the ground whereon she trod.
His gentle dumb expression turn d at length
The Eye of *Eve* to mark his play he glad

Of her attention gaind, with Serpent Tongue
Organic, or impulse of vocal Air,
His fraudulent temptation thus began
  Wonder not, sovran Mistress, if perhaps
Thou canst, who art sole Wonder, much less arm
Thy looks, the Heav'n of mildness, with disdain,
Displeas'd that I approach thee thus, and gaze
Insatiate, I thus single, nor have feard
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir'd
Fairest resemblance of thy Maker faire,
Thee all things living gaze on, all things thine
By gift, and thy Celestial Beautie adore
With ravishment beheld, there best beheld
Where universally admir'd but here
In this enclosure wild, these Beasts among,
Beholders rude, and shallow to discerne
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who shouldst be seen
A Goddess among Gods, ador'd and serv'd
By Angels numberless, thy daily Train
  So gloz'd the Tempter, and his Proem tun'd,
Into the Heart of *Eve* his words made way,
Though at the voice much marveling, at length
Not unamaz'd she thus in answer spake
What may this mean? Language of Man pronounc't
By Tongue of Brute, and human sense exprest?
The first at lest of these I thought deni'd
To Beasts, whom God on thir Creation-Day
Created mute to all articulat sound,
The latter I demurre, for in thir looks
Much reason, and in thir actions oft appeers
Thee, Serpent, suttlest beast of all the field
I knew, but not with human voice endu'd,
Redouble then this miracle, and say,
How cam'st thou speakable of mute, and how
To me so friendly grown above the rest
Of brutal kind, that daily are in sight?
Say, for such wonder claims attention due
  To whom the guileful Tempter thus reply'd
Empress of this fair World, resplendent *Eve*,
Easie to mee it is to tell thee all
What thou commandst and right thou shouldst be
    obeyd
I was at first as other Beasts that graze
The trodden Herb, of abject thoughts and low,
As was my food, nor aught but food discern'd

Or Sex and apprehended nothing high
Till on a day roaving the field I chanc d
A goodly Tree farr distant to behold
Loaden with fruit of fairest colours mixt
Ruddie and Gold I nearer drew to gaze
When from the boughes a savorie odour blown
Grateful to appetite more pleas d my sense
Then smell of sweetest Fenel or the Teats
Of Ewe or Goat dropping with Milk at Eevn
Unsuckt of Lamb or Kid that tend thir play
To satisfie the sharp desire I had
Of tasting those fair Apples I resolv d
Not to deferr hunger and thirst at once
Powerful perswaders quick nd at the scent
Of that alluring fruit urg d me so keene
About the Mossie Trunk I wound me soon
For high from ground the branches would require
Thy utmost reach or *Adams* Round the Tree
All other Beasts that saw with like desire
Longing and envying stood but could not reach
Amid the Tree now got where plentie hung
Tempting so nigh to pluck and eat my fill
I spar d not for such pleasure till that hour
At Feed or Fountain never had I found
Sated at length ere long I might perceave
Strange alteration in me to degree
Of Reason in my inward Powers and Speech
Wanted not long though to this shape retaind
Thenceforth to Speculations high or deep
I turnd my thoughts and with capacious mind
Considerd all things visible in Heav n
Or Earth or Middle all things fair and good
But all that fair and good in thy Divine
Semblance and in thy Beauties heav nly Ray
United I beheld no Fair to thine
Equivalent or second which compel d
Mee thus though importune perhaps to come
And gaze and worship thee of right declar d
Sov ran of Creatures universal Dame
  So talk d the spirited sly Snake and *Eve*
Yet more amaz d unwarie thus reply d
  Serpent thy overpraising leaves in doubt
The vertue of that Fruit in thee first prov d
But say where grows the Tree from hence how far?
For many are the Trees of God that grow
In Paradise and various yet unknown

To us, in such abundance lies our choice,
As leaves a greater store of Fruit untoucht,
Still hanging incorruptible, till men
Grow up to thir provision, and more hands
Help to disburden Nature of her Bearth
  To whom the wilie Adder, blithe and glad
Empress, the way is readie, and not long,
Beyond a row of Myrtles, on a Flat,
Fast by a Fountain, one small Thicket past
Of blowing Myrrh and Balme, if thou accept
My conduct, I can bring thee thither soon
  Lead then, said *Eve* Hee leading swiftly rowld
In tangles, and made intricate seem strait,
To mischief swift Hope elevates, and joy
Bright'ns his Crest, as when a wandring Fire
Compact of unctuous vapor, which the Night
Condenses, and the cold invirons round,
Kindl'd through agitation to a Flame,
Which oft, they say, some evil Spirit attends,
Hovering and blazing with delusive Light,
Misleads th' amaz'd Night-wanderer from his way
To Boggs and Mires, & oft through Pond or Poole,
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour farr
So glister'd the dire Snake, and into fraud
Led *Eve* our credulous Mother, to the Tree
Of prohibition, root of all our woe,
Which when she saw, thus to her guide she spake
  Serpent, we might have spar'd our coming hither,
Fruitless to me, though Fruit be here to excess,
The credit of whose vertue rest with thee,
Wondrous indeed, if cause of such effects
But of this Tree we may not taste nor touch,
God so commanded, and left that Command
Sole Daughter of his voice, the rest, we live
Law to our selves, our Reason is our Law
  To whom the Tempter guilefully repli'd
Indeed? hath God then said that of the Fruit
Of all these Garden Trees ye shall not eate,
Yet Lords declar'd of all in Earth or Aire?
  To whom thus *Eve* yet sinless Of the Fruit
Of each Tree in the Garden we may eate,
But of the Fruit of this fair Tree amidst
The Garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eate
Thereof, nor shall ye touch it, least ye die
  She scarse had said, though brief, when now more bold
The Tempter, but with shew of Zeale and Love

To Man and indignation at his wrong
New part puts on and as to passion mov d
Fluctuats disturbd yet comely and in act
Rais d as of som great matter to begin
As when of old som Orator renound
In *Athens* or free *Rome* where Eloquence
Flourishd since mute to som great cause addrest
Stood in himself collected while each part
Motion each act won audience ere the tongue
Somtimes in highth began as no delay
Of Preface brooking through his Zeal of Right
So standing moving or to highth upgrown
The Tempter all impassiond thus began
O Sacred Wise and Wisdom giving Plant
Mother of Science Now I feel thy Power
Within me cleere not onely to discerne
Things in thir Causes but to trace the wayes
Of highest Agents deemd however wise
Queen of this Universe doe not believe
Those rigid threats of Death ye shall not Die
How should ye? by the Fruit? it gives you Life
To Knowledge By the Threatner? look on mee
Mee who have touch d and tasted yet both live
And life more perfet have attaind then Fate
Meant mee by ventring higher then my Lot
Shall that be shut to Man which to the Beast
Is open? or will God incense his ire
For such a petty Trespass and not praise
Rather your dauntless vertue whom the pain
Of Death denounc t whatever thing Death be
Deterrd not from atchieving what might leade
To happier life knowledge of Good and Evil
Of good how just? of evil if what is evil
Be real why not known since easier shunnd?
God therefore cannot hurt ye and be just
Not just, not God not feard then nor obeid
Your feare it self of Death removes the feare
Why then was this forbid? Why but to awe
Why but to keep ye low and ignorant
His worshippers he knows that in the day
Ye Eate thereof your Eyes that seem so cleere
Yet are but dim shall perfetly be then
Op nd and cleerd and ye shall be as Gods
Knowing both Good and Evil as they know
That ye should be as Gods, since I as Man,
Internal Man is but proportion meet,

I of brute human, yee of human Gods
So ye shall die perhaps, by putting off
Human, to put on Gods, death to be wisht,
Though threat'nd, which no worse then this can bring
And what are Gods that Man may not become
As they, participating God-like food?
The Gods are first, and that advantage use
On our belief, that all from them proceeds,
I question it, for this fair Earth I see,
Warm'd by the Sun, producing every kind,
Them nothing If they all things, who enclos'd
Knowledge of Good and Evil in this Tree,
That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains
Wisdom without their leave? and wherein lies
Th' offence, that Man should thus attain to know?
What can your knowledge hurt him, or this Tree
Impart against his will if all be his?
Or is it envie, and can envie dwell
In heav'nly brests? these, these and many more
Causes import your need of this fair Fruit
Goddess humane, reach then, and freely taste
   He ended, and his words replete with guile
Into her heart too easie entrance won
Fixt on the Fruit she gaz'd, which to behold
Might tempt alone, and in her ears the sound
Yet rung of his perswasive words, impregn'd
With Reason, to her seeming, and with Truth,
Meanwhile the hour of Noon drew on, and wak'd
An eager appetite, rais'd by the smell
So savorie of that Fruit, which with desire,
Inclinable now grown to touch or taste,
Sollicited her longing eye, yet first
Pausing a while, thus to her self she mus'd
   Great are thy Vertues, doubtless, best of Fruits,
Though kept from Man, & worthy to be admir'd,
Whose taste, too long forborn, at first assay
Gave elocution to the mute, and taught
The Tongue not made for Speech to speak thy praise
Thy praise hee also who forbids thy use,
Conceales not from us, naming thee the Tree
Of Knowledge, knowledge both of good and evil,
Forbids us then to taste, but his forbidding
Commends thee more, while it inferrs the good
By thee communicated, and our want
For good unknown, sure is not had, or had
And yet unknown, is as not had at all

In plain then what forbids he but to know
Forbids us good forbids us to be wise?
Such prohibitions binde not But if Death
Bind us with after bands what profits then
Our inward freedom? In the day we eate
Of this fair Fruit our doom is we shall die
How dies the Serpent? hee hath eat n and lives
And knows and speaks and reasons and discernes
Irrational till then For us alone
Was death invented? or to us deni d
This intellectual food for beasts reserv d?
For Beasts it seems yet that one Beast which first
Hath tasted envies not but brings with joy
The good befall n him Author unsuspect
Friendly to man farr from deceit or guile
What fear I then rather what know to feare
Under this ignorance of Good and Evil
Of God or Death of Law or Penaltie?
Here grows the Cure of all this Fruit Divine
Fair to the Eye inviting to the Taste
Of vertue to make wise what hinders then
To reach and feed at once both Bodie and Mind?
So saying her rash hand in evil hour
Forth reaching to the Fruit she pluck d she eat
Earth felt the wound and Nature from her seat
Sighing through all her Works gave signs of woe
That all was lost. Back to the Thicket slunk
The guiltie Serpent and well might for *Eve*
Intent now wholly on her taste naught else
Regarded such delight till then as seemd
In Fruit she never tasted whether true
Or fansied so through expectation high
Of knowledg nor was God head from her thought
Greedily she ingorg d without restraint
And knew not eating Death Satiate at length
And hight nd as with Wine jocond and boon
Thus to her self she pleasingly began
O Sovran vertuous precious of all Trees
In Paradise of operation blest
To Sapience hitherto obscur d infam d
And thy fair Fruit let hang as to no end
Created but henceforth my early care
Not without Song each Morning and due praise
Shall tend thee and the fertil burden ease
Of thy full branches offer d free to all
Till dieted by thee I grow mature

In knowledge, as the Gods who all things know;
Though others envie what they cannot give;
For had the gift bin theirs, it had not here
Thus grown. Experience, next to thee I owe,
Best guide; not following thee, I had remaind
In ignorance, thou op'nst Wisdoms way,
And giv'st access, though secret she retire.
And I perhaps am secret; Heav'n is high,
High and remote to see from thence distinct
Each thing on Earth; and other care perhaps
May have diverted from continual watch
Our great Forbidder, safe with all his Spies
About him. But to *Adam* in what sort
Shall I appeer? shall I to him make known
As yet my change, and give him to partake
Full happiness with mee, or rather not,
But keep the odds of Knowledge in my power
Without Copartner? so to add what wants
In Femal Sex, the more to draw his Love,
And render me more equal, and perhaps,
A thing not undesirable, somtime
Superior; for inferior who is free?
This may be well: but what if God have seen,
And Death ensue? then I shall be no more,
And *Adam* wedded to another *Eve*,
Shall live with her enjoying, I extinct;
A death to think. Confirm'd then I resolve,
Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe:
So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
I could endure, without him live no life.
  So saying, from the Tree her step she turnd,
But first low Reverence don, as to the power
That dwelt within, whose presence had infus'd
Into the plant sciential sap, deriv'd
From Nectar, drink of Gods. *Adam* the while
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest Flours a Garland to adorne
Her Tresses, and her rural labours crown,
As Reapers oft are wont thir Harvest Queen.
Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd;
Yet oft his heart, divine of somthing ill,
Misgave him; hee the faultring measure felt;
And forth to meet her went, the way she took
That Morn when first they parted; by the Tree
Of Knowledge he must pass, there he her met,

Scarse from the Tree returning in her hand
A bough of fairest fruit that downie smil'd
New gatherd and ambrosial smell diffus'd
To him she hasted in her face excuse
Came Prologue and Apologie to prompt
Which with bland words at will she thus addrest
  Hast thou not wonderd *Adam* at my stay?
Thee I have misst and thought it long depriv'd
Thy presence agonie of love till now
Not felt nor shall be twice for never more
Mean I to trie what rash untri'd I sought
The paine of absence from thy sight But strange
Hath bin the cause and wonderful to heare
This Tree is not as we are told a Tree
Of danger tasted nor to evil unknown
Op'ning the way but of Divine effect
To open Eyes and make them Gods who taste
And hath bin tasted such the Serpent wise
Or not restraind as wee or not obeying
Hath eat'n of the fruit and is become
Not dead as we are threatn'd but thenceforth
Endu'd with human voice and human sense
Reasoning to admiration and with mee
Perswasively hath so prevaild that I
Have also tasted and have also found
Th' effects to correspond opener mine Eyes
Dimm erst dilated Spirits ampler Heart
And growing up to Godhead which for thee
Chiefly I sought without thee can despise
For bliss as thou hast part to me is bliss
Tedious unshar'd with thee and odious soon
Thou therfore also taste that equal Lot
May joyne us equal Joy as equal Love
Least thou not tasting different degree
Disjoyne us and I then too late renounce
Deitie for thee when Fate will not permit
  Thus *Eve* with Countnance blithe her storie told
But in her Cheek distemper flushing glow'd
On th' other side *Adam* soon as he heard
The fatal Trespass done by *Eve* amaz'd
Astonied stood and Blank while horror chill
Ran through his veins and all his joynts relax'd
From his slack hand the Garland wreath'd for *Eve*
Down drop'd and all the faded Roses shed
Speechless he stood and pale till thus at length
First to himself he inward silence broke

O fairest of Creation, last and best
Of all Gods Works, Creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be formd,
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost, how on a sudden lost,
Defac't, deflourd, and now to Death devote?
Rather how hast thou yeelded to transgress
The strict forbiddance, how to violate
The sacred Fruit forbidd'n! som cursed fraud
Of Enemie hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,
And mee with thee hath ruind, for with thee
Certain my resolution is to Die,
How can I live without thee, how forgoe
Thy sweet Converse and Love so dearly joyn'd,
To live again in these wilde Woods forlorn?
Should God create another *Eve*, and I
Another Rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart, no no, I feel
The Link of Nature draw me Flesh of Flesh,
Bone of my Bone thou art, and from thy State
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe
So having said, as one from sad dismay
Recomforted, and after thoughts disturbd
Submitting to what seemd remediless,
Thus in calme mood his Words to *Eve* he turnd
Bold deed thou hast presum'd, adventrous *Eve*
And peril great provok't, who thus hast dar'd
Had it bin onely coveting to Eye
That sacred Fruit, sacred to abstinence,
Much more to taste it under banne to touch
But past who can recall, or don undoe?
Not God Omnipotent, nor Fate, yet so
Perhaps thou shalt not Die, perhaps the Fact
Is not so hainous now, foretasted Fruit,
Profan'd first by the Serpent, by him first
Made common and unhallowd ere our taste,
Nor yet on him found deadly, he yet lives,
Lives, as thou saidst, and gaines to live as Man
Higher degree of Life, inducement strong
To us, as likely tasting to attaine
Proportional ascent, which cannot be
But to be Gods, or Angels Demi-gods
Nor can I think that God, Creator wise,
Though threatning, will in earnest so destroy
Us his prime Creatures, dignifi'd so high,
Set over all his Works, which in our Fall,

For us created needs with us must faile
Dependent made so God shall uncreate
Be frustrate do undo and labour loose
Not well conceav d of God who though his Power
Creation could repeate yet would be loath
Us to abolish least the Adversary
Triumph and say Fickle their State whom God
Most Favors who can please him long? Mee first
He ruind now Mankind whom will he next?
Matter of scorne not to be given the Foe
However I with thee have fixt my Lot
Certain to undergoe like doom if Death
Consort with thee Death is to mee as Life
So forcible within my heart I feel
The Bond of Nature draw me to my owne
My own in thee for what thou art is mine
Our State cannot be severd we are one
One Flesh to loose thee were to loose my self
So *Adam* and thus *Eve* to him repli d
O glorious trial of exceeding Love
Illustrious evidence example high!
Ingaging me to emulate, but short
Of thy perfection how shall I attaine
Adam from who e deare side I boast me sprung
And gladly of our Union heare thee speak
One Heart one Soul in both whereof good prooff
This day affords declaring thee resolv d
Rather then Death or aught then Death more dread
Shall separate us linkt in Love so deare
To undergoe with mee one Guilt one Crime
If any be of tasting this fair Fruit
Whose vertue for of good still good proceeds
Direct or by occasion hath presented
This happie trial of thy Love which else
So eminently never had bin known
Were it I thought Death menac t would ensue
This my attempt I would sustain alone
The worst and not perswade thee rather die
Deserted then oblige thee with a fact
Pernicious to thy Peace chiefly assur d
Remarkably so late of thy so true
So faithful Love unequald but I feel
Farr otherwise th event, not Death but Life
Augmented op nd Eyes, new Hopes, new Joyes
Taste so Divine that what of sweet before
Hath toucht my sense, flat seems to this and harsh

On my experience, *Adam*, freely taste,
And fear of Death deliver to the Windes
  So saying, she embrac'd him, and for joy
Tenderly wept, much won that he his Love
Had so enobl'd, as of choice to incurr
Divine displeasure for her sake, or Death
In recompence (for such compliance bad
Such recompence best merits) from the bough
She gave him of that fair enticing Fruit
With liberal hand he scrupl'd not to eat
Against his better knowledge, not deceav'd,
But fondly overcome with Femal charm
Earth trembl'd from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a second groan,
Skie lowr'd, and muttering Thunder, som sad drops
Wept at compleating of the mortal Sin
Original, while *Adam* took no thought,
Eating his fill, nor *Eve* to iterate
Her former trespass fear'd, the more to soothe
Him with her lov'd societie, that now
As with new Wine intoxicated both
They swim in mirth, and fansie that they feel
Divinitie within them breeding wings
Wherewith to scorn the Earth but that false Fruit
Farr other operation first displaid,
Carnal desire enflaming, hee on *Eve*
Began to cast lascivious Eyes, she him
As wantonly repaid, in Lust they burne
Till *Adam* thus 'gan *Eve* to dalliance move
  Eve, now I see thou art exact of taste,
And elegant, of Sapience no small part,
Since to each meaning savour we apply,
And Palate call judicious, I the praise
Yeild thee, so well this day thou hast purvey'd
Much pleasure we have lost, while we abstain'd
From this delightful Fruit, nor known till now
True relish, tasting, if such pleasure be
In things to us forbidden, it might be wish'd,
For this one Tree had bin forbidden ten
But come, so well refresh't, now let us play,
As meet is, after such delicious Fare,
For never did thy Beautie since the day
I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all perfections, so enflame my sense
With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever bountie of this vertuous Tree

So said he and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent well understood
Of *Eve* whose Eye darted contagious Fire
Her hand he seis d and to a shadie bank
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbowr d
He led her nothing loath Flours were the Couch
Pansies and Violets and Asphodel
And Hyacinth Earths freshest softest lap
There they thir fill of Love and Loves disport
Took largely of thir mutual guilt the Seale
The solace of thir sin till dewie sleep
Oppress d them wearied with thir amorous play
Soon as the force of that fallacious Fruit
That with exhilerating vapour bland
About thir spirits had plaid and inmost powers
Made erre was now exhal d and grosser sleep
Bred of unkindly fumes with conscious dreams
Encumberd now had left them up they rose
As from unrest and each the other viewing
Soon found thir Eyes how op nd and thir minds
How dark nd innocence that as a veile
Had shadow d them from knowing ill was gon
Just confidence and native righteousness
And honour from about them naked left
To guiltie shame hee cover d but his Robe
Uncover d more So rose the *Danite* strong
Herculean Samson from the Harlot lap
Of *Philistean Dalilah* and wak d
Shorn of his strength They destitute and bare
Of all thir vertue silent and in face
Confounded long they sate as struck n mute
Till *Adam* though not less then *Eve* abasht
At length gave utterance to these words constraind
O *Eve* in evil hour thou didst give eare
To that false Worm of whomsoever taught
To counterfet Mans voice true in our Fall
False in our promis d Rising since our Eyes
Op nd we find indeed and find we know
Both Good and Evil Good lost and Evil got
Bad Fruit of Knowledge if this be to know
Which leaves us naked thus of Honour void
Of Innocence of Faith of Puritie
Our wonted Ornaments now soild and staind
And in our Faces evident the signes
Of foul concupiscence whence evil store
Even shame the last of evils of the first

Be sure then How shall I behold the face
Henceforth of God or Angel, earst with joy
And rapture so oft beheld? those heav'nly shapes
Will dazle now this earthly, with thir blaze
Insufferably bright O might I here
In solitude live savage, in some glade
Obscur'd, where highest Woods impenetrable
To Starr or Sun-light, spread thir umbrage broad,
And brown as Evening Cover me ye Pines,
Ye Cedars, with innumerable boughs
Hide me, where I may never see them more
But let us now, as in bad plight, devise
What best may for the present serve to hide
The Parts of each from other, that seem most
To shame obnoxious, and unseemliest seen,
Some Tree whose broad smooth Leaves together sowd,
And girded on our loyns, may cover round
Those middle parts, that this new commer, Shame,
There sit not, and reproach us as unclean
   So counsel'd hee, and both together went
Into the thickest Wood, there soon they chose
The Figtree, not that kind for Fruit renown'd,
But such as at this day to *Indians* known
In *Malabar* or *Decan* spreds her Armes
Braunching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended Twigs take root, and Daughters grow
About the Mother Tree, a Pillard shade
High overarch't, and echoing Walks between
There oft the *Indian* Herdsman shunning heate
Shelters in coole, and tends his pasturing Herds
At Loopholes cut through thickest shade Those Leaves
They gatherd, broad as *Amazonian* Targe,
And with what skill they had, together sowd,
To gird thir waste, vain Covering if to hide
Thir guilt and dreaded shame, O how unlike
To that first naked Glorie Such of late
Columbus found th' *American* so girt
With featherd Cincture, naked else and wilde
Among the Trees on Iles and woodie Shores
Thus fenc't, and as they thought, thir shame in part
Coverd, but not at rest or ease of Mind,
They sate them down to weep, nor onely Teares
Raind at thir Eyes, but high Winds worse within
Began to rise, high Passions, Anger, Hate,
Mistrust, Suspicion Discord, and shook sore

Thir inward State of Mind calme Region once
And full of Peace now tost and turbulent
For Understanding rul d not and the Will
Heard not her lore both in subjection now
To sensual Appetite who from beneathe
Usurping over sov ran Reason claimd
Superior sway From thus distemperd brest
Adam estrang d in look and alterd stile
Speech intermitted thus to *Eve* renew d
  Would thou hadst heark nd to my words & stai d
With me as I besought thee when that strange
Desire of wandring this unhappie Morn
I know not whence possessd thee we had then
Remaind still happie not as now despoild
Of all our good sham d naked miserable
Let none henceforth seek needless cause to approve
The Faith they owe when earnestly they seek
Such proof conclude they then begin to faile
  To whom soon mov d with touch of blame thus *Eve*
What words have past thy Lips *Adam* severe
Imput st thou that to my default or will
Of wandering as thou call st it which who knows
But might as ill have happ nd thou being by
Or to thy self perhaps hadst thou bin there
Or here th attempt thou could st not have discernd
Fraud in the Serpent speaking as he spake
No ground of enmitie between us known
Why hee should mean me ill or seek to harme
Was I to have never parted from thy side
As good have grown there still a liveless Rib
Being as I am why didst not thou the Head
Command me absolutely not to go
Going into such danger as thou saidst?
Too facil then thou didst not much gainsay
Nay didst permit approve and fair dismiss
Hadst thou bin firm and fixt in thy dissent
Neither had I transgress d nor thou with mee
  To whom then first incenst *Adam* repli d
Is this the Love is this the recompence
Of mine to thee ingrateful *Eve* exprest
Immutable when thou wert lost not I
Who might have liv d and joy d immortal bliss
Yet willingly chose rather Death with thee
And am I now upbraided as the cause
Of thy transgressing? not enough severe
It seems in thy restraint what could I more?

I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold
The danger, and the lurking Enemie
That lay in wait, beyond this had bin force,
And force upon free Will hath here no place
But confidence then bore thee on, secure
Either to meet no danger, or to finde
Matter of glorious trial, and perhaps
I also err'd in overmuch admiring
What seemd in thee so perfet, that I thought
No evil durst attempt thee, but I rue
That errour now, which is become my crime,
And thou th' accuser Thus it shall befall
Him who to worth in Women overtrusting
Lets her Will rule, restraint she will not brook,
And left to her self, if evil thence ensue,
Shee first his weak indulgence will accuse
  Thus they in mutual accusation spent
The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemning,
And of thir vain contest appeer'd no end

BOOK X

THE *ARGUMENT*

Mans transgression known, the Guardian Angels forsake Paradise, and return up to Heaven to approve thir vigilance, and are approv'd, God declaring that The entrance of Satan *could not be by them prevented. He sends his Son to judge the Transgressors, who descends and gives Sentence accordingly; then in pity cloaths them both, and reascends.* Sin *and* Death *sitting till then at the Gates of Hell, by wondrous sympathie feeling the success of* Satan *in this new World, and the sin by Man there committed, resolve to sit no longer confin'd in Hell, but to follow* Satan *thir Sire up to the place of Man: To make the way easier from Hell to this World to and fro, they pave a broad Highway or Bridge over* Chaos, *according to the Track that* Satan *first made; then preparing for Earth, they meet him proud of his success returning to Hell; thir mutual gratulation.* Satan *arrives at* Pandemonium, *in full assembly relates with boasting his success against Man; instead of applause is entertained with a general hiss by all his audience, transform'd with himself also suddenly into* Serpents, *according to his doom giv'n in Paradise; then deluded with a shew of the forbidden Tree springing up before them, they greedily reaching to take of the Fruit, chew dust and bitter ashes. The proceedings of* Sin *and* Death; *God foretels the final Victory of his Son over them, and the renewing of all things; but for the present commands his Angels to make several alterations in the Heavens and Elements.* Adam *more and more perceiving his fall'n condition heavily bewailes, rejects the condolement of* Eve; *she persists and at length appeases him: then to evade the Curse likely to fall on thir Offspring, proposes to* Adam *violent wayes which he approves not, but conceiving better hope, puts her in mind of the late Promise made them, that her Seed should be reveng'd on the Serpent, and exhorts her with him to seek Peace of the offended Deity, by repentance and supplication.*

MEANWHILE the hainous and despightfull act
Of *Satan* done in Paradise, and how
Hee in the Serpent had perverted *Eve*,
Her Husband shee, to taste the fatall fruit,
Was known in Heav'n; for what can scape the Eye
Of God All-seeing, or deceave his Heart
Omniscient, who in all things wise and just,
Hinder'd not *Satan* to attempt the minde
Of Man, with strength entire, and free Will arm'd,
Complete to have discover'd and repulst
Whatever wiles of Foe or seeming Friend.
For still they knew, and ought to have still remember'd
The high Injunction not to taste that Fruit,
Whoever tempted; which they not obeying,
Incurr'd, what could they less, the penaltie,
And manifold in sin, deserv'd to fall.
Up into Heav'n from Paradise in hast
Th' Angelic Guards ascended, mute and sad

For Man, for of his state by this they knew,
Much wondring how the suttle Fiend had stoln
Entrance unseen Soon as th' unwelcome news
From Earth arriv'd at Heaven Gate, displeas'd
All were who heard, dim sadness did not spare
That time Celestial visages, yet mixt
With pitie, violated not thir bliss
About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
Th' ethereal People ran, to hear and know
How all befell they towards the Throne Supream
Accountable made haste to make appear
With righteous plea, thir utmost vigilance,
And easily approv'd, when the most High
Eternal Father from his secret Cloud,
Amidst in Thunder utter'd thus his voice
  Assembl'd Angels, and ye Powers return'd
From unsuccessful charge, be not dismaid,
Nor troubl'd at these tidings from the Earth,
Which your sincerest care could not prevent,
Foretold so lately what would come to pass,
When first this Tempter cross'd the Gulf from Hell
I told ye then he should prevail and speed
On his bad Errand, Man should be seduc't
And flatter'd out of all, believing lies
Against his Maker, no Decree of mine
Concurring to necessitate his Fall,
Or touch with lightest moment of impulse
His free Will, to her own inclining left
In even scale But fall'n he is, and now
What rests, but that the mortal Sentence pass
On his trangression, Death denounc't that day,
Which he presumes already vain and void,
Because not yet inflicted, as he fear'd,
By some immediate stroak, but soon shall find
Forbearance no acquittance ere day end
Justice shall not return as bountie scorn'd
But whom send I to judge them? whom but thee
Vicegerent Son, to thee I have transferr'd
All Judgement, whether in Heav'n, or Earth, or Hell
Easie it may be seen that I intend
Mercie collegue with Justice, sending thee
Mans Friend, his Mediator, his design'd
Both Ransom and Redeemer *voluntarie*,
And destin'd Man himself to judge Man fall'n
  So spake the Father, and unfoulding bright
Toward the right hand his Glorie, on the Son

Blaz'd forth unclouded Deitie he full
Resplendent all his Father manifest
Express'd and thus divinely answer'd milde
  Father Eternal thine is to decree
Mine both in Heav'n and Earth to do thy will
Supream that thou in mee thy Son belov'd
May'st ever rest well pleas'd I go to judge
On Earth these thy transgressors but thou knowst
Whoever judg'd the worst on mee must light,
When time shall be for so I undertook
Before thee and not repenting this obtaine
Of right that I may mitigate thir doom
On me deriv'd yet I shall temper so
Justice with Mercie as may illustrate most
Them fully satisfied and thee appease
Attendance none shall need nor Train where none
Are to behold the Judgement but the judg'd
Those two the third best absent is condemn'd
Convict by flight and Rebel to all Law
Conviction to the Serpent none belongs
  Thus saying from his radiant Seat he rose
Of high collateral glorie him Thrones and Powers
Princedoms and Dominations ministrant
Accompanied to Heaven Gate from whence
Eden and all the Coast in prospect lay
Down he descended strait the speed of Gods
Time counts not though with swiftest minutes wing'd
Now was the Sun in Western cadence low
From Noon and gentle Aires due at thir hour
To fan the Earth now wak'd and usher in
The Eevning coole when he from wrauth more coole
Came the mild Judge and Intercessor both
To sentence Man the voice of God they heard
Now walking in the Garden by soft windes
Brought to thir Ears while day declin'd they heard
And from his presence hid themselves among
The thickest Trees both Man and Wife till God
Approaching thus to *Adam* call'd aloud
  Where art thou *Adam* wont with joy to meet
My coming seen far off I miss thee here
Not pleas'd thus entertaind with solitude
Where obvious dutie erewhile appear'd unsaught
Or come I less conspicuous or what change
Absents thee or what chance detains Come forth
He came and with him *Eve* more loth though first
To offend discount'nanc't both and discompos'd

Love was not in thir looks, either to God
Or to each other, but apparent guilt,
And shame, and perturbation, and despaire,
Anger, and obstinacie, and hate, and guile
Whence *Adam* faultring long, thus answer'd brief
  I heard thee in the Garden, and of thy voice
Affraid, being naked, hid my self To whom
The gracious Judge without revile repli'd
  My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,
But still rejoyc't, how is it now become
So dreadful to thee? that thou art naked, who
Hath told thee? hast thou eaten of the Tree
Whereof I gave thee charge thou shouldst not eat?
  To whom thus *Adam* sore beset repli'd
O Heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand
Before my Judge, either to undergoe
My self the total Crime, or to accuse
My other self, the partner of my life,
Whose failing, while her Faith to me remaines,
I should conceal, and not expose to blame
By my complaint, but strict necessitie
Subdues me, and calamitous constraint,
Least on my head both sin and punishment,
However insupportable, be all
Devolv'd, though should I hold my peace, yet thou
Wouldst easily detect what I conceale
This Woman whom thou mad'st to be my help,
And gav'st me as thy perfet gift, so good,
So fit, so acceptable, so Divine,
That from her hand I could suspect no ill,
And what she did, whatever in it self,
Her doing seem'd to justifie the deed,
Shee gave me of the Tree, and I did eate
  To whom the sovran Presence thus repli'd
Was shee thy God, that her thou didst obey
Before his voice, or was shee made thy guide,
Superior, or but equal, that to her
Thou did'st resigne thy Manhood, and the Place
Wherein God set thee above her made of thee,
And for thee, whose perfection farr excell'd
Hers in all real dignitie Adornd
She was indeed, and lovely to attract
Thy Love, not thy Subjection, and her Gifts
Were such as under Government well seem'd,
Unseemly to beare rule, which was thy part
And person, had'st thou known thy self aright.

So having said he thus to *Eve* in few
Say Woman what is this which thou hast done?
To whom sad *Eve* with shame nigh overwhelm'd
Confessing soon yet not before her Judge
Bold or loquacious thus abasht repli'd
The Serpent me beguil'd and I did eate
Which when the Lord God heard without delay
To Judgement he proceeded on th' accus'd
Serpent though brute unable to transferre
The Guilt on him who made him instrument
Of mischief and polluted from the end
Of his Creation justly then accurst
As vitiated in Nature more to know
Concern'd not Man (since he no further knew)
Nor alter'd his offence yet God at last
To Satan first in sin his doom apply'd
Though in mysterious terms judg'd as then best
And on the Serpent thus his curse let fall
Because thou hast done this thou art accurst
Above all Cattel each Beast of the Field
Upon thy Belly groveling thou shalt goe
And dust shalt eat all the days of thy Life
Between Thee and the Woman I will put
Enmitie and between thine and her Seed
Her Seed shall bruise thy head thou bruise his heel
So spake this Oracle then verifi'd
When *Jesus* son of *Mary* second *Eve*
Saw Satan fall like Lightning down from Heav'n
Prince of the Aire then rising from his Grave
Spoil'd Principalities and Powers triumpht
In open shew and with ascention bright
Captivity led captive through the Aire
The Realme it self of Satan long usurpt
Whom he shall tread at last under our feet
Ev'n hee who now foretold his fatal bruise
And to the Woman thus his Sentence turn'd
Thy sorrow I will greatly multiplie
By thy Conception Childern thou shalt bring
In sorrow forth and to thy Husbands will
Thine shall submit hee over thee shall rule
On *Adam* last thus judgement he pronounc'd
Because thou has heark'nd to the voice of thy Wife
And eaten of the Tree concerning which
I charg'd thee saying Thou shalt not eate thereof
Curs'd is the ground for thy sake thou in sorrow
Shalt eate thereof all the days of thy Life

Thornes also and Thistles it shall bring thee forth
Unbid, and thou shalt eate th' Herb of th' Field,
In the sweat of thy Face shalt thou eate Bread,
Till thou return unto the ground, for thou
Out of the ground wast taken, know thy Birth,
For dust thou art, and shalt to dust returne.
So judg'd he *Man*, both Judge and Saviour sent,
And th' instant stroke of Death denounc't that day
Remov'd farr off; then pittying how they stood
Before him naked to the aire, that now
Must suffer change, disdain'd not to begin
Thenceforth the forme of servant to assume,
As when he wash'd his servants feet, so now
As Father of his Familie he clad
Thir nakedness with Skins of Beasts, or slain,
Or as the Snake with youthful Coate repaid;
And thought not much to cloath his Enemies:
Nor hee thir outward onely with the Skins
Of Beasts, but inward nakedness, much more
Opprobrious, with his Robe of righteousness,
Araying cover'd from his Fathers sight.
To him with swift ascent he up return'd,
Into his blissful bosom reassum'd
In glory as of old, to him appeas'd
All, though all-knowing, what had past with Man
Recounted, mixing intercession sweet.
Meanwhile ere thus was sin'd and judg'd on Earth,
Within the Gates of Hell sate Sin and Death,
In counterview within the Gates, that now
Stood open wide, belching outrageous flame
Farr into *Chaos*, since the Fiend pass'd through,
Sin opening, who thus now to Death began.
O Son, why sit we here each other viewing
Idlely, while Satan our great Author thrives
In other Worlds, and happier Seat provides
For us his ofspring deare? It cannot be
But that success attends him; if mishap,
Ere this he had return'd, with fury driv'n
By his Avenger, since no place like this
Can fit his punishment, or their revenge.
Methinks I feel new strength within me rise,
Wings growing, and Dominion giv'n me large
Beyond this Deep; whatever drawes me on,
Or sympathie, or som connatural force
Powerful at greatest distance to unite
With secret amity things of like kinde

By secretest conveyance. Thou my Shade
Inseparable must with mee along:
For Death from Sin no power can separate.
But least the difficultie of passing back
Stay his returne perhaps over this Gulfe
Impassable, impervious, let us try
Adventrous work, yet to thy power and mine
Not unagreeable, to found a path
Over this Maine from Hell to that new World
Where Satan now prevailes, a Monument
Of merit high to all th' infernal Host,
Easing thir passage hence, for intercourse,
Or transmigration, as thir lot shall lead.
Nor can I miss the way, so strongly drawn
By this new felt attraction and instinct.
  Whom thus the meager Shadow answerd soon.
Goe whither Fate and inclination strong
Leads thee, I shall not lag behinde, nor erre
The way, thou leading, such a sent I draw
Of carnage, prey innumerable, and taste
The savour of Death from all things there that live:
Nor shall I to the work thou enterprisest
Be wanting, but afford thee equal aid.
  So saying, with delight he snuff'd the smell
Of mortal change on Earth. As when a flock
Of ravenous Fowl, though many a League remote,
Against the day of Battel, to a Field,
Where Armies lie encampt, come flying, lur'd
With sent of living Carcasses design'd
For death, the following day, in bloodie fight.
So sented the grim Feature, and upturn'd
His Nostril wide into the murkie Air,
Sagacious of his Quarrey from so farr.
Then Both from out Hell Gates into the waste
Wide Anarchie of *Chaos* damp and dark
Flew divers, & with Power (thir Power was great)
Hovering upon the Waters; what they met
Solid or slimie, as in raging Sea
Tost up and down, together crowded drove
From each side shoaling towards the mouth of Hell.
As when two Polar Winds blowing adverse
Upon the *Cronian* Sea, together drive
Mountains of Ice, that stop th' imagin'd way
Beyond *Petsora* Eastward, to the rich
Cathaian Coast. The aggregated Soyle
Death with his Mace petrific, cold and dry,

As with a Trident smote, and fix't as firm
As *Delos* floating once; the rest his look
Bound with *Gorgonian* rigor not to move,
And with *Asphaltic* slime; broad as the Gate,
Deep to the Roots of Hell the gather'd beach
They fasten'd, and the Mole immense wraught on
Over the foaming deep high Archt, a Bridge
Of length prodigious joyning to the Wall
Immoveable of this now fenceless world
Forfeit to Death; from hence a passage broad,
Smooth, easie, inoffensive down to Hell.
So, if great things to small may be compar'd,
Xerxes, the Libertie of *Greece* to yoke,
From *Susa* his *Memnonian* Palace high
Came to the Sea, and over *Hellespont*
Bridging his way, *Europe* with *Asia* joyn'd,
And scourg'd with many a stroak th' indignant waves.
Now had they brought the work by wondrous Art
Pontifical, a ridge of pendent Rock
Over the vext Abyss, following the track
Of *Satan*, to the self same place where hee
First lighted from his Wing, and landed safe
From out of *Chaos* to the outside bare
Of this round World: with Pinns of Adamant
And Chains they made all fast, too fast they made
And durable; and now in little space
The Confines met of Empyrean Heav'n
And of this World, and on the left hand Hell
With long reach interpos'd; three sev'ral wayes
In sight, to each of these three places led.
And now thir way to Earth they had descri'd,
To Paradise first tending, when behold
Satan in likeness of an Angel bright
Betwixt the *Centaure* and the *Scorpion* stearing
His *Zenith*, while the Sun in *Aries* rose:
Disguis'd he came, but those his Childern dear
Thir Parent soon discern'd, though in disguise.
Hee, after *Eve* seduc't, unminded slunk
Into the Wood fast by, and changing shape
To observe the sequel, saw his guileful act
By *Eve*, though all unweeting, seconded
Upon her Husband, saw thir shame that sought
Vain covertures; but when he saw descend
The Son of God to judge them, terrifi'd
Hee fled, not hoping to escape, but shun
The present, fearing guiltie what his wrauth

Might suddenly inflict that past return'd
By Night and listning where the hapless Paire
Sate in thir sad discourse and various plaint
Thence gatherd his own doom which understood
Not instant but of future time With joy
And tidings fraught to Hell he now return'd
And at the brink of *Chaos* neer the foot
Of this new wondrous Pontifice unhop't
Met who to meet him came his Ofspring dear
Great joy was at thir meeting and at sight
Of that stupendious Bridge his joy encreas'd
Long hee admiring stood till Sin his faire
Inchanting Daughter thus the silence broke
  O Parent these are thy magnific deeds
Thy Trophies which thou view'st as not thine own
Thou art thir Author and prime Architect
For I no sooner in my Heart divin'd
My Heart which by a secret harmonie
Still moves with thine joyn'd in connexion sweet
That thou on Earth hadst prosper'd which thy looks
Now also evidence but straight I felt
Though distant from thee Worlds between yet felt
That I must after thee with this thy Son
Such fatal consequence unites us three
Hell could no longer hold us in her bounds
Nor this unvoyageable Gulf obscure
Detain from following thy illustrious track
Thou hast atchiev'd our libertie confin'd
Within Hell Gates till now thou us impow'rd
To fortifie thus farr and overlay
With this portentous Bridge the dark Abyss
Thine now is all this World thy vertue hath won
What thy hands builded not thy Wisdom gain'd
With odds what Warr hath lost and fully aveng'd
Our foile in Heav'n here thou shalt Monarch reign
There didst not there let him still Victor sway
As Battel hath adjudg'd from this new World
Retiring by his own doom alienated
And henceforth Monarchie with thee divide
Of all things parted by th' Empyreal bounds
His Quadrature from thy Orbicular World
Or trie thee now more dang'rous to his Throne
  Whom thus the Prince of Darkness answerd glad
Fair Daughter and thou Son and Grandchild both
High proof ye now have giv'n to be the Race
Of *Satan* (for I glorie in the name

Antagonist of Heav'ns Almightie King)
Amply have merited of me, of all
Th' Infernal Empire, that so neer Heav'ns dore
Triumphal with triumphal act have met,
Mine with this glorious Worl , & made one Realm
Hell and this World, one Realm, one Continent
Of easie thorough-fare Therefore while I
Descend through Darkness, on your Rode with ease
To my associate Powers, them to acquaint
With these successes, and with them rejoyce,
You two this way, among those numerous Orbs
All yours, right down to Paradise descend,
There dwell & Reign in bliss, thence on the Earth
Dominion exercise and in the Aire,
Chiefly on Man, sole Lord of all declar'd,
Him first make sure your thrall, and lastly kill
My Substitutes I send ye, and Create
Plenipotent on Earth, of matchless might
Issuing from mee on your joynt vigor now
My hold of this new Kingdom all depends,
Through Sin to Death expos'd by my exploit
If your joynt power prevaile, th' affaires of Hell
No detriment need feare, goe and be strong
  So saying he dismiss'd them, they with speed
Thir course through thickest Constellations held
Spreading thir bane, the blasted Starrs lookt wan,
And Planets, Planet-strook, real Eclips
Then sufferd Th' other way *Satan* went down
The Causey to Hell Gate, on either side
Disparted *Chaos* over built exclaimd,
And with rebounding surge the barrs assaild,
That scorn'd his indignation through the Gate,
Wide open and unguarded, *Satan* pass'd,
And all about found desolate, for those
Appointed to sit there, had left thir charge,
Flown to the upper World, the rest were all
Farr to the inland retir'd, about the walls
Of *Pandæmonium*, Citie and proud seate
Of *Lucifer*, so by allusion calld,
Of that bright Starr to *Satan* paragond
There kept thir Watch the Legions, while the Grand
In Council sate, sollicitous what chance
Might intercept thir Emperiour sent, so hee
Departing gave command, and they observ'd
As when the *Tartar* from his *Russian* Foe
By *Astracan* over the Snowie Plaines

Retires or *Bactrian* Sophi from the hornes
Of *Turkish* Crescent leaves all waste beyond
The Realme of *Aladule* in his retreate
To *Tauris* or *Casbeen* So these the late
Heav n banisht Host left desert utmost Hell
Many a dark League reduc t in careful Watch
Round thir Metropolis and now expecting
Each hour thir great adventurer from the search
Of Forrein Worlds he through the midst unmarkt
In shew plebeian Angel militant
Of lowest order past and from the dore
Of that *Plutonian* Hall invisible
Ascended his high Throne which under state
Of richest texture spred at th upper end
Was plac t in regal lustre Down a while
He sate and round about him saw unseen
At last as from a Cloud his fulgent head
And shape Starr bright appeer d or brighter clad
With what permissive glory since his fall
Was left him or false glitter All amaz d
At that so sudden blaze the *Stygian* throng
Bent thir aspect and whom they wish d beheld
Thir mighty Chief returnd loud was th acclaime
Forth rush d in haste the great consulting Peers
Rais d from thir dark *Divan* and with like joy
Congratulant approach d him who with hand
Silence and with these words attention won
  Thrones Dominations Princedoms Vertues Powers
For in possession such not onely of right
I call ye and declare ye now returnd
Successful beyond hope to lead ye forth
Triumphant out of this infernal Pit
Abominable accurst the house of woe
And Dungeon of our Tyrant Now possess
As Lords a spacious World to our native Heaven
Little inferiour by my adventure hard
With peril great atchiev d Long were to tell
What I have don what sufferd with what paine
Voyag d th unreal vast, unbounded deep
Of horrible confusion over which
By Sin and Death a broad way now is pav d
To expedite your glorious march but I
Toild out my uncouth passage forc t to ride
Th untractable Abysse plung d in the womb
Of unoriginal *Night* and *Chaos* wilde
That jealous of thir secrets fiercely oppos d

My journey strange, with clamorous uproare
Protesting Fate supreame, thence how I found
The new created World, which fame in Heav'n
Long had foretold, a Fabrick wonderful
Of absolute perfection, therein Man
Plac't in a Paradise, by our exile
Made happie Him by fraud I have seduc'd
From his Creator, and the more to increase
Your wonder, with an Apple, he thereat
Offended, worth your laughter, hath giv'n up
Both his beloved Man and all his World,
To Sin and Death a prey, and so to us,
Without our hazard, labour, or allarme,
To range in, and to dwell, and over Man,
To rule, as over all he should have rul'd
True is, mee also he hath judg'd, or rather
Mee not, but the brute Serpent in whose shape
Man I deceav'd that which to mee belongs,
Is enmity, which he will put between
Mee and Mankinde, I am to bruise his heel,
His Seed, when is not set, shall bruise my head
A World who would not purchase with a bruise,
Or much more grievous pain? Ye have th' account
Of my performance What remaines, ye Gods,
But up and enter now into full *bliss*
 So having said, a while he stood, expecting
Thir universal shout and high applause
To fill his eare, when contrary he hears
On all sides, from innumerable tongues
A dismal universal hiss, the sound
Of public scorn, he wonderd, but not long
Had leasure, wondring at himself now more,
His Visage drawn he felt to sharp and spare,
His Armes clung to his Ribs, his Leggs entwining
Each other, till supplanted down he fell
A monstrous Serpent on his Belly prone,
Reluctant, but in vaine, a greater power
Now rul'd him, punisht in the shape he sin'd,
According to his doom he would have spoke,
But hiss for hiss returnd with forked tongue
To forked tongue, for now were all transform'd
Alike, to Serpents all as accessories
To his bold Riot dreadful was the din
Of hissing through the Hall, thick swarming now
With complicated monsters, head and taile,
Scorpion and Asp, and *Amphisbæna* dire,

Cerastes hornd *Hydrus* and *Ellops* drear
And *Dipsas* (Not so thick swarm d once the Soil
Bedropt with blood of *Gorgon* or the Isle
Ophiusa) but still greatest hee the midst
Now Dragon grown larger then whom the Sun
Ingenderd in the *Pythian* Vale on slime
Huge *Python* and his Power no less he seem d
Above the rest still to retain they all
Him follow d issuing forth to th' open Field
Where all yet left of that revolted Rout
Heav n fall n in station stood or just array
Sublime with expectation when to see
In Triumph issuing forth thir glorious Chief
They saw but other sight instead a crowd
Of ugly Serpents horror on them fell
And horrid sympathie for what they saw
They felt themselvs now changing down thir arms
Down fell both Spear and Shield down they as fast
And the dire hiss renew d and the dire form
Catcht by Contagion like in punishment
As in thir crime Thus was th applause they meant
Turnd to exploding hiss triumph to shame
Cast on themselves from thir own mouths There stood
A Grove hard by sprung up with this thir change
His will who reigns above to aggravate
Thir penance laden with fair Fruit like that
Which grew in Paradise the bait of *Eve*
Us d by the Tempter on that prospect strange
Thir earnest eyes they fix d imagining
For one forbidden Tree a multitude
Now ris n to work them furder woe or shame
Yet parcht with scalding thurst and hunger fierce
Though to delude them sent could not obstain
But on they rould in heaps and up the Trees
Climbing sat thicker than the snakie locks
That curld *Megæra* greedily they pluck d
The Frutage fair to sight like that which grew
Neer that bituminous Lake where *Sodom* flam d
This more delusive not the touch but taste
Deceav d they fondly thinking to allay
Thir appetite with gust, instead of Fruit
Chew d bitter Ashes, which th offended taste
With spattering noise rejected oft they assay d
Hunger and thirst constraining drugd as oft
With hatefullest disrelish writh d thir jaws
With soot and cinders fill d so oft they fell

Into the same illusion, not as Man
Whom they triumph'd once lapst. Thus were they plagu'd
And worn with Famin, long and ceasless hiss,
Till thir lost shape, permitted, they resum'd,
Yearly enjoynd, some say, to undergo
This annual humbling certain number'd days,
To dash thir pride, and joy for Man seduc't.
However some tradition they dispers'd
Among the Heathen of thir purchase got,
And Fabl'd how the Serpent, whom they calld
Ophion with *Eurynome*, the wide-
Encroaching *Eve* perhaps, had first the rule
Of high *Olympus*, thence by *Saturn* driv'n
And *Ops*, ere yet *Dictæan Jove* was born.
Mean while in Paradise the hellish pair
Too soon arriv'd, *Sin* there in power before,
Once actual, now in body, and to dwell
Habitual habitant; behind her *Death*
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale Horse: to whom *Sin* thus began.
  Second of *Satan* sprung, all conquering *Death*,
What thinkst thou of our Empire now, though earnd
With travail difficult, not better farr
Then stil at Hels dark threshold to have sate watch,
Unnam'd, undreaded, and thy self half starv'd?
  Whom thus the Sin-born Monster answerd soon.
To mee, who with eternal Famin pine,
Alike is Hell, or Paradise, or Heaven,
There best, where most with ravin I may meet;
Which here, though plenteous, all too little seems
To stuff this Maw, this vast unhide-bound Corps.
  To whom th' incestuous Mother thus repli'd.
Thou therefore on these Herbs, and Fruits, & Flours
Feed first, on each Beast next, and Fish, and Fowle,
No homely morsels, and whatever thing
The Sithe of Time mowes down, devour unspar'd,
Till I in Man residing through the Race,
His thoughts, his looks, words, actions all infect,
And season him thy last and sweetest prey.
  This said, they both betook them several wayes,
Both to destroy, or unimmortal make
All kinds, and for destruction to mature
Sooner or later; which th' Almightie seeing,
From his transcendent Seat the Saints among,
To those bright Orders utterd thus his voice.

See with what heat these Dogs of Hell advance
To waste and havoc yonder World which I
So fair and good created and had still
Kept in that state had not the folly of Man
Let in these wastful Furies who impute
Folly to mee so doth the Prince of Hell
And his Adherents that with so much ease
I suffer them to enter and possess
A place so heav nly and conniving seem
To gratifie my scornful Enemies
That laugh as if transported with some fit
Of Passion I to them had quitted all
At random yeilded up to their misrule
And I now not that I call d and drew them thither
My Hell hounds to lick up the draff and filth
Which mans polluting Sin with taint hath shed
On what was pure till cramm d and gorg d nigh burst
With suckt and glutted offal at one sling
Of thy victorious Arm well pleasing Son
Both *Sin* and *Death* and yawning *Grave* at last
Through *Chaos* hurld obstruct the mouth of Hell
For ever and seal up his ravenous Jawes
Then Heav n and Earth renew d shall be made pure
To sanctitie that shall receive no staine
Till then the Curse pronounc t on both precedes
Hee ended and the heav nly Audience loud
Sung *Halleluia* as the sound of Seas
Through multitude that sung Just are thy ways
Righteous are thy Decrees on all thy Works
Who can extenuate thee? Next to the Son
Destin d restorer of Mankind by whom
New Heav n and Earth shall to the Ages rise
Or down from Heav n descend Such was thir song
While the Creator calling forth by name
His mightie Angels gave them several charge
As sorted best with present things The Sun
Had first his precept so to move so shine
As might affect the Earth with cold and heat
Scarce tollerable and from the North to call
Decrepit Winter from the South to bring
Solstitial summers heat To the blanc Moone
Her office they prescrib d to th other five
Thir planetarie motions and aspects
In *Sextile Square* and *Trine* and *Opposite*
Of noxious efficacie and when to joyne
In Synod unbenigne and taught the fixt

Thir influence malignant when to showre,
Which of them rising with the Sun, or falling,
Should prove tempestuous To the Winds they set
Thir corners, when with bluster to confound
Sea, Aire, and Shoar, the Thunder when to rowle
With terror through the dark Aereal Hall
Some say he bid his Angels turne ascanse
The Poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more
From the Suns Axle, they with labour push'd
Oblique the Centric Globe Som say the Sun
Was bid turn Reines from th' Equinoctial Rode
Like distant breadth to *Taurus* with the Seav'n
Atlantick Sisters, and the *Spartan* Twins
Up to the *Tropic* Crab, thence down amaine
By *Leo* and the *Virgin* and the *Scales*,
As deep as *Capricorne*, to bring in change
Of Seasons to each Clime, else had the Spring
Perpetual smil'd on Earth with vernant Flours,
Equal in Days and Nights, except to those
Beyond the Polar Circles, to them Day
Had unbenighted shon, while the low Sun
To recompence his distance, in thir sight
Had rounded still th' *Horizon*, and not known
Or East or West, which had forbid the Snow
From cold *Estotiland*, and South as farr
Beneath *Magellan* At that tasted Fruit
The Sun, as from *Thyestean* Banquet, turn'd
His course intended, else how had the World
Inhabited, though sinless, more then now,
Avoided pinching cold and scorching heate?
These changes in the Heav'ns, though slow, produc'd
Like change on Sea and Land, sideral blast,
Vapour, and Mist, and Exhalation hot,
Corrupt and Pestilent Now from the North
Of *Norumbega*, and the *Samoed* shoar
Bursting thir brazen Dungeon, armd with ice
And snow and haile and stormie gust and flaw,
Boreas and *Cæcias* and *Argestes* loud
And *Thrascias* rend the Woods and Seas upturn,
With adverse blast up-turns them from the South
Notus and *Afer* black with thundrous Clouds
From *Serraliona*, thwart of these as fierce
Forth rush the *Levant* and the *Ponent* Windes
Eurus and *Zephir* with thir lateral noise,
Sirocco, and *Libecchio* Thus began
Outrage from liveless things, but Discord first

Daughter of Sin among th irrational
Death introduc d through fierce antipathie
Beast now with Beast gan war & Fowle with Fowle
And Fish with Fish to graze the Herb all leaving
Devourd each other nor stood much in awe
Of Man but fled him or with count nance grim
Glar d on him passing these were from without
The growing miseries which *Adam* saw
Alreadie in part though hid in gloomiest shade
To sorrow abandond but worse felt within
And in a troubl d Sea of passion tost
Thus to disburd n sought with sad complaint.
O miserable of happie! is this the end
Of this new glorious World and mee so late
The Glory of that Glory who now becom
Accurst of blessed hide me from the face
Of God whom to behold was then my highth
Of happiness yet well if here would end
The miserie I deserv d it and would beare
My own deservings but this will not serve
All that I eate or drink or shall beget
Is propagated curse O voice once heard
Delightfully *Encrease and multiply*
Now death to heare! for what can I encrease
Or multiplie but curses on my head?
Who of all Ages to succeed but feeling
The evil on him brought by me will curse
My Head Ill fare our Ancestor impure
For this we may thank *Adam* but his thanks
Shall be the execration so besides
Mine own that bide upon me all from mee
Shall with a fierce reflux on mee redound
On mee as on thir natural center light
Heavie though in thir place O fleeting joyes
Of Paradise deare bought with lasting woes!
Did I request thee, Maker from my Clay
To mould me Man did I sollicite thee
From darkness to promote me or here place
In this delicious Garden? as my Will
Concurd not to my being it were but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust,
Desirous to resigne and render back
All I receav d unable to performe
Thy terms too hard by which I was to hold
The good I sought not To the loss of that
Sufficient penaltie why hast thou added

The sense of endless woes? inexplicable
Thy Justice seems, yet to say truth, too late,
I thus contest, then should have been refusd
Those terms whatever, when they were propos'd
Thou didst accept them, wilt thou enjoy the good,
Then cavil the conditions? and though God
Made thee without thy leave, what if thy Son
Prove disobedient, and reprov'd, retort,
Wherefore didst thou beget me? I sought it not
Wouldst thou admit for his contempt of thee
That proud excuse? yet him not thy election,
But Natural necessity begot
God made thee of choice his own, and of his own
To serve him, thy reward was of his grace,
Thy punishment then justly is at his Will
Be it so, for I submit, his doom is fair,
That dust I am, and shall to dust returne
O welcom hour whenever! why delayes
His hand to execute what his Decree
Fixd on this day? why do I overlive,
Why am I mockt with death, and length'nd out
To deathless pain? how gladly would I meet
Mortalitie my sentence, and be Earth
Insensible, how glad would lay me down
As in my Mothers lap? there I should rest
And sleep secure, his dreadful voice no more
Would Thunder in my ears, no fear of worse
To mee and to my ofspring would torment me
With cruel expectation Yet one doubt
Pursues me still, least all I cannot die,
Least that pure breath of Life, the Spirit of Man
Which God inspir'd, cannot together perish
With this corporeal Clod, then in the Grave,
Or in some other dismal place, who knows
But I shall die a living Death? O thought
Horrid, if true! yet why? it was but breath
Of Life that sinn'd, what dies but what had life
And sin? the Bodie properly hath neither
All of me then shall die let this appease
The doubt, since humane reach no further knows
For though the Lord of all be infinite,
Is his wrauth also? be it, man is not so,
But mortal doom'd How can he exercise
Wrath without end on Man whom Death must end?
Can he make deathless Death? that were to make
Strange contradiction, which to God himself

Impossible is held as Argument
Of weakness not of Power Will he draw out,
For angers sake finite to infinite
In punisht man to satisfie his rigour
Satisfi d never that were to extend
His Sentence beyond dust and Natures Law
By which all Causes else according still
To the reception of thir matter act
Not to th extent of thir own Spheare But say
That Death be not one stroak as I suppos d
Bereaving sense but endless miserie
From this day onward which I feel begun
Both in me and without me and so last
To perpetuitie Ay me that fear
Comes thundring back with dreadful revolution
On my defensless head both Death and I
Am found Eternal and incorporate both
Nor I on my part single in mee all
Posteritie stands curst Fair Patrimonie
That I must leave ye Sons O were I able
To waste it all my self and leave ye none!
So disinherited how would ye bless
Me now your Curse! Ah why should all mankind
For one mans fault thus guiltless be condemn d
If guiltless? But from mee what can proceed
But all corrupt both Mind and Will deprav d
Not to do onely but to will the same
With me how can they acquitted stand
In sight of God? Him after all Disputes
Forc t I absolve all my evasions vain
And reasonings though through Mazes leads me still
But to my own conviction first and last
On mee mee onely as the sourse and spring
Of all corruption all the blame lights due
So might the wrauth Fond wish! couldst thou support
That burden heavier then the Earth to bear
Then all the World much heavier though divided
With that bad Woman? Thus what thou desir st
And what thou fearst alike destroyes all hope
Of refuge and concludes thee miserable
Beyond all past example and future
To *Satan* onely like both crime and doom.
O Conscience into what Abyss of fears
And horrors hast thou driv n me out of which
I find no way from deep to deeper plung d!
Thus *Adam* to himself lamented lou l

Through the still Night, not now, as ere man fell,
Wholsom and cool, and mild, but with black Air
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
Which to his evil Conscience represented
All things with double terror: On the ground
Outstretcht he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
Curs'd his Creation, Death as oft accus'd
Of tardie execution, since denounc't
The day of his offence. Why comes not Death,
Said hee, with one thrice acceptable stroke
To end me? Shall Truth fail to keep her word,
Justice Divine not hast'n to be just?
But Death comes not at call, Justice Divine
Mends not her slowest pace for prayers or cries.
O Woods, O Fountains, Hillocks, Dales and Bowrs,
With other echo late I taught your Shades
To answer, and resound farr other Song.
Whom thus afflicted when sad *Eve* beheld,
Desolate where she sate, approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce passion she assay'd:
But her with stern regard he thus repell'd.
  Out of my sight, thou Serpent, that name best
Befits thee with him leagu'd, thy self as false
And hateful, nothing wants, but that thy shape,
Like his, and colour Serpentine may shew
Thy inward fraud, to warn all Creatures from thee
Henceforth, least that too heav'nly form, pretended
To hellish falshood, snare them. But for thee
I had persisted happie, had not thy pride
And wandring vanitie, when lest was safe,
Rejected my forewarning, and disdain'd
Not to be trusted, longing to be seen
Though by the Devil himself, him overweening
To over-reach, but with the Serpent meeting
Fool'd and beguil'd, by him thou, I by thee,
To trust thee from my side, imagin'd wise,
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults,
And understood not all was but a shew
Rather then solid vertu, all but a Rib
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,
More to the part sinister from me drawn,
Well if thrown out, as supernumerarie
To my just number found. O why did God,
Creator wise, that peopl'd highest Heav'n
With Spirits Masculine, create at last
This noveltie on Earth, this fair defect

Of Nature and not fill the World at once
With Men as Angels without Feminine
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind this mischief had not then befall n
And more that shall befall innumerable
Disturbances on Earth through Femal snares
And straight conjunction with this Sex for either
He never shall find out fit Mate but such
As some misfortune brings him or mistake
Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
Through her perverseness but shall see her gaind
By a farr worse or if she love withheld
By Parents or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet alreadie linkt and Wedlock bound
To a fell Adversarie his hate or shame
Which infinite calamitie shall cause
To Humane life and houshold peace confound
  He added not and from her turn d but *Eve*
Not so repulst with Tears that ceas d not flowing
And tresses all disorderd at his feet
Fell humble and imbracing them besaught
His peace and thus proceeded in her plaint
  Forsake me not thus *Adam* witness Heav n
What love sincere and reverence in my heart
I beare thee and unweeting have offended
Unhappilie deceav d thy suppliant
I beg and clasp thy knees bereave me not
Whereon I live thy gentle looks thy aid
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress
My onely strength and stay forlorn of thee
Whither shall I betake me where subsist
While yet we live scarse one short hour perhaps
Between us two let there be peace both joyning
As joyn d in injuries one enmitie
Against a Foe by doom express assign d us,
That cruel Serpent On me exercise not
Thy hatred for this miserie befall n
On me already lost mee then thy self
More miserable both have sin d but thou
Against God onely I against God and thee
And to the place of judgement will return
There with my cries importune Heaven that all
The sentence from thy head remov d may light
On me sole cause to thee of all this woe
Mee mee onely just object of his ire
  She ended weeping and her lowlie plight

Immoveable till peace obtain'd from fault
Acknowledg'd and deplor'd, in *Adam* wraught
Commiseration, soon his heart relented
Towards her, his life so late and sole delight,
Now at his feet submissive in distress,
Creature so faire his reconcilement seeking,
His counsel whom she had displeas'd, his aide,
As one disarm'd, his anger all he lost,
And thus with peaceful words uprais'd her soon
  Unwarie, and too desirous, as before,
So now of what thou knowst not, who desir'st
The punishment all on thy self, alas,
Beare thine own first, ill able to sustaine
His full wrauth whose thou feelst as yet lest part,
And my displeasure bearst so ill If Prayers
Could alter high Decrees, I to that place
Would speed before thee, and be louder heard,
That on my head all might be visited,
Thy frailtie and infirmer Sex forgiv'n,
To me committed and by me expos'd
But rise, let us no more contend, nor blame
Each other, blam'd enough elsewhere, but strive
In offices of Love, how we may light'n
Each others burden in our share of woe,
Since this days Death denounc't, if ought I see,
Will prove no sudden, but a slow-pac t evill,
A long days dying to augment our paine,
And to our Seed (O hapless Seed!) deriv'd
  To whom thus *Eve*, recovering heart, repli'd
Adam, by sad experiment I know
How little weight my words with thee can finde,
Found so erroneous, thence by just event
Found so unfortunate, nevertheless,
Restor'd by thee, vile as I am, to place
Of new acceptance, hopeful to regaine
Thy Love, the sole contentment of my heart,
Living or dying from thee I will not hide
What thoughts in my unquiet brest are ris'n,
Tending to som relief of our extremes,
Or end, though sharp and sad, yet tolerable,
As in our evils, and of easier choice
If care of our descent perplex us most,
Which must be born to certain woe, devourd
By Death at last, and miserable it is
To be to others cause of misery,
Our own begotten, and of our Loines to bring

Into this cursed World a woful Race
That after wretched Life must be at last
Food for so foule a Monster in thy power
It lies yet ere Conception to prevent
The Race unblest to being yet unbegot.
Childless thou art, Childless remaine
So Death shall be deceav d his glut and with us two
Be forc d to satisfie his Rav nous Maw
But if thou judge it hard and difficult
Conversing looking loving to abstain
From Loves due Rites Nuptial embraces sweet,
And with desire to languish without hope
Before the present object languishing
With like desire which would be miserie
And torment less then none of what we dread
Then both our selves and Seed at once to free
From what we fear for both let us make short
Let us seek Death or hee not found supply
With our own hands his Office on our selves
Why stand we longer shivering under feares
That shew no end but Death and have the power
Of many wayes to die the shortest choosing
Destruction with destruction to destroy
  She ended heer or vehement despaire
Broke off the rest so much of Death her thoughts
Had entertaind as di d her Cheeks with pale
But *Adam* with such counsel nothing sway d
To better hopes his more attentive minde
Labouring had rais d and thus to *Eve* repli d
  Eve thy contempt of life and pleasure seems
To argue in thee somthing more sublime
And excellent then what thy minde contemnes
But self destruction therefore saught refutes
That excellence thought in thee and implies
Not thy contempt but anguish and regret
For loss of life and pleasure overlov d
Or if thou covet death as utmost end
Of miserie so thinking to evade
The penaltie pronounc t doubt not but God
Hath wiselier arm d his vengeful ire then so
To be forestall d much more I fear least Death
So snatcht will not exempt us from the paine
We are by doom to pay rather such act
Of contumacie will provoke the highest
To make death in us live Then let us seek
Som safer resolution which methinks

I have in view, calling to minde with heed
Part of our Sentence, that thy Seed shall bruise
The Serpents head, piteous amends, unless
Be meant, whom I conjecture, our grand Foe
Satan, who in the Serpent hath contriv'd
Against us this deceit to crush his head
Would be revenge indeed, which will be lost
By death brought on our selves, or childless days
Resolv'd, as thou proposest, so our Foe
Shall scape his punishment ordain'd, and wee
Instead shall double ours upon our heads
No more be mention'd then of violence
Against our selves, and wilful barrenness,
That cuts us off from hope, and savours onely
Rancor and pride, impatience and despite,
Reluctance against God and his just yoke
Laid on our Necks Remember with what mild
And gracious temper he both heard and judg'd
Without wrauth or reviling, wee expected
Immediate dissolution, which we thought
Was meant by Death that day, when lo, to thee
Pains onely in Child-bearing were foretold,
And bringing forth, soon recompenc't with joy,
Fruit of thy Womb On mee the Curse aslope
Glanc'd on the ground, with labour I must earne
My bread, what harm? Idleness had bin worse,
My labour will sustain me, and least Cold
Or Heat should injure us, his timely care
Hath unbesaught provided, and his hands
Cloath'd us unworthie, pitying while he judg'd,
How much more, if we pray him, will his ear
Be open, and his heart to pitie incline,
And teach us further by what means to shun
Th' inclement Seasons, Rain, Ice, Hail and Snow,
Which now the Skie with various Face begins
To shew us in this Mountain, while the Winds
Blow moist and keen, shattering the graceful locks
Of these fair spreading Trees, which bids us seek
Som better shroud, som better warmth to cherish
Our Limbs benumm'd, ere this diurnal Starr
Leave cold the Night, how we his gather'd beams
Reflected, may with matter sere foment,
Or by collision of two bodies grinde
The Air attrite to Fire, as late the Clouds
Justling or pusht with Winds rude in thir shock
Tine the slant Lightning, whose thwart flame driv'n down

Kindles the gummie bark of Firr or Pine
And sends a comfortable heat from farr
Which might supply the Sun such Fire to use
And what may else be remedie or cure
To evils which our own misdeeds have wrought
Hee will instruct us praying and of Grace
Beseeching him so as we need not fear
To pass commodiously this life sustain d
By him with many comforts till we end
In dust our final rest and native home
What better can we do then to the place
Repairing where he judg d us prostrate fall
Before him reverent and there confess
Humbly our faults and pardon beg with tears
Watering the ground and with our sighs the Air
Frequenting sent from hearts contrite in sign
Of sorrow unfeign d and humiliation meek
Undoubtedly he will relent and turn
From his displeasure in whose look serene
When angry most he seem d and most severe
What else but favor grace and mercie shon?
  So spake our Father penitent nor *Eve*
Felt less remorse they forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judg d them prostrate fell
Before him reverent and both confess d
Humbly thir faults and pardon beg d with tears
Watering the ground and with thir sighs the Air
Frequenting sent from hearts contrite in sign
Of sorrow unfeign d and humiliation meek

BOOK XI

THE ARGUMENT

The Son of God presents to his Father the Prayers of our first Parents now repenting, and intercedes for them God accepts them, but declares that they must no longer abide in Paradise, sends Michael *with a Band of Cherubim to dispossess them, but first to reveal to* Adam *future things* Michaels *coming down* Adam *shews to* Eve *certain ominous signs, he discerns* Michaels *approach, goes out to meet him the Angel denounces thir departure* Eves *Lamentation* Adam *pleads, but submits The Angel leads him up to a high Hill, sets before him in vision what shall happ'n till the Flood*

THUS they in lowliest plight repentant stood
Praying, for from the Mercie-seat above
Prevenient Grace descending had remov'd
The stonie from thir hearts, and made new flesh
Regenerate grow instead, that sighs now breath'd
Unutterable, which the Spirit of prayer
Inspir'd, and wing'd for Heav'n with speedier flight
Then loudest Oratorie yet thir port
Not of mean suiters, nor important less
Seem'd thir Petition, then when th' ancient Pair
In Fables old, less ancient yet then these,
Deucalion and chaste *Pyrrha* to restore
The Race of Mankind drownd, before the Shrine
Of *Themis* stood devout To Heav'n thir prayers
Flew up, nor missd the way, by envious windes
Blow'n vagabond or frustrate in they passd
Dimentionless through Heav'nly dores, then clad
With incense, where the Golden Altar fum'd,
By thir great Intercessor, came in sight
Before the Fathers Throne Them the glad Son
Presenting, thus to intercede began
  See Father, what first fruits on Earth are sprung
From thy implanted Grace in Man, these Sighs
And Prayers, which in this Golden Censer, mixt
With Incense, I thy Priest before thee bring,
Fruits of more pleasing savour from thy seed
Sow'n with contrition in his heart, then those
Which his own hand manuring all the Trees
Of Paradise could have produc't, ere fall'n
From innocence Now therefore bend thine eare
To supplication, heare his sighs though mute,
Unskilful with what words to pray, let mee

Interpret for him mee his Advocate
And propitiation all his works on mee
Good or not good ingraft my Merit those
Shall perfet and for these my Death shall pay
Accept me and in mee from these receive
The smell of peace toward Mankinde let him live
Before thee reconcil d at least his days
Numberd though sad till Death his doom (which I
To mitigate thus plead not to reverse)
To better life shall yeeld him where with mee
All my redeemd may dwell in joy and bliss
Made one with me as I with thee am one
  To whom the Father without Cloud serene
All thy request for Man accepted Son
Obtain all thy request was my D cree
But longer in that Paradise to dwell
The Law I gave to Nature him forbids
Those pure immortal Elements that know
No gross no unharmoneous mixture foule
Eject him tainted now and purge him off
As a distemper gross to aire as gross
And mortal food as may dispose him best
For dissolution wrought by Sin that first
Distemperd all things and of incorrupt
Corrupted I at first with two fair gifts
Created him endowd with Happiness
And Immortalitie that fondly lost
This other serv d but to eternize woe
Till I provided Death so Death becomes
His final remedie and after Life
Tri d in sharp tribulation and refin d
By Faith and faithful works to second Life
Wak t in the renovation of the just
Resignes him up with Heav n and Earth renew d
But let us call to Synod all the Blest
Through Heav n s wide bounds from them I will not hide
My judgments how with Mankind I proceed
As how with peccant Angels late they saw
And in thir state though firm stood more confirmd
  He ended and the Son gave signal high
To the bright Minister that watch d hee blew
His Trumpet heard in *Oreb* since perhaps
When God descended and perhaps once more
To sound at general doom. Th Angelic blast
Filld all the Regions from thir blissful Bowrs

Of *Amarantin* Shade, Fountain or Spring,
By the waters of Life, where ere they sate
In fellowships of joy the Sons of Light
Hasted, resorting to the Summons high,
And took thir Seats, till from his Throne supream
Th' Almighty thus pronounc'd his sovran Will
O Sons, like one of us Man is become
To know both Good and Evil, since his taste
Of that defended Fruit, but let him boast
His knowledge of Good lost, and Evil got,
Happier, had it suffic'd him to have known
Good by it self, and Evil not at all
He sorrows now, repents, and prayes contrite,
My motions in him, longer then they move,
His heart I know, how variable and vain
Self-left Least therefore his now bolder hand
Reach also of the Tree of Life, and eat,
And live for ever, dream at least to live
For ever, to remove him I decree,
And send him from the Garden forth to Till
The Ground whence he was taken, fitter soile
Michael, this my behest have thou in charge,
Take to thee from among the Cherubim
Thy choice of flaming Warriours, least the Fiend
Or in behalf of Man, or to invade
Vacant possession som new trouble raise
Hast thee, and from the Paradise of God
Without remorse drive out the sinful Pair,
From hallowd ground th' unholie, and denounce
To them and to thir Progenie from thence
Perpetual banishment Yet least they faint
At the sad Sentence rigorously urg'd,
For I behold them soft'nd and with tears
Bewailing thir excess, all terror hide
If patiently thy bidding they obey,
Dismiss them not disconsolate, reveale
To *Adam* what shall come in future dayes,
As I shall thee enlighten, intermix
My Cov'nant in the Womans seed renew'd,
So send them forth, though sorrowing, yet in peace
And on the East side of the Garden place,
Where entrance up from *Eden* easiest climbes,
Cherubic watch, and of a Sword the flame
Wide waving, all approach farr off to fright,
And guard all passage to the Tree of Life
Least Paradise a receptacle prove

To Spirits foule and all my Trees thir prey
With whose stol n Fruit Man once more to delude.
He ceas d and th Archangelic Power prepar d
For swift descent with him the Cohort bright
Of watchful Cherubim four faces each
Had like a double *Janus* all thir shape
Spangl d with eyes more numerous then those
Of *Argus* and more wakeful then to drouze
Charm d with *Arcadian* Pipe the Pastoral Reed
Of *Hermes* or his opiate Rod Mean while
To resalute the World with sacred Light
Leucothea wak d and with fresh dews imbalmd
The Earth when *Adam* and first Matron *Eve*
Had ended now thir Orisons and found
Strength added from above new hope to spring
Out of despaire joy but with fear yet linkt
Which thus to *Eve* his welcome words renewd
Eve easily may Faith admit that all
The good which we enjoy from Heav n descends
But that from us ought should ascend to Heav n
So prevalent as to concerne the mind
Of God high blest or to incline his will
Hard to belief may seem yet this will Prayer
Or one short sigh of humane breath up-borne
Ev n to the Seat of God For since I saught
By Prayer th offended Deitie to appease
Kneel d and before him humbl d all my heart,
Methought I saw him placable and mild
Bending his eare perswasion in me grew
That I was heard with favour peace return d
Home to my brest and to my memorie
His promise that thy Seed shall bruise our Foe
Which then not minded in dismay yet now
Assures me that the bitterness of death
Is past and we shall live Whence Haile to thee
Eve rightly call d Mother of all Mankind
Mother of all things living since by thee
Man is to live and all things live for Man
To whom thus *Eve* with sad demeanour meek.
Ill worthie I such title should belong
To me transgressour who for thee ordaind
A help became thy snare to mee reproach
Rather belongs, distrust and all dispraise
But infinite in pardon was my Judge
That I who first brought Death on all am grac t
The sourse of life next favourable thou

Who highly thus to entitle me voutsaf'st,
Farr other name deserving But the Field
To labour calls us now with sweat impos'd,
Though after sleepless Night, for see the Morn,
All unconcern'd with our unrest, begins
Her rosie progress smiling, let us forth,
I never from thy side henceforth to stray,
Wherere our days work lies, though now enjoind
Laborious, till day droop, while here we dwell,
What can be toilsom in these pleasant Walkes?
Here let us live, though in fall'n state, content
  So spake, so wish'd much humbl'd *Eve*, but Fate
Subscrib'd not, Nature first gave Signs, imprest
On Bird, Beast, Aire, Aire suddenly eclips'd
After short blush of Morn, nigh in her sight
The Bird of *Jove*, stoopt from his aerie tour,
Two Birds of gayest plume before him drove
Down from a Hill the Beast that reigns in Woods,
First Hunter then, pursu'd a gentle brace,
Goodliest of all the Forrest, Hart and Hinde,
Direct to th' Eastern Gate was bent thir flight
Adam observ'd, and with his Eye the chase
Pursuing, not unmov'd to *Eve* thus spake
  O *Eve*, some furder change awaits us nigh,
Which Heav'n by these mute signs in Nature shews
Forerunners of his purpose, or to warn
Us haply too secure of our discharge
From penaltie, because from death releast
Some days, how long, and what till then our life,
Who knows, or more then this, that we are dust,
And thither must return and be no more
Why else this double object in our sight
Of flight pursu'd in th' Air and ore the ground
One way the self-same hour? why in the East
Darkness ere Dayes mid-course, and Morning light
More orient in yon Western Cloud that draws
O're the blew Firmament a radiant white,
And slow descends, with somthing heav'nly fraught
  He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly Bands
Down from a Skie of Jasper lighted now
In Paradise, and on a Hill made alt,
A glorious Apparition, had not doubt
And carnal fear that day dimm'd *Adams* eye
Not that more glorious, when the Angels met
Jacob in *Mahanaim*, where he saw
The field Pavilion'd with his Guardians bright,

Nor that which on the flaming Mount appeerd
In *Dothan* cover'd with a Camp of Fire
Against the *Syrian* King who to surprize
One man Assassin like had levied Warr
Warr unproclam'd The Princely Hierarch
In thir bright stand there left his Powers to seise
Possession of the Garden hee alone
To finde where *Adam* shelterd took his way
Not unperceav'd of *Adam* who to *Eve*
While the great Visitant approachd thus spake
Eve now expect great tidings which perhaps
Of us will soon determin or impose
New Laws to be observ'd for I descrie
From yonder blazing Cloud that veils the Hill
One of the heav'nly Host and by his Gate
None of the meanest some great Potentate
Or of the Thrones above such Majestie
Invests him coming yet not terrible
That I should fear nor sociably mild
As *Raphael* that I should much confide
But solemn and sublime whom not to offend
With reverence I must meet and thou retire
He ended and th' Arch Angel soon drew nigh
Not in his shape Celestial but as Man
Clad to meet Man over his lucid Armes
A militarie Vest of purple flow'd
Livelier then *Melibæan* or the graine
Of *Sarra* worn by Kings and Hero's old
In time of Truce *Iris* had dipt the wooff
His starrie Helme unbuckl'd shew'd him prime
In Manhood where Youth ended by his side
As in a glistering *Zodiac* hung the Sword
Satans dire dread and in his hand the Spear
Adam bow'd low hee Kingly from his State
Inclin'd not but his coming thus declar'd
Adam Heav'ns high behest no Preface needs
Sufficient that thy Prayers are heard and Death
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress
Defeated of his seisure many dayes
Giv'n thee of Grace wherein thou mayst repent
And one bad act with many deeds well done
Mayst cover well may then thy Lord appeas'd
Redeem thee quite from Deaths rapacious claime
But longer in this Paradise to dwell
Permits not to remove thee I am come
And send thee from the Garden forth to till

The ground whence thou wast tak'n, fitter Soile.
He added not, for *Adam* at the newes
Heart-strook with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
That all his senses bound, *Eve*, who unseen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discover'd soon the place of her retire.
O unexspected stroke, worse then of Death!
Must I thus leave thee Paradise? thus leave
Thee Native Soile, these happie Walks and Shades,
Fit haunt of Gods? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet though sad, the respit of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flours,
That never will in other Climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At Eev'n, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first op'ning bud, and gave ye Names,
Who now shall reare ye to the Sun, or ranke
Your Tribes, and water from th' ambrosial Fount?
Thee lastly nuptial Bowre, by mee adornd
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower World, to this obscure
And wilde, how shall we breath in other Aire
Less pure, accustomd to immortal Fruits?
Whom thus the Angel interrupted milde.
Lament not *Eve*, but patiently resigne
What justly thou hast lost, nor set thy heart,
Thus over fond, on that which is not thine;
Thy going is not lonely, with thee goes
Thy Husband, him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native soile.
Adam by this from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scatterd spirits returnd,
To *Michael* thus his humble words addressd.
Celestial, whether among the Thrones, or nam'd
Of them the Highest, for such of shape may seem
Prince above Princes, gently hast thou tould
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
And in performing end us, what besides
Of sorrow and dejection and despair
Our frailtie can sustain, thy tidings bring,
Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and onely consolation left
Familiar to our eyes, all places else
Inhospitable appeer and desolate,
Nor knowing us nor known: and if by prayer

Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can I would not cease
To wearie him with my assiduous cries
But prayer against his absolute Decree
No more availes then breath against the winde
Blown stifling back on him that breaths it forth
Therefore to his great bidding I submit
This most afflicts me that departing hence
As from his face I shall be hid deprivd
His blessed count nance here I could frequent
With worship place by place where he voutsaf'd
Presence Divine and to my Sons relate
On this Mount he appeerd under this Tree
Stood visible among these Pines his voice
I heard here with him at this Fountain talk d
So many grateful Altars I would reare
Of grassie *Terfe* and pile up every *Stone*
Of lustre from the brook in memorie
Or monument to Ages and thereon
Offer sweet smelling Gumms & Fruits and Flours
In yonder nether World where shall I seek
His bright appearances or footstep trace?
For though I fled him angrie yet recall d
To life prolongd and promisd Race I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory and farr off his steps adore
  To whom thus *Michael* with regard benigne
Adam thou know st Heav n his and all the Earth
Not this Rock onely his Omnipresence fills
Land Sea and Aire and every kinde that lives
Fomented by his virtual power and warmd
All th Earth he gave thee to possess and rule
No despicable gift surmise not then
His presence to these narrow bounds confin d
Of Paradise or *Eden* this had been
Perhaps thy Capital Seate from whence had spred
All generations and had hither come
From all the ends of th Earth to celebrate
And reverence thee thir great Progenitor
But this præeminence thou hast lost brought down
To dwell on eeven ground now with thy Sons
Yet doubt not but in Vallie and in Plaine
God is as here and will be found alike
Present and of his presence many a signe
Still following thee still compassing thee round
With goodness and paternal Love his Face

Express, and of his steps the track Divine
Which that thou mayst beleeve, and be confirmd,
Ere thou from hence depart, know I am sent
To shew thee what shall come in future dayes
To thee and to thy ofspring, good with bad
Expect to hear, supernal Grace contending
With sinfulness of Men, thereby to learn
True patience, and to temper joy with fear
And pious sorrow, equally enur'd
By moderation either state to beare,
Prosperous or adverse so shalt thou lead
Safest thy life, and best prepar'd endure
Thy mortal passage when it comes Ascend
This Hill, let *Eve* (for I have drencht her eyes)
Here sleep below while thou to foresight wak'st,
As once thou slepst, while Shee to life was formd
  To whom thus *Adam* gratefully repli'd
Ascend, I follow thee, safe Guide, the path
Thou lead'st me, and to the hand of Heav'n submit,
However chast'ning, to the evil turne
My obvious breast, arming to overcom
By suffering, and earne rest from labour won,
If so I may attain So both ascend
In the Visions of God It was a Hill
Of Paradise the highest, from whose top
The Hemisphere of Earth in cleerest Ken
Stretcht out to amplest reach of prospect lay
Not higher that Hill nor wider looking round,
Whereon for different cause the Tempter set
Our second *Adam* in the Wilderness,
To shew him all Earths Kingdomes and thir Glory
His Eye might there command wherever stood
City of old or modern Fame, the Seat
Of mightiest Empire, from the destind Walls
Of *Cambalu*, seat of *Cathaian Can*
And *Samarchand* by *Oxus*, *Temirs* Throne,
To *Paquin* of *Sinæan* Kings, and thence
To *Agra* and *Lahor* of great *Mogul*
Down to the golden *Chersonese*, or where
The *Persian* in *Ecbatan* sate, or since
In *Hispahan*, or where the *Russian Ksar*
In *Mosco*, or the Sultan in *Bizance*,
Turchestan-born, nor could his eye not ken
Th' Empire of *Negus* to his utmost Port
Ercoco and the less Maritine Kings
Mombaza, and *Quiloa*, and *Melind*,

And *Sofala* thought *Ophir* to the Realme
Of *Congo* and *Angola* fardest South
Or thence from *Niger* Flood to *Atlas* Mount
The Kingdoms of *Almansor Fez* and *Sus*
Marocco and *Algiers*, and *Tremisen*
On *Europe* thence and where *Rome* was to sway
The World in Spirit perhaps he also saw
Rich *Mexico* the seat of *Motezume*
And *Cusco* in *Peru* the richer seat
Of *Atabalipa* and yet unspoil d
Guiana whose great Citie *Geryons* Sons
Call *El Dorado* but to nobler sights
Michael from *Adams* eyes the Filme remov d
Which that false Fruit that promis d clearer sight
Had bred then purg d with Euphrasie and Rue
The visual Nerve for he had much to see
And from the Well of Life three drops instill d
So deep the power of these Ingredients pierc d
Eeven to the inmost seat of mental sight
That *Adam* now enforc t to close his eyes
Sunk down and all his Spirits became intranst
But him the gentle Angel by the hand
Soon rais d and his attention thus recall d
Adam now ope thine eyes and first behold
Th effects which thy original crime hath wrought
In some to spring from thee who never touch d
Th excepted Tree nor with the Snake conspir d
Nor sinn'd thy sin yet from that sin derive
Corruption to bring forth more violent deeds
His eyes he op nd and beheld a field
Part arable and tilth whereon were Sheaves
New reapt the other part sheep-walks and foulds
Ith midst an Altar as the Land mark stood
Rustic of grassie sord thither anon
A sweatie Reaper from his Tillage brought
First Fruits the green Eare and the yellow Sheaf
Uncull d as came to hand a Shepherd next
More meek came with the Firstlings of his Flock
Choicest and best then sacrificing laid
The Inwards and thir Fat with Incense strew d
On the cleft Wood and all due Rites perform d
His Offring soon propitious Fire from Heav n
Consum d with nimble glance and grateful steame
The others not for his was not sincere
Whereat hee inlie rag d and as they talk d
Smote him into the Midriff with a stone

That beat out life, he fell, and deadly pale
Groand out his Soul with gushing bloud effus'd
Much at that sight was *Adam* in his heart
Dismai'd, and thus in haste to th' Angel cri'd
O Teacher, some great mischief hath befall'n
To that meek man, who well had sacrific'd,
Is Pietie thus and pure Devotion paid?
T' whom *Michael* thus, hee also mov'd, repli'd
These two are Brethren, *Adam*, and to come
Out of thy loyns, th' unjust the just hath slain,
For envie that his Brothers Offering found
From Heav'n acceptance, but the bloodie Fact
Will be aveng'd, and th' others Faith approv'd
Loose no reward, though here thou see him die,
Rowling in dust and gore To which our Sire
Alas, both for the deed and for the cause!
But have I now seen Death? Is this the way
I must return to native dust? O sight
Of terrour, foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!
To whom thus *Michael* Death thou hast seen
In his first shape on man, but many shapes
Of Death, and many are the wayes that lead
To his grim Cave, all dismal, yet to sense
More terrible at th' entrance then within
Some, as thou saw'st, by violent stroke shall die,
By Fire, Flood, Famin, by Intemperance more
In Meats and Drinks, which on the Earth shal bring
Diseases dire, of which a monstrous crew
Before thee shall appear, that thou mayst know
What miserie th' inabstinence of *Eve*
Shall bring on men Immediately a place
Before his eyes appeard, sad, noysom, dark,
A Lazar-house it seemd, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseas'd, all maladies
Of gastly Spasm, or racking torture, qualmes
Of heart-sick Agonie, all feavorous kinds,
Convulsions, Epilepsies, fierce Catarrhs,
Intestin Stone and Ulcer, Colic pangs,[1]
Dropsies, and Asthma's, and Joint-racking Rheums
Dire was the tossing, deep the groans, despair
Tended the sick busiest from Couch to Couch,

[1] After this line *1674* adds
Dæmoniac Phrenzie moaping Melancholie
And Moon struck madness pining Atrophie,
Marasmus and wide wasting Pestilence

And over them triumphant Death his Dart
Shook, but delaid to strike, though oft invok't
With vows, as thir chief good, and final hope.
Sight so deform what heart of Rock could long
Drie-ey'd behold? *Adam* could not, but wept,
Though not of Woman born; compassion quell'd
His best of Man, and gave him up to tears
A space, till firmer thoughts restraind excess,
And scarce recovering words his plaint renew'd.
O miserable Mankind, to what fall
Degraded, to what wretched state reserv'd!
Better end heer unborn. Why is life giv'n
To be thus wrested from us? rather why
Obtruded on us thus? who if we knew
What we receive, would either not accept
Life offer'd, or soon beg to lay it down,
Glad to be so dismist in peace. Can thus
Th' Image of God in man created once
So goodly and erect, though faultie since,
To such unsightly sufferings be debas't
Under inhuman pains? Why should not Man,
Retaining still Divine similitude
In part, from such deformities be free,
And for his Makers Image sake exempt?
Thir Makers Image, answerd *Michael*, then
Forsook them, when themselves they villifi'd
To serve ungovern'd appetite, and took
His Image whom they serv'd, a brutish vice,
Inductive mainly to the sin of *Eve*.
Therefore so abject is thir punishment,
Disfiguring not Gods likeness, but thir own,
Or if his likeness, by themselves defac't
While they pervert pure Natures healthful rules
To loathsom sickness, worthily, since they
Gods Image did not reverence in themselves.
I yield it just, said *Adam*, and submit.
But is there yet no other way, besides
These painful passages, how we may come
To Death, and mix with our connatural dust?
There is, said *Michael*, if thou well observe
The rule of not too much, by temperance taught
In what thou eatst and drinkst, seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thy head return:
So maist thou live, till like ripe Fruit thou drop
Into thy Mothers lap, or be with ease

Gatherd, not harshly pluckt, for death mature
This is old age, but then thou must outlive
Thy youth, thy strength, thy beauty, which will change
To withered weak & gray, thy Senses then
Obtuse, all taste of pleasure must forgoe,
To what thou hast, and for the Aire of youth
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reigne
A melancholly damp of cold and dry
To waigh thy spirits down, and last consume
The Balme of Life To whom our Ancestor
  Henceforth I flie not Death, nor would prolong
Life much, bent rather how I may be quit
Fairest and easiest of this combrous charge,
Which I must keep till my appointed day
Of rendring up, *Michael* to him repli d
  Nor love thy Life, nor hate, but what thou livst
Live well, how long or short permit to Heav'n
And now prepare thee for another sight
  He lookd and saw a spacious Plaine, whereon
Were Tents of various hue, by some were herds
Of Cattel grazing others, whence the sound
Of Instruments that made melodious chime
Was heard, of Harp and Organ, and who moovd
Thir stops and chords was seen his volant touch
Instinct through all proportions low and high
Fled and pursu'd transverse the resonant fugue
In other part stood one who at the Forge
Labouring, two massie clods of Iron and Brass
Had melted (whether found where casual fire
Had wasted woods on Mountain or in Vale,
Down to the veins of Earth, thence gliding hot
To som Caves mouth, or whether washt by stream
From underground) the liquid Ore he dreind
Into fit moulds prepar'd, from which he formd
First his own Tooles, then, what might else be wrought
Fusil or grav'n in mettle After these,
But on the hether side a different sort
From the high neighbouring Hills, which was thir Seat,
Down to the Plain descended by thir guise
Just men they seemd, and all thir study bent
To worship God aright, and know his works
Not hid, nor those things last which might preserve
Freedom and Peace to men they on the Plain
Long had not walkt, when from the Tents behold
A Beavie of fair Women, richly gay
In Gems and wanton dress, to the Harp they sung

Soft amorous Ditties and in dance came on
The Men though grave ey d them and let thir eyes
Rove without rein till in the amorous Net
Fast caught they lik d and each his liking chose
And now of love they treat till th Evening Star
Loves Harbinger appeerd then all in heat
They light the Nuptial Torch and bid invoke
Hymen then first to marriage Rites invok t
With Feast and Musick all the Tents resound
Such happy interview and fair event
Of love & youth not lost Songs Garlands Flours
And charming Symphonies attach d the heart
Of *Adam* soon enclin d to admit delight
The bent of Nature which he thus express d
  True opener of mine eyes prime Angel blest
Much better seems this Vision and more hope
Of peaceful dayes portends then those two past
Those were of hate and death or pain much worse
Here Nature seems fulfilld in all her ends
  To whom thus *Michael* Judg not what is best
By pleasure though to Nature seeming meet
Created as thou art to nobler end
Holie and pure conformitie divine
Those Tents thou sawst so pleasant were the Tents
Of wickedness wherein shall dwell his Race
Who slew his Brother studious they appere
Of Arts that polish Life Inventers rare
Unmindful of thir Maker though his Spirit
Taught them but they his gifts acknowledg d none
Yet they a beauteous ofspring shall beget
For that fair femal Troop thou sawst that seemd
Of Goddesses so blithe so smooth so gay
Yet empty of all good wherein consists
Womans domestic honour and chief praise
Bred onely and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetence, to sing to dance
To dress and troule the Tongue and roule the Eye.
To these that sober Race of Men whose lives
Religious titl d them the Sons of God
Shall yeild up all thir vertue all thir fame
Ignobly to the traines and to the smiles
Of these fair Atheists and now swim in joy
(Erelong to swim at larg) and laugh for which
The world erelong a world of tears must weepe
  To whom thus *Adam* of short joy bereft
O pittie and shame that they who to live well

Enterd so faire, should turn aside to tread
Paths indirect, or in the mid way faint!
But still I see the tenor of Mans woe
Holds on the same, from Woman to begin
From Mans effeminate slackness it begins,
Said th' Angel, who should better hold his place
By wisdome, and superiour gifts receavd
But now prepare thee for another Scene
He lookd and saw wide Territorie spred
Before him, Towns, and rural works between,
Cities of Men with lofty Gates and Towrs,
Concours in Arms, fierce Faces threatning Warr,
Giants of mightie Bone, and bould emprise,
Part wield thir Arms, part courb the foaming Steed,
Single or in Array of Battel rang'd
Both Horse and Foot, nor idely mustring stood,
One way a Band select from forage drives
A herd of Beeves, faire Oxen and faire Kine
From a fat Meddow ground, or fleecy Flock,
Ewes and thir bleating Lambs over the Plaine,
Thir Bootie, scarce with Life the Shepherds flye,
But call in aide, which tacks a bloody Fray,
With cruel Tournament the Squadrons joine,
Where Cattel pastur'd late, now scatterd lies
With Carcasses and Arms th' ensanguind Field
Deserted Others to a Citie strong
Lay Siege, encampt, by Batterie, Scale, and Mine,
Assaulting, others from the Wall defend
With Dart and Jav'lin, Stones and sulfurous Fire,
On each hand slaughter and gigantic deeds
In other part the scepter d Haralds call
To Council in the Citie Gates anon
Grey-headed men and grave, with Warriours mixt,
Assemble, and *Harangues* are heard, but soon
In factious opposition, till at last
Of middle Age one rising, eminent
In wise deport, spake much of Right and Wrong,
Of Justice, of Religion, Truth and Peace,
And Judgement from above him old and young
Exploded, and had seiz'd with violent hands
Had not a Cloud descending snatch d him thence
Unseen amid the throng so violence
Proceeded, and Oppression, and Sword-Law
Through all the Plain, and refuge none was found
Adam was all in tears and to his guide
Lamenting turnd full sad O what are these,

Deaths Ministers not Men who thus deal Death
Inhumanly to men and multiply
Ten thousand fould the sin of him who slew
His Brother for of whom such massacher
Make they but of thir Brethren men of men?
But who was that Just Man whom had not Heav'n
Rescu'd had in his Righteousness bin lost?
To whom thus *Michael* These are the product
Of those ill mated Marriages thou saw'st
Where good with bad were matcht who of themselves
Abhor to joyn and by imprudence mixt
Produce prodigious Births of bodie or mind
Such were these Giants men of high renown
For in those dayes Might onely shall be admir'd
And Valour and Heroic Vertu call'd
To overcome in Battel and subdue
Nations and bring home spoils with infinite
Man slaughter shall be held the highest pitch
Of human Glorie and for Glorie done
Of triumph to be styl'd great Conquerours
Patrons of Mankind Gods and Sons of Gods
Destroyers rightlier call'd and Plagues of men
Thus Fame shall be achiev'd renown on Earth
And what most merits fame in silence hid
But hee the seventh from thee whom thou beheldst
The onely righteous in a World perverse
And therefore hated therefore so beset
With Foes for daring single to be just
And utter odious Truth that God would come
To judge them with his Saints Him the most High
Rapt in a balmie Cloud with winged Steeds
Did as thou sawst receave to walk with God
High in Salvation and the Climes of bliss
Exempt from Death to shew thee what reward
Awaits the good the rest what punishment
Which now direct thine eyes and soon behold
He look'd & saw the face of things quite chang'd
The brazen Throat of Warr had ceast to roar
All now was turn'd to jollitie and game
To luxurie and riot feast and dance
Marrying or prostituting as befell
Rape or Adulterie where passing faire
Allurd them thence from Cups to civil Broiles
At length a Reverend Sire among them came
And of thir doings great dislike declar'd
And testifi'd against thir wayes hee oft

Frequented thir Assemblies, whereso met,
Triumphs or Festivals, and to them preachd
Conversion and Repentance, as to Souls
In prison under Judgements imminent
But all in vain which when he saw, he ceas'd
Contending, and remov'd his Tents farr off,
Then from the Mountain hewing Timber tall,
Began to build a Vessel of huge bulk,
Measur'd by Cubit, length, & breadth, and highth,
Smeard round with Pitch, and in the side a dore
Contriv'd, and of provisions laid in large
For Man and Beast when loe a wonder strange!
Of everie Beast, and Bird, and Insect small
Came seavens, and pairs, and enterd in, as taught
Thir order, last the Sire, and his three Sons
With thir four Wives, and God made fast the dore
Meanwhile the Southwind rose, & with black wings
Wide hovering, all the Clouds together drove
From under Heav'n, the Hills to their supplie
Vapour, and Exhalation dusk and moist,
Sent up amain, and now the thick'nd Skie
Like a dark Ceeling stood, down rush'd the Rain
Impetuous, and continu'd till the Earth
No more was seen, the floating Vessel swum
Uplifted, and secure with beaked prow
Rode tilting o're the Waves, all dwellings else
Flood overwhelmd, and them with all thir pomp
Deep under water rould, Sea cover'd Sea,
Sea without shoar, and in thir Palaces
Where luxurie late reign'd, Sea-monsters whelp'd
And stabl'd, of Mankind, so numerous late,
All left, in one small bottom swum imbark't
How didst thou grieve then, *Adam*, to behold
The end of all thy Ofspring, end so sad,
Depopulation, thee another Floud,
Of tears and sorrow a Floud thee also drown'd,
And sunk thee as thy Sons, till gently reard
By th' Angel, on thy feet thou stoodst at last,
Though comfortless, as when a Father mourns
His Children, all in view destroyd at once,
And scarce to th' Angel utterdst thus thy plaint
  O Visions ill foreseen! better had I
Liv'd ignorant of future, so had borne
My part of evil onely, each dayes lot
Anough to bear, those now, that were dispenst
The burd'n of many Ages, on me light

At once by my foreknowledge gaining Birth
Abortive to torment me ere thir being
With thought that they must be Let no man seek
Henceforth to be foretold what shall befall
Him or his Children evil he may be sure
Which neither his foreknowing can prevent
And hee the future evil shall no less
In apprehension then in substance feel
Grievous to bear but that care now is past
Man is not whom to warne those few escap't
Famin and anguish will at last consume
Wandring that watrie Desert I had hope
When violence was ceas't and Warr on Earth
All would have then gon well peace would have crownd
With length of happy days the race of man
But I was farr deceav'd for now I see
Peace to corrupt no less then Warr to waste
How comes it thus? unfould Celestial Guide
And whether here the Race of man will end
To whom thus *Michael* Those whom last thou sawst
In triumph and luxurious wealth are they
First seen in acts of prowess eminent
And great exploits but of true vertu void
Who having spilt much blood and don much waste
Subduing Nations and achievd thereby
Fame in the World high titles and rich prey
Shall change thir course to pleasure ease and sloth
Surfet and lust, till wantonness and pride
Raise out of friendship hostil deeds in Peace
The conquerd also and enslav'd by Warr
Shall with thir freedom lost all vertu loose
And feare of God from whom thir pietie feign'd
In sharp contest of Battel found no aide
Against invaders therefore coold in zeale
Thenceforth shall practice how to live secure
Worldlie or dissolute on what thir Lords
Shall leave them to enjoy for th' Earth shall bear
More than anough that temperance may be tri'd
So all shall turn degenerate all deprav'd
Justice and Temperance Truth and Faith forgot
One Man except the onely Son of light
In a dark Age against example good
Against allurement custom and a World
Offended fearless of reproach and scorn,
Or violence hee of thir wicked wayes
Shall them admonish and before them set

The paths of righteousness, how much more safe,
And full of peace, denouncing wrauth to come
On thir impenitence, and shall returne
Of them derided, but of God observd
The one just Man alive, by his command
Shall build a wondrous Ark, as thou beheldst,
To save himself and houshold from amidst
A World devote to universal rack
No sooner hee with them of Man and Beast
Select for life shall in the Ark be lodg'd,
And shelterd round, but all the Cataracts
Of Heav'n set open on the Earth shall powre
Raine day and night, all fountaines of the Deep
Broke up, shall heave the Ocean to usurp
Beyond all bounds, till inundation rise
Above the highest Hills then shall this Mount
Of Paradise by might of Waves be moovd
Out of his place, pushd by the horned floud,
With all his verdure spoil'd, and Trees adrift
Down the great River to the op'ning Gulf,
And there take root an Iland salt and bare,
The haunt of Seales and Orcs, and Sea-mews clang
To teach thee that God attributes to place
No sanctitie, if none be thither brought
By Men who there frequent, or therein dwell
And now what further shall ensue, behold
   He lookd, and saw the Ark hull on the floud,
Which now abated, for the Clouds were fled,
Drivn by a keen North-winde, that blowing drie
Wrinkl'd the face of Deluge, as decai'd,
And the cleer Sun on his wide watrie Glass
Gaz'd hot, and of the fresh Wave largely drew,
As after thirst, which made thir flowing shrink
From standing lake to tripping ebbe, that stole
With soft foot towards the deep, who now had stopt
His Sluces, as the Heav'n his windows shut
The Ark no more now flotes, but seems on ground
Fast on the top of som high mountain fixt
And now the tops of Hills as Rocks appeer,
With clamor thence the rapid Currents drive
Towards the retreating Sea thir furious tyde
Forthwith from out the Arke a Raven flies,
And after him, the surer messenger,
A Dove sent forth once and agen to spie
Green Tree or ground whereon his foot may light,
The second time returning, in his Bill

An Olive leafe he brings pacific signe
Anon drie ground appeers and from his Arke
The ancient Sire descends with all his Train
Then with uplifted hands and eyes devout
Grateful to Heav'n over his head beholds
A dewie Cloud and in the Cloud a Bow
Conspicuous with three listed colours gay
Betok'ning peace from God and Cov'nant new
Whereat the heart of *Adam* erst so sad
Greatly rejoyc'd and thus his joy broke forth
O thou that future things canst represent
As present Heav'nly instructer I revive
At this last sight assur'd that Man shall live
With all the Creatures and thir seed preserve
Farr less I now lament for one whole World
Of wicked Sons destroy'd then I rejoyce
For one Man found so perfet and so just
That God voutsafes to raise another World
From him and all his anger to forget
But say what mean those colourd streaks in Heavn
Distended as the Brow of God appeas'd
Or serve they as a flourie verge to binde
The fluid skirts of that same watrie Cloud
Least it again dissolve and showr the Earth
To whom th' Archangel Dextrously thou aim'st
So willingly doth God remit his Ire
Though late repenting him of Man deprav'd
Griev'd at his heart when looking down he saw
The whole Earth fill'd with violence and all flesh
Corrupting each thir way yet those remoov'd
Such grace shall one just Man find in his sight
That he relents not to blot out mankind
And makes a Covenant never to destroy
The Earth again by flood nor let the Sea
Surpass his bounds nor Rain to drown the World
With Man therein or Beast but when he brings
Over the Earth a Cloud will therein set
His triple-colour'd Bow whereon to look
And call to mind his Cov'nant Day and Night,
Seed time and Harvest Heat and hoary Frost
Shall hold thir course, till fire purge all things new
Both Heav'n and Earth wherein the just shall dwell

BOOK XII

THE ARGUMENT

The Angel Michael *continues from the Flood to relate what shall succeed, then in the mention of* Abraham *comes by degrees to explain, who that Seed of the Woman shall be, which was promised* Adam *and* Eve *in the Fall, his Incarnation, Death, Resurrection, and Ascention, the state of the Church till his second Coming* Adam *greatly satisfied and recomforted by these Relations and Promises descends the Hill with* Michael *wakens* Eve *who all this while had slept, but with gentle dreams compos'd to quietness of mind and submission* Michael *in either hand leads them out of Paradise, the fiery Sword waving behind them, and the Cherubim taking thir Stations to guard the Place*

[AS ONE who in his journey bates at Noone,
Though bent on speed, so heer the Archangel paus'd
Betwixt the world destroy'd and world restor'd,
If *Adam* aught perhaps might interpose,
Then with transition sweet new Speech resumes] [1]
Thus thou hast seen one World begin and end,
And Man as from a second stock proceed
Much thou hast yet to see, but I perceave
Thy mortal sight to faile, objects divine
Must needs impaire and wearie human sense
Henceforth what is to com I will relate,
Thou therefore give due audience, and attend
This second sours of Men, while yet but few,
And while the dread of judgement past remains
Fresh in thir mindes, fearing the Deitie,
With some regard to what is just and right
Shall lead thir lives, and multiplie apace,
Labouring the soile, and reaping plenteous crop,
Corn wine and oyle, and from the herd or flock,
Oft sacrificing Bullock, Lamb, or Kid,
With large Wine-offerings pour'd, and sacred Feast
Shal spend thir dayes in joy unblam'd, and dwell
Long time in peace by Families and Tribes
Under paternal rule, till one shall rise
Of proud ambitious heart, who not content
With fair equalitie, fraternal state,
Will arrogate Dominion undeserv'd
Over his brethren, and quite dispossess
Concord and law of Nature from the Earth,

[1] The five bracketed lines were added in the second edition (1674), when the original Book x was divided into Book xi and Book xii

Hunting (and Men not Beasts shall be his game)
With Warr and hostile snare such as refuse
Subjection to his Empire tyrannous
A mightie Hunter thence he shall be styl'd
Before the Lord as in despite of Heav'n
Or from Heav'n claming second Sovrantie
And from Rebellion shall derive his name
Though of Rebellion others he accuse
Hee with a crew whom like Ambition joyns
With him or under him to tyrannize
Marching from *Eden* towards the West shall finde
The Plain wherein a black bituminous gurge
Boiles out from under ground the mouth of Hell
Of Brick and of that stuff they cast to build
A Citie & Towre whose top may reach to Heav'n
And get themselves a name least far disperst
In foraign Lands thir memorie be lost
Regardless whether good or evil fame
But God who oft descends to visit men
Unseen and through thir habitations walks
To mark thir doings them beholding soon
Comes down to see thir Citie ere the Tower
Obstruct Heav'n Towrs and in derision sets
Upon thir Tongues a various Spirit to rase
Quite out thir Native Language and instead
To sow a jangling noise of words unknown
Forthwith a hideous gabble rises loud
Among the Builders each to other calls
Not understood till hoarse and all in rage
As mockt they storm great laughter was in Heav'n
And looking down to see the hubbub strange
And hear the din thus was the building left
Ridiculous and the work Confusion nam'd
  Whereto thus *Adam* fatherly displeas'd
O execrable Son so to aspire
Above his Brethren to himself assuming
Authoritie usurpt from God not giv'n
He gave us onely over Beast Fish Fowl
Dominion absolute that right we hold
By his donation but Man over men
He made not Lord such title to himself
Reserving human left from human free
But this Usurper his *encroachment proud*
Stayes not on Man to God his Tower intends
Siege and defiance Wretched man! what food
Will he convey up thither to sustain

Himself and his rash Armie, where thin Aire
Above the Clouds will pine his entrails gross,
And famish him of Breath, if not of Bread?
To whom thus *Michael*. Justly thou abhorr'st
That Son, who on the quiet state of men
Such trouble brought, affecting to subdue
Rational Libertie, yet know withall,
Since thy original lapse, true Libertie
Is lost, which alwayes with right Reason dwells
Twinn'd, and from her hath no dividual being
Reason in man obscur'd, or not obeyd,
Immediately inordinate desires
And upstart Passions catch the Government
From Reason, and to servitude reduce
Man till then free. Therefore since hee permits
Within himself unworthie Powers to reign
Over free Reason, God in Judgement just
Subjects him from without to violent Lords,
Who oft as undeservedly enthrall
His outward freedom. Tyrannie must be,
Though to the Tyrant thereby no excuse
Yet somtimes Nations will decline so low
From vertue, which is reason, that no wrong,
But Justice, and some fatal curse annext
Deprives them of thir outward libertie,
Thir inward lost, Witness th' irreverent Son
Of him who built the Ark, who for the shame
Don to his Father, heard this heavie curse,
Servant of Servants, on his vitious Race
Thus will this latter, as the former World,
Still tend from bad to worse, till God at last
Wearied with their iniquities, withdraw
His presence from among them, and avert
His holy Eyes, resolving from thenceforth
To leave them to thir own polluted wayes,
And one peculiar Nation to select
From all the rest, of whom to be invok'd,
A Nation from one faithful man to spring
Him on this side *Euphrates* yet residing,
Bred up in Idol-worship, O that men
(Canst thou believe?) should be so stupid grown,
While yet the Patriark liv'd, who scap'd the Flood,
As to forsake the living God, and fall
To worship thir own work in Wood and Stone
For Gods! yet him God the most High voutsafes
To call by Vision from his Fathers house,

His kindred and false Gods into a Land
Which he will shew him and from him will raise
A mightie Nation and upon him showre
His benediction so that in his Seed
All Nations shall be blest hee straight obeys
Not knowing to what Land yet firm believes
I see him but thou canst not with what Faith
He leaves his Gods his Friends and native Soile
Ur of *Chaldæa* passing now the Ford
To *Haran* after him a cumbrous Train
Of Herds and Flocks and numerous servitude
Not wandring poor but trusting all his wealth
With God who call'd him in a land unknown
Canaan he now attains I see his Tents
Pitcht about *Sechem* and the neighbouring Plaine
Of *Moreh* there by promise he receaves
Gift to his Progenie of all that Land
From *Hamath* Northward to the Desert South
(Things by thir names I call though yet unnam'd)
From *Hermon* East to the great Western Sea
Mount *Hermon* yonder Sea each place behold
In prospect as I point them on the shoare
Mount *Carmel* here the double founted stream
Jordan true limit Eastward but his Sons
Shall dwell to *Senir* that long ridge of Hills
This ponder that all Nations of the Earth
Shall in his Seed be blessed by that Seed
Is meant thy great deliverer who shall bruise
The Serpents head whereof to thee anon
Plainlier shall be reveald This Patriarch blest
Whom *faithful Abraham* due time shall call
A Son and of his Son a Grand-childe leaves
Like him in faith in wisdom and renown
The Grandchilde with twelve Sons increast departs
From *Canaan* to a land hereafter call'd
Egypt divided by the River *Nile*
See where it flows disgorging at seaven mouthes
Into the Sea to sojourn in that Land
He comes invited by a yonger Son
In time of dearth a Son whose worthy deeds
Raise him to be the second in that Realme
Of *Pharao* there he dies and leaves his Race
Growing into a Nation and now grown
Suspected to a sequent King who seeks
To stop thir overgrowth as inmate guests
Too numerous whence of guests he makes them slaves

Inhospitably, and kills thir infant Males
Till by two brethren (those two brethren call
Moses and *Aaron*) sent from God to claime
His people from enthralment, they return
With glory and spoile back to thir promis'd Land
But first the lawless Tyrant, who denies
To know thir God, or message to regard,
Must be compelld by Signes and Judgements dire,
To blood unshed the Rivers must be turnd,
Frogs, Lice and Flies must all his Palace fill
With loath'd intrusion, and fill all the land,
His Cattel must of Rot and Murren die,
Botches and blaines must all his flesh imboss,
And all his people, Thunder mixt with Haile,
Haile mixt with fire must rend th' *Egyptian* Skie
And wheel on th' Earth, devouring where it rouls,
What it devours not, Herb, or Fruit, or Graine,
A darksom Cloud of Locusts swarming down
Must eat, and on the ground leave nothing green
Darkness must overshadow all his bounds,
Palpable darkness, and blot out three dayes,
Last with one midnight stroke all the first-born
Of *Egypt* must lie dead Thus with ten wounds
This River-dragon tam'd at length submits
To let his sojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his stubborn heart, but still as Ice
More hard'nd after thaw, till in his rage
Pursuing whom he late dismissd, the Sea
Swallows him with his Host, but them lets pass
As on drie land between two christal walls,
Aw'd by the rod of *Moses* so to stand
Divided, till his rescu'd gain thir shoar
Such wondrous power God to his Saint will lend,
Though present in his Angel, who shall goe
Before them in a Cloud, and Pillar of Fire,
By day a Cloud, by night a Pillar of Fire,
To guide them in thir journey, and remove
Behinde them, while th' obdurat King pursues
All night he will pursue, but his approach
Darkness defends between till morning Watch,
Then through the Firey Pillar and the Cloud
God looking forth will trouble all his Host
And craze thir Chariot wheels when by command
Moses once more his potent Rod extends
Over the Sea, the Sea his Rod obeys,
On thir imbattelld ranks the Waves return,

And overwhelm thir Warr the Race elect
Safe towards *Canaan* from the shoar advance
Through the wilde Desert not the readiest way
Least entring on the *Canaanite* allarmd
Warr terrifie them inexpert and feare
Return them back to *Egypt* choosing rather
Inglorious life with servitude for life
To noble and ignoble is more sweet
Untraind in Armes where rashness leads not on
This also shall they gain by thir delay
In the wide Wilderness there they shall found
Thir government and thir great Senate choose
Through the twelve Tribes to rule by Laws ordaind
God from the Mount of *Sinai* whose gray top
Shall tremble he descending will himself
In Thunder Lightning and loud Trumpets sound
Ordaine them Lawes part such as appertaine
To civil Justice part religious Rites
Of sacrifice, informing them by types
And shadowes of that destind Seed to bruise
The Serpent by what meanes he shall achieve
Mankinds deliverance But the voice of God
To mortal eare is dreadful they beseech
That *Moses* might report to them his will
And terror cease he grants them thir desire
Instructed that to God is no access
Without Mediator whose high Office now
Moses in figure beares to introduce
One greater of whose day he shall foretell
And all the Prophets in thir Age the times
Of great *Messiah* shall sing Thus Laws and Rites
Establisht such delight hath God in Men
Obedient to his will that he voutsafes
Among them to set up his Tabernacle
The holy One with mortal Men to dwell
By his prescript a Sanctuary is fram d
Of Cedar overlaid with Gold therein
An Ark and in the Ark his Testimony
The Records of his Cov nant over these
A Mercie seat of Gold between the wings
Of two bright Cherubim before him burn
Seaven Lamps as in a Zodiac representing
The Heav nly fires over the Tent a Cloud
Shall rest by Day a fierie gleame by Night
Save when they journie and at length they come
Conducted by his Angel to the Land

Promisd to *Abraham* and his Seed the rest
Were long to tell, how many Battels fought,
How many Kings destroyd, and Kingdoms won,
Or how the Sun shall in mid Heav'n stand still
A day entire, and Nights due course adjourne,
Mans voice commanding, Sun in *Gibeon* stand,
And thou Moon in the vale of *Aialon*,
Till *Israel* overcome, so call the third
From *Abraham*, Son of *Isaac*, and from him
His whole descent, who thus shall *Canaan* win
 Here *Adam* interpos'd O sent from Heav'n,
Enlightner of my darkness, gracious things
Thou hast reveald, those chiefly which concerne
Just *Abraham* and his Seed now first I finde
Mine eyes true op'ning, and my heart much eas'd,
Erwhile perplext with thoughts what would becom
Of mee and all Mankind, but now I see
His day, in whom all Nations shall be blest,
Favour unmerited by me, who sought
Forbidd'n knowledge by forbidd'n means
This yet I apprehend not, why to those
Among whom God will deigne to dwell on Earth
So many and so various Laws are giv'n,
So many Laws argue so many sins
Among them, how can God with such reside?
 To whom thus *Michael* Doubt not but that sin
Will reign among them, as of thee begot,
And therefore was Law given them to evince
Thir natural pravitie, by stirring up
Sin against Law to fight, that when they see
Law can discover sin, but not remove,
Save by those shadowie expiations weak,
The bloud of Bulls and Goats, they may conclude
Some bloud more precious must be paid for Man,
Just for unjust, that in such righteousness
To them by Faith imputed, they may finde
Justification towards God, and peace
Of Conscience, which the Law by Ceremonies
Cannot appease, nor Man the moral part
Perform, and not performing cannot live
So Law appears imperfet, and but giv'n
With purpose to resign them in full time
Up to a better Cov'nant, disciplin'd
From shadowie Types to Truth, from Flesh to Spirit,
From imposition of strict Laws, to free
Acceptance of large Grace, from servil fear

To filial works of Law to works of Faith
And therefore shall not *Moses* though of God
Highly belov d being but the Minister
Of Law his people into *Canaan* lead
But *Joshua* whom the Gentiles *Jesus* call
His Name and Office bearing who shall quell
The adversarie Serpent and bring back
Through the worlds wilderness long wanderd man
Safe to eternal Paradise of rest
Meanwhile they in thir earthly *Canaan* plac t
Long time shall dwell and prosper but when sins
National interrupt thir public peace
Provoking God to raise them enemies
From whom as oft he saves them penitent
By Judges first then under Kings of whom
The second both for pietie renownd
And puissant deeds a promise shall receive
Irrevocable that his Regal Throne
For ever shall endure the like shall sing
All Prophecie That of the Royal Stock
Of *David* (so I name this King) shall rise
A Son the Womans Seed to thee foretold
Foretold to *Abraham* as in whom shall trust
All Nations and to Kings foretold of Kings
The last for of his Reign shall be no end
But first a long succession must ensue
And his next Son for Wealth and Wisdom fam d
The clouded Ark of God till then in Tents
Wandring shall in a glorious Temple enshrine
Such follow him as shall be registerd
Part good part bad of bad the longer scrowle
Whose foul Idolatries and other faults
Heapt to the popular summe will so incense
God as to leave them and expose thir Land
Thir Citie his Temple and his holy Ark
With all his sacred things, a scorn and prey
To that proud Citie whose high Walls thou saw st
Left in confusion *Babylon* thence call d
There in captivitie he lets them dwell
The space of seventie years then brings them back
Remembring mercie and his Covnant sworn
To *David* stabisht as the dayes of Heav n
Returnd from *Babylon* by leave of Kings
Thir Lords whom God dispos d the house of God
They first re edifie and for a while
In mean estate live moderate till grown

In wealth and multitude, factious they grow,
But first among the Priests dissension springs,
Men who attend the Altar, and should most
Endeavour Peace thir strife pollution brings
Upon the Temple it self at last they seise
The Scepter, and regard not *Davids* Sons,
Then loose it to a stranger, that the true
Anointed King *Messiah* might be born
Barr'd of his right, yet at his Birth a Starr
Unseen before in Heav'n proclaims him com,
And guides the Eastern Sages, who enquire
His place, to offer Incense, Myrrh, and Gold,
His place of birth a solemn Angel tells
To simple Shepherds, keeping watch by night,
They gladly thither haste, and by a Quire
Of squadrond Angels hear his Carol sung
A Virgin is his Mother, but his Sire
The Power of the most High, he shall ascend
The Throne hereditarie, and bound his Reign
With earths wide bounds, his glory with the Heav'ns
He ceas'd, discerning *Adam* with such joy
Surcharg'd, as had like grief bin dew'd in tears,
Without the vent of words, which these he breathd
O Prophet of glad tidings, finisher
Of utmost hope! now clear I understand
What oft my steddiest thoughts have searcht in vain,
Why our great expectation should be call'd
The seed of Woman Virgin Mother, Haile,
High in the love of Heav'n, yet from my Loynes
Thou shalt proceed, and from thy Womb the Son
Of God most High, So God with man unites
Needs must the Serpent now his capital bruise
Expect with mortal paine say where and when
Thir fight, what stroke shall bruise the Victors heel
To whom thus *Michael* Dream not of thir fight,
As of a Duel, or the local wounds
Of head or heel not therefore joynes the Son
Manhood to God-head, with more strength to foil
Thy enemie, nor so is overcome
Satan, whose fall from Heav n, a deadlier bruise,
Disabl d not to give thee thy deaths wound
Which hee, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,
Not by destroying *Satan*, but his works
In thee and in thy Seed nor can this be,
But by fulfilling that which thou didst want,
Obedience to the Law of God, impos d

On penaltie of death and suffering death
The penaltie to thy transgression due
And due to theirs which out of thine will grow
So onely can high Justice rest appaid
The Law of God exact he shall fulfill
Both by obedience and by love though love
Alone fulfill the Law thy punishment
He shall endure by coming in the Flesh
To a reproachful life and cursed death
Proclaiming Life to all who shall believe
In his redemption and that his obedience
Imputed becomes theirs by Faith his merits
To save them not thir own though legal works
For this he shall live hated be blasphem d
Seis d on by *force* judg d and to death condemnd
A shameful and accurst naild to the Cross
By his own Nation slaine for bringing Life
But to the Cross he nailes thy Enemies
The Law that is against thee and the sins
Of all mankinde with him there crucifi d
Never to hurt them more who rightly trust
In this his satisfaction so he dies
But soon revives Death over him no power
Shall long usurp ere the third dawning light
Returne the *Starres of Morn shall see him rise*
Out of his grave fresh as the dawning light
Thy ransom paid which Man from death redeems
His death for Man as many as offerd Life
Neglect not and the benefit imbrace
By Faith not void of workes this God like act
Annuls thy *doom* the death thou shouldst have dy d
In sin for ever lost *from life* this act
Shall bruise the head of *Satan* crush his strength
Defeating Sin and Death his two maine armes
And fix farr deeper in his head thir stings
Then temporal death shall bruise the Victors heel
Or theirs whom he redeems a death like sleep
A gentle wafting *to immortal Life*
Nor after resurrection shall he stay
Longer on Earth then certaine times to appeer
To his Disciples Men who in his Life
Still follow d him to them shall leave in charge
To teach all nations what of him they learn d
And his *Salvation* them who shall beleeve
Baptizing in the *profluent streame* the signe
Of washing them from guilt of sin to Life

Pure, and in mind prepar'd, if so befall,
For death, like that which the redeemer dy'd
All Nations they shall teach, for from that day
Not onely to the Sons of *Abrahams* Loines
Salvation shall be Preacht, but to the Sons
Of *Abrahams* Faith wherever through the world,
So in his seed all Nations shall be blest
Then to the Heav'n of Heav'ns he shall ascend
With victory, triumphing through the aire
Over his foes and thine, there shall surprise
The Serpent, Prince of aire, and drag in Chaines
Through all his realme, & there confounded leave,
Then enter into glory, and resume
His Seat at Gods right hand, exalted high
Above all names in Heav'n, and thence shall come,
When this worlds dissolution shall be ripe,
With glory and power to judge both quick & dead
To judge th' unfaithful dead, but to reward
His faithful, and receave them into bliss,
Whether in Heav'n or Earth, for then the Earth
Shall all be Paradise, far happier place
Then this of *Eden*, and far happier daies
  So spake th' Archangel *Michael*, then paus'd,
As at the Worlds great period, and our Sire
Replete with joy and wonder thus repli'd
  O goodness infinite, goodness immense!
That all this good of evil shall produce,
And evil turn to good, more wonderful
Then that by which creation first brought forth
Light out of darkness! full of doubt I stand,
Whether I should repent me now of sin
By mee done and occasiond, or rejoyce
Much more, that much more good thereof shall spring,
To God more glory, more good will to Men
From God, and over wrauth grace shall abound
But say, if our deliverer up to Heav'n
Must reascend, what will betide the few
His faithful, left among th' unfaithful herd,
The enemies of truth, who then shall guide
His people, who defend? will they not deale
Wors with his followers then with him they dealt?
  Be sure they will, said th' Angel, but from Heav'n
Hee to his own a Comforter will send,
The promise of the Father, who shall dwell
His Spirit within them, and the Law of Faith
Working through love, upon thir hearts shall write,

To guide them in all truth and also arme
With spiritual Armour able to resist
Satans assaults and quench his fierie darts
What Man can do against them not affraid
Though to the death against such cruelties
With inward consolations recompenc't
And oft supported so as shall amaze
Thir proudest persecuters for the Spirit
Pour'd first on his Apostles whom he sends
To evangelize the Nations then on all
Baptiz'd shall them with wondrous gifts endue
To speak all Tongues and do all Miracles
As did thir Lord before them Thus they win
Great numbers of each Nation to receave
With joy the tidings brought from Heav'n at length
Thir Ministry perform'd and race well run
Thir doctrine and thir story written left
They die but in thir room as they forewarne
Wolves shall succeed for teachers grievous Wolves
Who all the sacred mysteries of Heav'n
To thir own vile advantages shall turne
Of lucre and ambition and the truth
With superstitions and traditions taint
Left onely in those written Records pure
Though not but by the Spirit understood
Then shall they seek to avail themselves of names
Places and titles and with these to joine
Secular power though feigning still to act
By spiritual to themselves appropriating
The Spirit of God promisd alike and giv'n
To all Beleevers and from that pretense
Spiritual Lawes by carnal power shall force
On every conscience Laws which none shall finde
Left them inrould or what the Spirit within
Shall on the heart engrave What will they then
But force the Spirit of Grace it self and binde
His consort Libertie what but unbuild
His living Temples built by Faith to stand
Thir own Faith not anothers for on Earth
Who against Faith and Conscience can be heard
Infallible yet many will presume
Whence heavie persecution shall arise
On all who in the worship persevere
Of Spirit and Truth the rest farr greater part
Will deem in outward Rites and specious formes
Religion satisfi'd Truth shall retire

Bestuck with slandrous darts, and works of Faith
Rarely be found so shall the World goe on,
To good malignant, to bad men benigne,
Under her own waight groaning, till the day
Appeer of respiration to the just,
And vengeance to the wicked, at return
Of him so lately promiss'd to thy aid,
The Womans seed, obscurely then foretold,
Now amplier known thy Saviour and thy Lord,
Last in the Clouds from Heav'n to be reveald
In glory of the Father, to dissolve
Satan with his perverted World, then raise
From the conflagrant mass, purg'd and refin'd,
New Heav'ns, new Earth, Ages of endless date
Founded in righteousness and peace and love,
To bring forth fruits Joy and eternal Bliss
He ended, and thus *Adam* last reply'd
How soon hath thy prediction, Seer blest,
Measur'd this transient World, the Race of time,
Till time stand fixt beyond is all abyss,
Eternitie, whose end no eye can reach
Greatly instructed I shall hence depart
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill
Of knowledge, what this vessel can containe,
Beyond which was my folly to aspire
Henceforth I learne, that to obey is best,
And love with feare the onely God, to walk
As in his presence, ever to observe
His providence, and on him sole depend,
Merciful over all his works, with good
Still overcoming evil, and by small
Accomplishing great things, by things deemd weak
Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise
By simply meek, that suffering for Truths sake
Is fortitude to highest victorie,
And to the faithful Death the Gate of Life,
Taught this by his example whom I now
Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest
To whom thus also th Angel last repli'd
This having learnt, thou hast attained the summe
Of wisdom, hope no higher, though all the Starrs
Thou knewst by name, and all th' ethereal Powers,
All secrets of the deep, all Natures works,
Or works of God in Heav n Air Earth, or Sea,
And all the riches of this World enjoydst,
And all the rule, one Empire, onely add

Deeds to thy knowledge answerable add Faith
Add Vertue Patience Temperance add Love
By name to come call d Charitie the soul
Of all the rest then wilt thou not be loath
To leave this Paradise but shalt possess
A Paradise within thee happier farr
Let us descend now therefore from this top
Of Speculation for the hour precise
Exacts our parting hence and see the Guards
By mee encampt on yonder Hill expect
Thir motion at whose Front a flaming Sword
In signal of remove waves fiercely round
We may no longer stay go waken *Eve*
Her also I with gentle Dreams have calm d
Portending good and all her spirits compos d
To meek submission thou at season fit
Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard
Chiefly what may concern her Faith to know
The great deliverance by her Seed to come
(For by the Womans Seed) on all Mankind
That ye may live which will be many dayes
Both in one Faith unanimous though sad
With cause for evils past yet much more cheer d
With meditation on the happie end
He ended and they both descend the Hill
Descended *Adam* to the Bowre where *Eve*
Lay sleeping ran before but found her wak t
And thus with words not sad she him receiv d
Whence thou returnst & whither wentst I know
For God is also in sleep and Dreams advise
Which he hath sent propitious some great good
Presaging since with sorrow and hearts distress
Wearied I fell asleep but now lead on
In mee is no delay with thee to goe
Is to stay here without thee here to stay
Is to go hence unwilling thou to mee
Art all things under Heav n all places thou
Who for my wilful crime art banisht hence
This further consolation yet secure
I carry hence though all by mee is lost
Such favour I unworthie am voutsaft
By mee the Promis d Seed shall all restore
So spake our Mother *Eve* and *Adam* heard
Well pleas d but answer d not for now too nigh
Th Archangel stood and from the other Hill
To thir fixt Station all in bright array

The Cherubim descended, on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as Ev'ning Mist
Ris'n from a River o're the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the Labourers heel
Homeward returning High in Front advanc't
The brandisht Sword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a Comet, which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the *Libyan* Air adust,
Began to parch that temperate Clime, whereat
In either hand the hastning Angel caught
Our lingring Parents, and to th' Eastern Gate
Led them direct, and down the Cliff as fast
To the subjected Plaine, then disappeer'd
They looking back, all th' Eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late thir happie seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming Brand, the Gate
With dreadful Faces throng'd and fierie Armes
Som natural tears they drop'd, but wip'd them soon,
The World was all before them, where to choose
Thir place of rest, and Providence thir guide
They hand in hand with wandring steps and slow,
Through *Eden* took thir solitarie way

SAMSON AGONISTES

Of that sort of Dramatic Poem which is call'd Tragedy

TRAGEDY, as it was antiently compos'd, hath been ever held the gravest, moralest, and most profitable of all other Poems therefore said by *Aristotle* to be of power by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of those and such like passions, that is to temper and reduce them to just measure with a kind of delight, stirr'd up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated Nor is Nature wanting in her own effects to make good his assertion for so in Physic things of melancholic hue and quality are us'd against melancholy, sowr against sowr, salt to remove salt humours Hence Philosophers and other gravest Writers, as *Cicero Plutarch* and others, frequently cite out of Tragic Poets, both to adorn and illustrate thir discourse The Apostle *Paul* himself thought it not unworthy to insert a verse of *Euripides* into the Text of Holy Scripture, 1 *Cor* 15 33 and *Paræus* commenting on the *Revelation*, divides the whole Book as a Tragedy, into Acts distinguisht each by a Chorus of Heavenly Harpings and Song between Heretofore Men in highest dignity have labour'd not a little to be thought able to compose a Tragedy Of that honour *Dionysius* the elder was no less ambitious, then before of his attaining to the Tyranny *Augustus Cæsar* also had begun his *Ajax*, but unable to please his own judgment with what he had begun, left it unfinisht *Seneca* the Philosopher is by some thought the Author of those Tragedies (at lest the best of them) that go under that name *Gregory Nazianzen* a Father of the Church, thought it not unbeseeming the sanctity of his person to write a Tragedy, which he entitl'd, *Christ suffering* This is mention'd to vindicate Tragedy from the small esteem, or rather infamy, which in the account of many it undergoes at this day with other common Interludes, hap'ning through the Poets error of intermixing Comic stuff with Tragic sadness and gravity, or introducing trivial and vulgar persons, which by all judicious hath bin counted absurd, and brought in without discretion, corruptly to gratifie the people And though antient Tragedy use no Prologue, yet using sometimes, in case of self defence, or explanation, that which *Martial* calls an Epistle, in behalf of this Tragedy coming forth after the antient manner, much different from what among us passes for best, thus much before hand may be Epistl'd, that *Chorus* is here introduc'd after the Greek manner, not antient only but modern, and still in use among the *Italians* In the modelling therefore of this Poem with good reason, the Antients and

Italians are rather follow d as of much more authority and fame The measure of Verse us d in the Chorus is of all sorts call d by the Greeks *Monostrophic* or rather *Apolelymenon* without regard had to *Strophe Antistrophe* or *Epod* which were a kind of Stanza s fram d only for the Music then us d with the Chorus that sung not essential to the Poem and therefore not material or being divided into Stanza s or Pauses they may be call d *Allæostropha* Division into Act and Scene referring chiefly to the Stage (to which this work never was intended) is here omitted

It suffices if the whole Drama be found not produc t beyond the fift Act of the style and uniformitie and that commonly call d the Plot whether intricate or explicit which is nothing indeed but such œconomy or disposition of the fable as may stand best with verisimilitude and decorum they only will best judge who are not unacquainted with *Æschulus Sophocles* and *Euripides* the three Tragic Poets unequall d yet by any and the best rule to all who endeavour to write Tragedy The circumscription of time wherein the whole Drama begins and ends is according to antient rule and best example within the space of 24 hours

SAMSON AGONISTES

THE ARGUMENT

Samson *made Captive, Blind, and now in the Prison at Gaza, there to labour as in a common work house, on a Festival day, in the general cessation from labour, comes forth into the open Air, to a place nigh, somewhat retir'd there to sit a while and bemoan his condition. Where he happens at length to be visited by certain friends and equals of his tribe, which make the Chorus, who seek to comfort him what they can; then by his old Father* Manoa, *who endeavours the like, and withal tells him his purpose to procure his liberty by ransom; lastly, that this Feast was proclaim'd by the* Philistins *as a day of Thanksgiving for thir deliverance from the hands of* Samson, *which yet more troubles him.* Manoa *then departs to prosecute his endeavour with the* Philistian *Lords for* Samson's *redemption; who in the mean while is visited by other persons; and lastly by a publick Officer to require his coming to the Feast before the Lords and People, to play or shew his strength in thir presence; he at first refuses, dismissing the publick Officer with absolute denyal to come; at length perswaded inwardly that this was from God, he yields to go along with him, who came now the second time with great threatnings to fetch him; the Chorus yet remaining on the place,* Manoa *returns full of joyful hope, to procure e're long his Sons deliverance: in the midst of which discourse an Ebrew comes in haste confusedly at first; and afterward more distinctly relating the Catastrophe, what* Samson *had done to the* Philistins, *and by accident to himself; wherewith the Tragedy ends.*

The Persons

Samson
Manoa *the Father of* Samson
Dalila *his Wife*
Harapha *of Gath*
Publick Officer
Messenger
Chorus *of* Danites

The Scene before the Prison in Gaza

SAMS. A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps, a little further on;
For yonder bank hath choice of Sun or shade,
There I am wont to sit, when any chance
Relieves me from my task of servile toyl,
Daily in the common Prison else enjoyn'd me,
Where I a Prisoner chain'd, scarce freely draw
The air imprison'd also, close and damp,
Unwholsom draught: but here I feel amends,
The breath of Heav'n fresh-blowing, pure and sweet,
With day-spring born; here leave me to respire.
This day a solemn Feast the people hold
To *Dagon* thir Sea-Idol, and forbid
Laborious works, unwillingly this rest

Thir Superstition yields me hence with leave
Retiring from the popular noise I seek
This unfrequented place to find some ease
Ease to the body some none to the mind
From restless thoughts that like a deadly swarm
Of Hornets arm'd no sooner found alone
But rush upon me thronging and present
Times past what once I was and what am now
O wherefore was my birth from Heaven foretold
Twice by an Angel who at last in sight
Of both my Parents all in flames ascended
From off the Altar where an Off'ring burn'd
As in a fiery column charioting
His Godlike presence and from some great act
Or benefit reveal'd to *Abraham's* race?
Why was my breeding order'd and prescrib'd
As of a person separate to God
Design'd for great exploits if I must dye
Betray'd Captiv'd and both my Eyes put out,
Made of my Enemies the scorn and gaze
To grind in Brazen Fetters under task
With this Heav'n gifted strength? O glorious strength
Put to the labour of a Beast debas't
Lower then bondslave! Promise was that I
Should *Israel* from *Philistian* yoke deliver
Ask for this great Deliverer now and find him
Eyeless in *Gaza* at the Mill with slaves
Himself in bonds under *Philistian* yoke
Yet stay let me not rashly call in doubt
Divine Prediction what if all foretold
Had been fulfilld but through mine own default
Whom have I to complain of but my self?
Who this high gift of strength committed to me
In what part lodg'd how easily bereft me
Under the Seal of silence could not keep
But weakly to a woman must reveal it
O'recome with importunity and tears
O impotence of mind in body strong!
But what is strength without a double share
Of wisdom, vast unwieldy burdensom
Proudly secure, yet liable to fall
By weakest suttleties, not made to rule
But to subserve where wisdom bears command
God when he gave me strength to shew withal
How slight the gift was hung it in my Hair
But peace I must not quarrel with the will

Of highest dispensation, which herein
Happ'ly had ends above my reach to know
Suffices that to me strength is my bane,
And proves the sourse of all my miseries,
So many, and so huge, that each apart
Would ask a life to wail, but chief of all,
O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!
Blind among enemies, O worse then chains,
Dungeon, or beggery, or decrepit age!
Light the prime work of God to me is extinct,
And all her various objects of delight
Annull'd, which might in part my grief have eas'd,
Inferiour to the vilest now become
Of man or worm, the vilest here excel me,
They creep, yet see, I dark in light expos'd
To daily fraud, contempt, abuse and wrong,
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own,
Scarce half I seem to live, dead more then half
O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrecoverably dark, total Eclipse
Without all hope of day!
O first created Beam, and thou great Word,
Let there be light, and light was over all,
Why am I thus bereav'd thy prime decree?
The Sun to me is dark
And silent as the Moon,
When she deserts the night
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave
Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the Soul,
She all in every part, why was the sight
To such a tender ball as th' eye confin'd?
So obvious and so easie to be quench't,
And not as feeling through all parts diffus'd,
That she might look at will through every pore?
Then had I not been thus exil'd from light,
As in the land of darkness yet in light,
To live a life half dead, a living death,
And buried, but O yet more miserable!
My self, my Sepulcher, a moving Grave,
Buried, yet not exempt
By priviledge of death and burial
From worst of other evils, pains and wrongs,
But made hereby obnoxious more

To all the miseries of life
Life in captivity
Among inhuman foes
But who are these? for with joint pace I hear
The tread of many feet stearing this way
Perhaps my enemies who come to stare
At my affliction and perhaps to insult
Thir daily practice to afflict me more
Chor This this is he softly a while
Let us not break in upon him
O change beyond report thought or belief!
See how he lies at random carelessly diffus'd
With languish't head unpropt
As one past hope abandon'd
And by himself given over
In slavish habit ill fitted weeds
O're worn and soild
Or do my eyes misrepresent? Can this be hee
That Heroic that Renown'd
Irresistible *Samson*? whom unarm'd
No strength of man or fiercest wild beast could withstand
Who tore the Lion as the Lion tears the Kid
Ran on embattelld Armies clad in Iron
And weaponless himself
Made Arms ridiculous useless the forgery
Of brazen shield and spear the hammer'd Cuirass
Chalybean temper'd steel and frock of mail
Adamantean Proof
But safest he who stood aloof
When insupportably his foot advanc't
In scorn of thir proud arms and warlike tools
Spurn'd them to death by Troops The bold *Ascalonite*
Fled from his Lion ramp old Warriors turn'd
Thir plated backs under his heel
Or grovling soiled thir crested helmets in the dust
Then with what trivial weapon came to hand
The Jaw of a dead Ass his sword of bone
A thousand fore skins fell the flower of *Palestin*
In *Ramath-lechi* famous to this day
Then by main force pull'd up and on his shoulders bore
The Gates of *Azza* Post and massie Bar
Up to the Hill by *Hebron* seat of Giants old
No journey of a Sabbath day and loaded so

Like whom the Gentiles feign to bear up Heav'n
Which shall I first bewail,
Thy Bondage or lost Sight,
Prison within Prison
Inseparably dark?
Thou art become (O worst imprisonment!)
The Dungeon of thy self, thy Soul
(Which Men enjoying sight oft without cause complain)
Imprison'd now indeed,
In real darkness of the body dwells,
Shut up from outward light
To incorporate with gloomy night,
For inward light alas
Puts forth no visual beam
O mirror of our fickle state,
Since man on earth unparallel'd!
The rarer thy example stands,
By how much from the top of wondrous glory,
Strongest of mortal men,
To lowest pitch of abject fortune thou art fall'n
For him I reckon not in high estate
Whom long descent of birth
Or the sphear of fortune raises,
But thee whose strength, while vertue was her mate
Might have subdu'd the Earth,
Universally crown'd with highest praises
Sam I hear the sound of words, thir sense the air
Dissolves unjointed e're it reach my ear
Chor Hee speaks, let us draw nigh Matchless in might,
The glory late of *Israel*, now the grief,
We come thy friends and neighbours not unknown
From *Eshtaol* and *Zora's* fruitful Vale
To visit or bewail thee, or if better,
Counsel or Consolation we may bring,
Salve to thy Sores, apt words have power to swage
The tumors of a troubl'd mind,
And are as Balm to fester'd wounds
Sam Your coming, Friends, revives me for I learn
Now of my own experience, not by talk,
How counterfeit a coin they are who friends
Bear in their Superscription (of the most
I would be understood) in prosperous days
They swarm, but in adverse withdraw their head
Not to be found though sought Yee see, O friends,
How many evils have enclos'd me round,
Yet that which was the worst now least afflicts me,

Blindness for had I sight confus'd with shame
How could I once look up or heave the head
Who like a foolish Pilot have shipwrack't,
My Vessel trusted to me from above
Gloriously rigg'd and for a word a tear
Fool have divulg'd the secret gift of God
To a deceitful Woman tell me Friends
Am I not sung and proverbd for a Fool
In every street, do they not say how well
Are come upon him his deserts? yet why?
Immeasurable strength they might behold
In me of wisdom nothing more then mean
This with the other should at least have paird
These two proportiond ill drove me transverse
Chor Tax not divine disposal wisest Men
Have err'd and by bad Women been deceiv'd
And shall again pretend they ne're so wise
Deject not then so overmuch thy self
Who hast of sorrow thy full load besides
Yet truth to say I oft have heard men wonder
Why thou shouldst wed *Philistian* women rather
Then of thine own Tribe fairer or as fair
At least of thy own Nation and as noble
Sam The first I saw at *Timna* and she pleas'd
Mee not my Parents that I sought to wed
The daughter of an Infidel they knew not
That what I motion'd was of God I knew
From intimate impulse and therefore urg'd
The Marriage on that by occasion hence
I might begin *Israel's* Deliverance
The work to which I was divinely call'd
She proving false the next I took to Wife
(O that I never had! fond wish too late)
Was in the Vale of *Sorec* *Dalila*
That specious Monster my accomplisht snare
I thought it lawful from my former act
And the same end still watching to oppress
Israel's oppressours of what now I suffer
She was not the prime cause but I my self
Who vanquisht with a peal of words (O weakness!)
Gave up my fort of silence to a Woman
Chor In seeking just occasion to provoke
The *Philistine* thy Countries Enemy
Thou never wast remiss I bear thee witness
Yet *Israel* still serves with all his Sons.
Sam That fault I take not on me but transfer

On *Israel's* Governours, and Heads of Tribes,
Who seeing those great acts which God had done
Singly by me against their Conquerours
Acknowledg'd not, or not at all consider'd
Deliverance offerd I on th' other side
Us'd no ambition to commend my deeds,
The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the
dooer,
But they persisted deaf, and would not seem
To count them things worth notice, till at length
Thir Lords the *Philistines* with gather'd powers
Enterd *Judea* seeking mee, who then
Safe to the rock of *Etham* was retir'd,
Not flying, but fore-casting in what place
To set upon them, what advantag'd best,
Mean while the men of *Judah* to prevent
The harrass of thir Land, beset me round,
I willingly on some conditions came
Into thir hands, and they as gladly yield me
To the uncircumcis'd a welcom prey,
Bound with two cords, but cords to me were threds
Toucht with the flame on thir whole Host I flew
Unarm'd, and with a trivial weapon fell'd
Thir choicest youth, they only liv'd who fled
Had *Judah* that day join'd, or one whole Tribe,
They had by this possess'd the Towers of *Gath*,
And lorded over them whom now they serve,
But what more oft in Nations grown corrupt,
And by thir vices brought to servitude,
Then to love Bondage more then Liberty,
Bondage with ease then strenuous liberty,
And to despise, or envy, or suspect
Whom God hath of his special favour rais'd
As thir Deliverer, if he aught begin,
How frequent to desert him, and at last
To heap ingratitude on worthiest deeds?
Chor Thy words to my remembrance bring
How *Succoth* and the Fort of *Penuel*
Thir great Deliverer contemn'd,
The matchless *Gideon* in pursuit
Of *Madian* and her vanquisht Kings
And how ingrateful *Ephraim*
Had dealt with *Jephtha*, who by argument,
Not worse then by his shield and spear
Defended *Israel* from the *Ammonite*,
Had not his prowess quell'd thir pride

Of vow and have betray d it to a woman
A *Canaanite* my faithless enemy
This well I knew nor was at all supris d
But warn d by oft experience did not she
Of *Timna* first betray me and reveal
The secret wrested from me in her highth
Of Nuptial Love profest carrying it strait
To them who had corrupted her my Spies
And Rivals? In this other was there found
More Faith? who also in her prime of love
Spousal embraces vitiated with Gold
Though offer d only by the sent conceiv d
Her spurious first born Treason against me?
Thrice she assay d with flattering prayers and sighs
And amorous reproaches to win from me
My capital secret in what part my strength
Lay stor d in what part summ d that she might know
Thrice I deluded her and turn d to sport
Her importunity each time perceiving
How openly and with what impudence
She purpos d to betray me and (which was worse
Then undissembl d hate) with what contempt
She sought to make me Traytor to my self
Yet the fourth time when mustring all her wiles
With blandisht parlies feminine assaults
Tongue batteries she surceas d not day nor night
To storm me over watch t and wearied out
At times when men seek most repose and rest
I yielded and unlock d her all my heart
Who with a grain of manhood well resolv d
Might easily have shook off all her snares
But foul effeminacy held me yok t
Her Bond slave O indignity O blot
To Honour and Religion' servil mind
Rewarded well with servil punishment'
The base degree to which I now am fall n
These rags this grinding is not yet so base
As was my former servitude ignoble
Unmanly ignominious infamous
True slavery and that blindness worse then this,
That saw not how degeneratly I serv d
Man I cannot praise thy Marriage choises Son
Rather approv d them not but thou didst plead
Divine impulsion prompting how thou might st
Find some occasion to infest our Foes.
I state not that this I am sure our Foes

Found soon occasion thereby to make thee
Thir Captive, and thir triumph, thou the sooner
Temptation found'st, or over-potent charms
To violate the sacred trust of silence
Deposited within thee, which to have kept
Tacit, was in thy power, true, and thou bear'st
Enough, and more the burden of that fault,
Bitterly hast thou paid, and still art paying
That rigid score. A worse thing yet remains,
This day the *Philistines* a popular Feast
Here celebrate in *Gaza*, and proclaim
Great Pomp, and Sacrifice, and Praises loud
To *Dagon*, as their God who hath deliver'd
Thee *Samson* bound and blind into thir hands,
Them out of thine, who slew'st them many a slain.
So *Dagon* shall be magnifi'd, and God,
Besides whom is no God, compar'd with Idols,
Disglorifi'd, blasphem'd, and had in scorn
By th' Idolatrous rout amidst thir wine,
Which to have come to pass by means of thee,
Samson, of all thy sufferings think the heaviest,
Of all reproach the most with shame that ever
Could have befall'n thee and thy Fathers house.
Sam. Father, I do acknowledge and confess
That I this honour, I this pomp have brought
To *Dagon*, and advanc'd his praises high
Among the Heathen round, to God have brought
Dishonour, obloquie, and op't the mouths
Of Idolists, and Atheists, have brought scandal
To *Israel*, diffidence of God, and doubt
In feeble hearts, propense anough before
To waver, or fall off and joyn with Idols:
Which is my chief affliction, shame and sorrow,
The anguish of my Soul, that suffers not
Mine eie to harbour sleep, or thoughts to rest.
This only hope relieves me, that the strife
With me hath end; all the contest is now
'Twixt God and *Dagon*; *Dagon* hath presum'd,
Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
His Deity comparing and preferring
Before the God of *Abraham*. He, be sure,
Will not connive, or linger, thus provok'd,
But will arise and his great name assert:
Dagon must stoop, and shall e're long receive
Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him
Of all these boasted Trophies won on me,

Effeminatly vanquish't? by which means
Now blind disheartn'd sham'd dishonour'd quell'd
To what can I be useful wherein serve
My Nation and the work from Heav'n impos'd
But to sit idle on the houshold hearth
A burdenous drone to visitants a gaze
Or pitied object these redundant locks
Robustious to no purpose clustring down
Vain monument of strength till length of years
And sedentary numness craze my limbs
To a contemptible old age obscure
Here rather let me drudge and earn my bread
Till vermin or the draff of servil food
Consume me and oft invocated death
Hast'n the welcom end of all my pains
Man Wilt thou then serve the *Philistines* with that gift
Which was expresly giv'n thee to annoy them?
Better at home lie bed rid not only idle
Inglorious unimploy'd with age out worn
But God who caus'd a fountain at thy prayer
From the dry ground to spring thy thirst to allay
After the brunt of battel can as easie
Cause light again within thy eies to spring
Wherewith to serve him better then thou hast
And I perswade me so why else this strength
Miraculous yet remaining in those locks?
His might continues in thee not for naught
Nor shall his wondrous gifts be frustrate thus
Sam All otherwise to me my thoughts portend
That these dark orbs no more shall treat with light
Nor th' other light of life continue long
But yield to double darkness nigh at hand
So much I feel my genial spirits droop
My hopes all flat nature within me seems
In all her functions weary of herself
My race of glory run and race of shame
And I shall shortly be with them that rest
Man Believe not these suggestions which proceed
From anguish of the mind and humours black
That mingle with thy fancy I however
Must not omit a Fathers timely care
To prosecute the means of thy deliverance
By ransom or how else mean while be calm
And healing words from these thy friends admit.
Sam O that torment should not be confin'd
To the bodies wounds and sores

With maladies innumerable
In heart, head, brest, and reins,
But must secret passage find
To th' inmost mind,
There exercise all his fierce accidents,
And on her purest spirits prey,
As on entrails, joints, and limbs,
With answerable pains, but more intense,
Though void of corporal sense
  My griefs not only pain me
As a lingring disease,
But finding no redress, ferment and rage,
Nor less then wounds immedicable
Ranckle, and fester, and gangrene,
To black mortification
Thoughts my Tormenters arm'd with deadly stings
Mangle my apprehensive tenderest parts,
Exasperate, exulcerate, and raise
Dire inflammation which no cooling herb
Or medcinal liquor can asswage,
Nor breath of Vernal Air from snowy *Alp*
Sleep hath forsook and giv'n me o're
To deaths benumming Opium as my only cure
Thence faintings, swounings of despair,
And sense of Heav'ns desertion
  I was his nursling once and choice delight,
His destin'd from the womb,
Promisd by Heavenly message twice descending
Under his special eie
Abstemious I grew up and thriv'd amain,
He led me on to mightiest deeds
Above the nerve of mortal arm
Against the uncircumcis'd, our enemies
But now hath cast me off as never known,
And to those cruel enemies
Whom I by his appointment had provok't
Left me all helpless with th' irreparable loss
Of sight, reserv'd alive to be repeated
The subject of thir cruelty, or scorn
Nor am I in the list of them that hope,
Hopeless are all my evils, all remediless
This one prayer yet remains, might I be heard,
No long petition, speedy death
The close of all my miseries, and the balm
  Chor Many are the sayings of the wise
In antient and in modern books enroll'd,

Extolling Patience as the truest fortitude
And to the bearing well of all calamities
All chances incident to mans frail life
Consolatories writ
With studied argument and much perswasion sought
Lenient of grief and anxious thought
But with th afflicted in his pangs thir sound
Little prevails or rather seems a tune
Harsh and of dissonant mood from his complaint
Unless he feel within
Some sourse of consolation from above
Secret refreshings that repair his strength
And fainting spirits uphold
God of our Fathers what is man'
That thou towards him with hand so various
Or might I say contrarious
Temperst thy providence through his short course
Not evenly as thou rul st
The Angelic orders and inferiour creatures mute
Irrational and brute
Nor do I name of men the common rout
That wandring loose about
Grow up and perish as the summer flie
Heads without name no more rememberd
But such a thou hast solemnly elected
With gifts and graces eminently adorn d
To some great work thy glory
And peoples safety which in part they effect
Yet toward these thus dignifi d thou oft
Amidst thir highth of noon
Changest thy countenance and thy hand with no regard
Of highest favours past
From thee on them or them to thee of service
Nor only dost degrade them or remit
To life obscur d which were a fair dismission
But throw st them lower then thou didst exalt them high
Unseemly falls in human eie
Too grievous for the trespass or omission
Oft leav st them to the hostile sword
Of Heathen and prophane thir carkasses
To dogs and fowls a prey or else captiv d
Or to the unjust tribunals under change of times,
And condemnation of the ingrateful multitude
If these they scape perhaps in poverty
With sickness and disease thou bow st them down
Painful diseases and deform d

In crude old age,
Though not disordinate, yet causless suffring
The punishment of dissolute days, in fine,
Just or unjust, alike seem miserable,
For oft alike, both come to evil end
So deal not with this once thy glorious Champion,
The Image of thy strength, and mighty minister
What do I beg? how hast thou dealt already?
Behold him in this state calamitous, and turn
His labours, for thou canst, to peaceful end
But who is this, what thing of Sea or Land?
Femal of sex it seems,
That so bedeckt, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing
Like a stately Ship
Of *Tarsus,* bound for th' Isles
Of *Javan* or *Gadier*
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,
Courted by all the winds that hold them play,
An Amber sent of odorous perfume
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind,
Some rich *Philistian* Matron she may seem,
And now at nearer view, no other certain
Than *Dalila* thy wife
Sam My Wife, my Traytress, let her not come near me
Cho Yet on she moves, now stands & eies thee fixt,
About t' have spoke, but now, with head declin'd
Like a fair flower surcharg'd with dew, she weeps
And words addrest seem into tears dissolv'd,
Wetting the borders of her silk'n veil
But now again she makes address to speak
Dal With doubtful feet and wavering resolution
I came, still dreading thy displeasure, *Samson,*
Which to have merited, without excuse,
I cannot but acknowledge, yet if tears
May expiate (though the fact more evil drew
In the perverse event then I foresaw)
My penance hath not slack'n'd, though my pardon
No way assur'd But conjugal affection
Prevailing over fear, and timerous doubt
Hath led me on desirous to behold
Once more thy face, and know of thy estate
If aught in my ability may serve
To light'n what thou suffer'st, and appease

Thy mind with what amends is in my power
Though late yet in some part to recompense
My rash but more unfortunate misdeed
Sam Out out *Hyæna* these are thy wonted arts,
And arts of every woman false like thee
To break all faith all vows deceive betray
Then as repentant to submit beseech
And reconcilement move with feign d remorse
Confess and promise wonders in her change
Not truly penitent but chief to try
Her husband how far urg d his patience bears
His vertue or weakness which way to assail
Then with more cautious and instructed skill
Again transgresses and again submits
That wisest and best men full oft beguil d
With goodness principl d not to reject
The penitent but ever to forgive
Are drawn to wear out miserable days
Entangl d with a poysnous bosom snake
If not by quick destruction soon cut off
As I by thee to Ages an example
Dal Yet hear me *Samson* not that I endeavour
To lessen or extenuate my offence
But that on th other side if it be weigh d
By it self with aggravations not surcharg d
Or else with just allowance counterpois d
I may if possible thy pardon find
The easier towards me or thy hatred less
First granting as I do it was a weakness
In me but incident to all our sex
Curiosity inquisitive importune
Of secrets then with like infirmity
To publish them both common female faults
Was it not weakness also to make known
For importunity that is for naught,
Wherein consisted all thy strength and safety?
To what I did thou shewdst me first the way
But I to enemies reveal d and should not
Nor shouldst thou have trusted that to womans frailty
Ere I to thee thou to thy self wast cruel
Let weakness then with weakness come to parl
So near related or the same of kind
Thine forgive mine that men may censure thine
The gentler if severely thou exact not
More strength from me then in thy self was found
And what if Love which thou interpret st hate

The jealousie of Love, powerful of sway
In human hearts, nor less in mine towards thee,
Caus'd what I did? I saw thee mutable
Of fancy, feard lest one day thou wouldst leave me
As her at *Timna*, sought by all means therefore
How to endear, and hold thee to me firmest
No better way I saw then by importuning
To learn thy secrets, get into my power
Thy key of strength and safety thou wilt say,
Why then reveal'd? I was assur'd by those
Who tempted me, that nothing was design'd
Against thee but safe custody, and hold
That made for me, I knew that liberty
Would draw thee forth to perilous enterprises,
While I at home sate full of cares and fears
Wailing thy absence in my widow'd bed,
Here I should still enjoy thee day and night
Mine and Loves prisoner, not the *Philistines*,
Whole to my self, unhazarded abroad,
Fearless at home of partners in my love
These reasons in Loves law have past for good,
Though fond and reasonless to some perhaps
And Love hath oft, well meaning, wrought much wo,
Yet always pity or pardon hath obtain'd
Be not unlike all others, not austere
As thou art strong, inflexible as steel
If thou in strength all mortals dost exceed,
In uncompassionate anger do not so
Sam How cunningly the sorceress displays
Her own transgressions, to upbraid me mine!
That malice not repentance brought thee hither,
By this appears I gave, thou say'st, th' example,
I led the way bitter reproach, but true,
I to my self was false e're thou to me,
Such pardon therefore as I give my folly,
Take to thy wicked deed which when thou seest
Impartial, self-severe, inexorable,
Thou wilt renounce thy seeking and much rather
Confess it feign'd, weakness is thy excuse,
And I believe it, weakness to resist
Philistian gold if weakness may excuse,
What Murtherer, what Traytor, Parricide,
Incestuous Sacrilegious, but may plead it?
All wickedness is weakness that plea therefore
With God or Man will gain thee no remission
But Love constrain'd thee, call it furious rage

To satisfie thy lust Love seeks to have Love
My love how couldst thou hope who tookst the way
To raise in me inexpiable hate
Knowing as needs I must by thee betray d?
In vain thou striv st to cover shame with shame
Or by evasions thy crime uncoverst more
Dal Since thou determinst weakness for no plea
In man or woman though to thy own condemning
Hear what assaults I had what snares besides
What sieges girt me round e re I consented
Which might have aw d the best resolv d of men
The constantest to have yielded without blame
It was not gold as to my charge thou lay st
That wrought with me thou know st the Magistrates
And Princes of my countrey came in person
Sollicited commanded threatn d urg d
Adjur d by all the bonds of civil Duty
And of Religion press d how just it was
How honourable how glorious to entrap
A common enemy who had destroy d
Such numbers of our Nation and the Priest
Was not behind but ever at my ear
Preaching how meritorious with the gods
It would be to ensnare an irreligious
Dishonourer of *Dagon* what had I
To oppose against such powerful arguments?
Only my love of thee held long debate
And combated in silence all these reasons
With hard contest at length that grounded maxim
So rife and celebrated in the mouths
Of wisest men that to the public good
Private respects must yield with grave authority
Took full possession of me and prevail d
Vertue as I thought truth duty so enjoyning
Sam I thought where all thy circling wiles would end
In feign d Religion smooth hypocrisie
But had thy love still odiously pretended
Bin as it ought sincere it would have taught thee
Far other reasonings brought forth other deeds
I before all the daughters of my Tribe
And of my Nation chose thee from among
My enemies lov d thee as too well thou knew st
Too well unbosom d all my secrets to thee
Not out of levity but over pow r d
By thy request who could deny thee nothing
Yet now am judg d an enemy Why then

Didst thou at first receive me for thy husband?
Then, as since then, thy countries foe profest
Being once a wife, for me thou wast to leave
Parents and countrey, nor was I their subject,
Nor under their protection but my own,
Thou mine, not theirs if aught against my life
Thy countrey sought of thee, it sought unjustly,
Against the law of nature, law of nations,
No more thy countrey, but an impious crew
Of men conspiring to uphold thir state
By worse than hostile deeds, violating the ends
For which our countrey is a name so dear,
Not therefore to be obey'd But zeal mov'd thee,
To please thy gods thou didst it, gods unable
To acquit themselves and prosecute their foes
But by ungodly deeds, the contradiction
Of their own deity, Gods cannot be
Less therefore to be pleas'd, obey'd, or fear'd,
These false pretexts and varnish'd colours failing,
Bare in thy guilt how foul must thou appear?
Dal In argument with men a woman ever
Goes by the worse, whatever be her cause
Sam For want of words no doubt, or lack of breath,
Witness when I was worried with thy peals
Dal I was a fool, too rash, and quite mistaken
In what I thought would have succeeded best
Let me obtain forgiveness of thee, *Samson*,
Afford me place to shew what recompence
Towards thee I intend for what I have misdone,
Misguided only what remains past cure
Bear not too sensibly, nor still insist
To afflict thy self in vain though sight be lost,
Life yet hath many solaces, enjoy'd
Where other senses want not their delights
At home in leisure and domestic ease,
Exempt from many a care and chance to which
Eye-sight exposes daily men abroad
I to the Lords will intercede, not doubting
Thir favourable ear, that I may fetch thee
From forth this loathsom prison-house to abide
With me, where my redoubl'd love and care
With nursing diligence, to me glad office,
May ever tend about thee to old age
With all things grateful chear'd and so suppli'd,
That what by me thou hast lost thou least shalt miss
Sam No, no, of my condition take no care

It fits not thou and I long since are twain
Nor think me so unwary or accurst
To bring my feet again into the snare
Where once I have been caught I know thy trains
Though dearly to my cost thy ginns and toyls
Thy fair enchanted cup and warbling charms
No more on me have power their force is null d
So much of Adders wisdom I have learn t
To fence my ear against thy sorceries
If in my flower of youth and strength when all men
Lov d honour d fear d me thou alone could hate me
Thy Husband *slight me sell me and forgo me*
How wouldst thou use me now blind and thereby
Deceivable in most things as a child
Helpless thence easily contemn d and scorn d
And last neglected? How wouldst thou insult
When I must live uxorious to thy will
In perfet thraldom how again betray me
Bearing my words and doings to the Lords
To gloss upon and censuring frown or smile?
This Gaol I count the house of Liberty
To thine whose doors my feet shall never enter
Dal Let me approach at least and touch thy hand
Sam Not for thy life lest fierce remembrance wake
My sudden rage to tear thee joint by joint
At distance I forgive thee go with that
Bewail thy falshood and the pious works
It hath brought forth to make thee memorable
Among illustrious women faithful wives
Cherish thy hast n d widowhood with the gold
Of Matrimonial treason so farwel
Dal I see thou art implacable more deaf
To prayers then winds and seas *yet winds to seas*
Are reconcil d at length and Sea to Shore
Thy anger unappeasable still rages
Eternal tempest never to be calm d
Why do I humble thus my self and suing
For peace reap nothing but repulse and hate
Bid go with evil omen and the brand
Of infamy upon my name denounc t?
To mix with thy concernments I desist
Henceforth nor too much disapprove my own
Fame if not double fac t is double mouth d
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds
On both his wings one black th other white
Bears greatest names in his wild aerie flight

My name perhaps among the Circumcis'd
In *Dan*, in *Judah*, and the bordering Tribes,
To all posterity may stand defam'd,
With malediction mention'd, and the blot
Of falshood most unconjugal traduc't
But in my countrey where I most desire,
In *Ecron*, *Gaza*, *Asdod*, and in *Gath*
I shall be nam'd among the famousest
Of Women, sung at solemn festivals,
Living and dead recorded, who to save
Her countrey from a fierce destroyer, chose
Above the faith of wedlock-bands, my tomb
With odours visited and annual flowers
Not less renown'd then in Mount *Ephraim*,
Jael, who with inhospitable guile
Smote *Sisera* sleeping through the Temples nail'd
Nor shall I count it hainous to enjoy
The public marks of honour and reward
Conferr'd upon me, for the piety
Which to my countrey I was judg'd to have shewn
At this who ever envies or repines
I leave him to his lot, and like my own
Chor She's gone, a manifest Serpent by her sting
Discover'd in the end, till now conceal'd
Sam So let her go, God sent her to debase me,
And aggravate my folly who committed
To such a viper his most sacred trust
Of secresie, my safety, and my life
Chor Yet beauty, though injurious, hath strange power,
After offence returning, to regain
Love once possest, nor can be easily
Repuls't, without much inward passion felt
And secret sting of amorous remorse
Sam Love-quarrels oft in pleasing concord end,
Not wedlock-trechery endangering life
Chor It is not vertue wisdom, valour, wit
Strength, comliness of shape, or amplest merit
That womans love can win or long inherit,
But what it is, hard is to say,
Harder to hit,
(Which way soever men refer it)
Much like thy riddle *Samson*, in one day
Or seven though one should musing sit
If any of these or all the *Timnian* bride
Had not so soon preferr d
Thy Paranymph worthless to thee compar d,

Successour in thy bed
Nor both so loosly disally d
Thir nuptials nor *this last* so trecherously
Had shorn the fatal harvest of thy head
Is it for that such outward ornament
Was lavish t on thir Sex that inward gifts
Were left for hast unfinish t judgment scant
Capacity not rais d to apprehend
Or value what is best
In choice but oftest to affect the wrong?
Or was too much of self love mixt
Of constancy no root infixt
That either they love nothing or not long?
What e re it be to wisest men and best
Seeming at first all heavenly under virgin veil
Soft modest meek demure
Once join d the contrary she proves a thorn
Intestin far within defensive arms
A cleaving mischief in his way to vertue
Adverse and turbulent or by her charms
Draws him awry enslav d
With dotage and his sense deprav d
To folly and shameful deeds which ruin ends
What Pilot so expert but needs must wreck
Embarqu d with such a Steers mate at the Helm?
Favour d of Heav n who finds
One vertuous rarely found
That in domestic good combines
Happy that house! his way to peace is smooth
But vertue which breaks through all opposition
And all temptation can remove
Most shines and most is acceptable above
Therefore Gods universal Law
Gave to the man despotic power
Over his female in due awe
Nor from that right to part an hour
Smile she or lowre
So shall he least confusion draw
On his whole life not sway d
By female usurpation nor dismay d
But had we best retire I see a storm?
Sam Fair days have oft contracted wind and rain
Chor But this another kind of tempest brings.
Sam Be less abstruse my riddling days are past
Chor Look now for no inchanting voice nor fear
The bait of honied words a rougher tongue

Draws hitherward, I know him by his stride,
The Giant *Harapha* of *Gath*, his look
Haughty as is his pile high-built and proud
Comes he in peace? what wind hath blown him hither
I less conjecture then when first I saw
The sumptuous *Dalila* floating this way
His habit carries peace, his brow defiance
Sam Or peace or not, alike to me he comes
Chor His fraught we soon shall know, he now arrives
Har I come not *Samson*, to condole thy chance,
As these perhaps, yet wish it had not been,
Though for no friendly intent I am of *Gath*,
Men call me *Harapha*, of stock renown'd
As Og or *Anak* and the *Emims* old
That *Kiriathaim* held, thou knowst me now
If thou at all art known Much I have heard
Of thy prodigious might and feats perform'd
Incredible to me, in this displeas'd,
That I was never present on the place
Of those encounters, where we might have tri'd
Each others force in camp or listed field
And now am come to see of whom such noise
Hath walk'd about, and each limb to survey,
If thy appearance answer loud report
Sam The way to know were not to see but taste
Har Dost thou already single me, I thought
Gives and the Mill had tam'd thee? O that fortune
Had brought me to the field where thou art fam'd
To have wrought such wonders with an Asses Jaw,
I should have forc'd thee soon with other arms,
Or left thy carkass where the Ass lay thrown
So had the glory of Prowess been recover'd
To *Palestine*, won by a *Philistine*
From the unforeskinn'd race, of whom thou bear'st
The highest name for valiant Acts, that honour
Certain to have won by mortal duel from thee,
I lose, prevented by thy eyes put out
Sam Boast not of what thou wouldst have done, but do
What then thou would'st, thou seest it in thy hand
Har To combat with a blind man I disdain,
And thou hast need much washing to be toucht.
Sam Such usage as your honourable Lords
Afford me assassinated and betray'd,
Who durst not with thir whole united powers
In fight withstand me single and unarm'd,
Nor in the house with chamber Ambushes

Close-banded durst attaque me, no not sleeping,
Till they had hir'd a woman with their gold
Breaking her Marriage Faith to circumvent me.
Therefore without feign'd shifts let be assign'd
Some narrow place enclos'd, where sight may give thee,
Or rather flight, no great advantage on me;
Then put on all thy gorgeous arms, thy Helmet
And Brigandine of brass, thy broad Habergeon,
Vant-brass and Greves, and Gauntlet, add thy Spear
A Weavers beam, and seven-times-folded shield,
I only with an Oak'n staff will meet thee,
And raise such out-cries on thy clatter'd Iron,
Which long shall not with-hold mee from thy head,
That in a little time while breath remains thee,
Thou oft shalt wish thy self at *Gath* to boast
Again in safety what thou wouldst have done
To *Samson*, but shalt never see *Gath* more.
Har. Thou durst not thus disparage glorious arms
Which greatest Heroes have in battel worn,
Thir ornament and safety, had not spells
And black enchantments, some Magicians Art
Arm'd thee or charm'd thee strong, which thou from Heaven
Feigndst at thy birth was giv'n thee in thy hair,
Where strength can least abide, though all thy hairs
Were bristles rang'd like those that ridge the back
Of chaf't wild Boars, or ruffl'd Porcupines.
Sam. I know no Spells, use no forbidden Arts;
My trust is in the living God who gave me
At my Nativity this strength, diffus'd
No less through all my sinews, joints and bones,
Then thine, while I preserv'd these locks unshorn,
The pledge of my unviolated vow.
For proof hereof, if *Dagon* be thy god,
Go to his Temple, invocate his aid
With solemnest devotion, spread before him
How highly it concerns his glory now
To frustrate and dissolve these Magic spells,
Which I to be the power of *Israel's* God
Avow, *and challenge Dagon to the test,*
Offering to combat thee his Champion bold,
With th' utmost of his Godhead seconded:
Then thou shalt see, or rather to thy sorrow
Soon feel, whose God is strongest, thine or mine.
Har. Presume not on thy God, what ere he be,
Thee he regards not, owns not, hath cut off

Quite from his people, and delivered up
Into thy Enemies hand, permitted them
To put out both thine eyes, and fetter'd send thee
Into the common Prison, there to grind
Among the Slaves and Asses thy comrades,
As good for nothing else, no better service
With those thy boyst'rous locks, no worthy match
For valour to assail, nor by the sword
Of noble Warriour, so to stain his honour,
But by the Barbers razor best subdu'd

Sam All these indignities, for such they are
From thine, these evils I deserve and more,
Acknowledge them from God inflicted on me
Justly, yet despair not of his final pardon
Whose ear is ever open, and his eye
Gracious to re-admit the suppliant,
In confidence whereof I once again
Defie thee to the trial of mortal fight,
By combat to decide whose god is God,
Thine or whom I with *Israel's* Sons adore

Har Fair honour that thou dost thy God, in trusting
He will accept thee to defend his cause,
A Murtherer, a Revolter, and a Robber

Sam Tongue doubtie Giant, how dost thou prove me these?

Har Is not thy Nation subject to our Lords?
Thir Magistrates confest it, when they took thee
As a League-breaker and deliver'd bound
Into our hands for hadst thou not committed
Notorious murder on those thirty men
At *Askalon*, who never did thee harm,
Then like a Robber stripdst them of thir robes?
The *Philistines*, when thou hadst broke the league,
Went up with armed powers thee only seeking,
To others did no violence nor spoil

Sam Among the Daughters of the *Philistines*
I chose a Wife, which argu'd me no foe,
And in your City held my Nuptial Feast
But your ill-meaning Politician Lords
Under pretence of Bridal friends and guests,
Appointed to await me thirty spies,
Who threatning cruel death constrain'd the bride
To wring from me and tell to them my secret,
That solv'd the riddle which I had propos'd
When I perceiv'd all set on enmity,
As on my enemies, where ever chanc'd,

I us d hostility and took thir spoil
To pay my underminers in thir coin
My Nation was subjected to your Lords
It was the force of Conquest force with force
Is well ejected when the Conquer d can
But I a private person whom my Countrey
As a league breaker gave up bound presum d
Single Rebellion and did Hostile Acts
I was no private but a person rais d
With strength sufficient and command from Heav n
To free my Countrey if their servile minds
Me their Deliverer sent would not receive
But to thir Masters gave me up for nought
Th unworthier they whence to this day they serve
I was to do my part from Heav n assign d
And had perform d it if my known offence
Had not disabl d me not all your force
These shifts refuted answer thy appellant
Though by his blindness maim'd for high attempts
Who now defies thee thrice to single fight
As a petty enterprise of small enforce
Har With thee a Man condemn d a Slave enrol d
Due by the Law to capital punishment?
To fight with thee no man of arms will deign
Sam Cam st thou for this vain boaster to survey me
To descant on my strength and give thy verdit?
Come nearer part not hence so slight inform d
But take good heed my hand survey not thee
Har O *Baal zebub*! can my ears unus d
Hear these dishonours and not render death
Sam No man with holds thee nothing from thy hand
Fear I incurable bring up thy van
My heels are fetter d but my fist is free
Har This insolence other kind of answer fits
Sam Go baffl d coward lest I run upon thee
Though in these chains bulk without spirit vast
And with one buffet lay thy structure low
Or swing thee in the Air then dash thee down
To the hazard of thy brains and shatter d sides
Har By *Astaroth* e re long thou shalt lament
These braveries in Irons loaden on thee
Chor His Giantship is gone somewhat crestfall n
Stalking with less unconsci nable strides
And lower looks but in a sultrie chafe
Sam I dread him not nor all his Giant brood
Though Fame divulge him Father of five Sons

All of Gigantic size, *Goliah* chief
  Chor He will directly to the Lords, I fear,
And with malitious counsel stir them up
Some way or other yet further to afflict thee
  Sam He must allege some cause, and offer'd fight
Will not dare mention, lest a question rise
Whether he durst accept the offer or not,
And that he durst not plain enough appear'd
Much more affliction then already felt
They cannot well impose, nor I sustain,
If they intend advantage of my labours
The work of many hands, which earns my keeping
With no small profit daily to my owners
But come what will, my deadliest foe will prove
My speediest friend, by death to rid me hence,
The worst that he can give, to me the best
Yet so it may fall out, because thir end
Is hate, not help to me, it may with mine
Draw thir own ruin who attempt the deed
  Chor Oh how comely it is and how reviving
To the Spirits of just men long opprest'
When God into the hands of thir deliverer
Puts invincible might
To quell the mighty of the Earth, th' oppressour,
The brute and boist'rous force of violent men
Hardy and industrious to support
Tyrannic power, but raging to pursue
The righteous and all such as honour Truth,
He all thir Ammunition
And feats of War defeats
With plain Heroic magnitude of mind
And celestial vigour arm'd,
Thir Armories and Magazins contemns,
Renders them useless, while
With winged expedition
Swift as the lightning glance he executes
His errand on the wicked, who surpris'd
Lose thir defence distracted and amaz'd
  But patience is more oft the exercise
Of Saints, the trial of thir fortitude
Making them each his own Deliverer,
And Victor over all
That tyrannie or fortune can inflict,
Either of these is in thy lot
Samson, with might endu'd
Above the Sons of men, but sight bereav'd

May chance to number thee with those
Whom Patience finally must crown
This Idols day hath bin to thee no day of rest
Labouring thy mind
More then the working day thy hands
And yet perhaps more trouble is behind
For I descry this way
Some other tending in his hand
A Scepter or quaint staff he bears
Comes on amain speed in his look
By his habit I discern him now
A Public Officer and now at hand
His message will be short and voluble
Off *Ebrews* the Pris ner *Samson* here I seek
Chor His manacles remark him there he sits
Off *Samson* to thee our Lords thus bid me say
This day to *Dagon* is a solemn Feast
With Sacrifices Triumph Pomp and Games
Thy strength they know surpassing human rate
And now some public proof thereof require
To honour this great Feast and great Assembly
Rise therefore with all speed and come along
Where I will see thee heartn d and fresh clad
To appear as fits before th illustrious Lords
Sam Thou know st I am an *Ebrew* therefore tell them
Our Law forbids at thir Religious Rites
My presence for that cause I cannot come
Off This answer be assur d will not content them
Sam Have they not Sword players and ev ry sort
Of Gymnic Artists Wrestlers Riders Runners
Juglers and Dancers Antics Mummers Mimics
But they must pick me out with shackles tir d
And over labour d at thir publick Mill
To make them sport with blind activity?
Do they not seek occasion of new quarrels
On my refusal to distress me more
Or make a game of my calamities?
Return the way thou cam st I will not come
Off Regard thy self this will offend them highly
Sam My self? my conscience and internal peace
Can they think me so broken so debas d
With corporal servitude that my mind ever
Will condescend to such absurd commands
Although thir drudge to be thir fool or jester
And in my midst of sorrow and heart grief
To shew them feats, and play before thir god

The worst of all indignities, yet on me
Joyn'd with extream contempt? I will not come
Off My message was impos'd on me with speed,
Brooks no delay is this thy resolution?
Sam So take it with what speed thy message needs
Off I am sorry what this stoutness will produce
Sam Perhaps thou shalt have cause to sorrow indeed
Chor Consider, *Samson*, matters now are strain'd
Up to the highth, whether to hold or break,
He's gone, and who knows how he may report
Thy words by adding fuel to the flame?
Expect another message more imperious,
More Lordly thund'ring then thou well wilt bear
Sam Shall I abuse this Consecrated gift
Of strength, again returning with my hair
After my great transgression, so requite
Favour renew'd, and add a greater sin
By prostituting holy things to Idols,
A *Nazarite* in place abominable
Vaunting my strength in honour to thir *Dagon?*
Besides, how vile, contemptible, ridiculous,
What act more execrably unclean, prophane?
Chor Yet with this strength thou serv'st the *Philistines*,
Idolatrous, uncircumcis'd, unclean
Sam Not in thir Idol-worship, but by labour
Honest and lawful to deserve my food
Of those who have me in thir civil power
Chor Where the heart joins not, outward acts defile not
Sam Where outward force constrains, the sentence holds,
But who constrains me to the Temple of *Dagon*,
Not dragging? the *Philistian* Lords command
Commands are no constraints If I obey them,
I do it freely, venturing to displease
God for the fear of Man, and Man prefer,
Set God behind which in his jealousie
Shall never, unrepented, find forgiveness
Yet that he may dispense with me or thee
Present in Temples at Idolatrous Rites
For some important cause, thou needst not doubt
Chor How thou wilt here come off surmounts my reach
Sam Be of good courage, I begin to feel
Some rouzing motions in me which dispose
To something extraordinary my thoughts.
I with this Messenger will go along
Nothing to do, be sure that may dishonour
Our Law, or stain my vow of *Nazarite*

If there be aught of presage in the mind
This day will be remarkable in my life
By some great act or of my days the last
Chor In time thou hast resolv d the man returns
Off *Samson* this second message from our Lords
To thee I am bid say Art thou our Slave
Our Captive at the public Mill our drudge
And dar st thou at our sending and command
Dispute thy coming? come without delay
Or we shall find such Engines to assail
And hamper thee as thou shalt come of force
Though thou wert firmlier fastn d then a rock
Sam I could be well content to try thir Art
Which to no few of them would prove pernicious
Yet knowing thir advantages too many
Because they shall not trail me through thir streets
Like a wild Beast I am content to go
Masters commands come with a power resistless
To such as owe them absolute subjection
And for a life who will not change his purpose?
(So mutable are all the ways of men)
Yet this be sure in nothing to comply
Scandalous or forbidden in our Law
Off I praise thy resolution doff these links
By this compliance thou wilt win the Lords
To favour and perhaps to set thee free
Sam Brethren farewel your company along
I will not wish lest it perhaps offend them
To see me girt with Friends and how the sight
Of me as of a common Enemy
So dreaded once may now exasperate them
I know not Lords are Lordliest in thir wine
And the well feasted Priest then soonest fir d
With zeal if aught Religion seem concern d
No less the people on thir Holy days
Impetuous insolent unquenchable
Happ n what may of me expect to hear
Nothing dishonourable impure unworthy
Our God our Law my Nation or my *self*
The last of me or no I cannot warrant.
Chor *Go and the Holy One*
Of *Israel* be thy guide
To what may serve his glory best & spread his name
Great among the Heathen round
Send thee the Angel of thy Birth to stand
Fast by thy side who from thy Fathers field

Rode up in flames after his message told
Of thy conception, and be now a shield
Of fire, that Spirit that first rusht on thee
In the camp of *Dan*
Be efficacious in thee now at need
For never was from Heaven imparted
Measure of strength so great to mortal seed,
As in thy wond'rous actions hath been seen
But wherefore comes old *Manoa* in such hast
With youthful steps? much livelier than e're while
He seems supposing here to find his Son,
Or of him bringing to us some glad news?
Man Peace with you brethren, my inducement hither
Was not at present here to find my Son,
By order of the Lords new parted hence
To come and play before them at thir Feast
I heard all as I came, the City rings
And numbers thither flock, I had no will,
Lest I should see him forc't to things unseemly
But that which moved my coming now, was chiefly
To give ye part with me what hope I have
With good success to work his liberty
Chor That hope would much rejoyce us to partake
With thee, say reverend Sire, we thirst to hear
Man I have attempted one by one the Lords
Either at home, or through the high street passing,
With supplication prone and Fathers tears
To accept of ransom for my Son thir pris'ner,
Some much averse I found and wondrous harsh,
Contemptuous, proud, set on revenge and spite,
That part most reverenc'd *Dagon* and his Priests,
Others more moderate seeming, but thir aim
Private reward, for which both God and State
They easily would set to sale, a third
More generous far and civil, who confess'd
They had anough reveng'd, having reduc't
Thir foe to misery beneath thir fears,
The rest was magnanimity to remit,
If some convenient ransom were propos'd
What noise or shout was that? it tore the Skie
Chor Doubtless the people shouting to behold
Thir once great dread, captive, & blind before them,
Or at some proof of strength before them shown
Man His ransom if my whole inheritance
May compass it, shall willingly be paid
And numberd down much rather I shall chuse

To live the poorest in my Tribe, then richest,
And he in that calamitous prison left.
No, I am fixt not to part hence without him.
For his redemption all my Patrimony,
If need be, I am ready to forgo
And quit: not wanting him, I shall want nothing.
Chor. Fathers are wont to lay up for thir Sons,
Thou for thy Son art bent to lay *out all*;
Sons wont to nurse thir Parents in old age,
Thou in *old age car'st how to nurse* thy Son,
Made older then thy age through eye-sight lost.
Man. It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,
And view him sitting in the house, enobl'd
With all those high exploits by him atchiev'd,
And on his shoulders waving down those locks,
That of a Nation arm'd the strength contain'd:
And I perswade me God had not permitted
His strength again to grow up with his hair
Garrison'd round about him like a Camp
Of faithful Souldiery, were not his purpose
To use him further yet in some great service,
Not to sit idle with so great a gift
Useless, and thence ridiculous about him.
And since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,
God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.
Chor. Thy hopes are not ill founded nor seem vain
Of his delivery, and thy joy thereon
Conceiv'd, agreeable to a Fathers love,
In both which we, as next participate.
Man. I know your friendly minds and — O what noise!
Mercy of Heav'n what hideous noise was that!
Horribly loud unlike the former shout.
Chor. Noise call you it or universal groan
As if the whole inhabitation perish'd,
Blood, death, and deathful deeds are in that noise,
Ruin, destruction at the utmost point.
Man. Of ruin indeed methought I heard the noise,
Oh it continues, they have slain my Son.
Chor. Thy Son is rather slaying them, that outcry
From slaughter of one foe could not ascend.
Man. Some dismal accident it needs must be;
What shall we do, stay here or run and see?
Chor. Best keep together here, lest running thither
We unawares run into dangers mouth.
This evil on the *Philistines* is fall'n,
From whom could else a general cry be heard?

The sufferers then will scarce molest us here,
From other hands we need not much to fear
What if his eye-sight (for to *Israels* God
Nothing is hard) by miracle restor'd,
He now be dealing dole among his foes,
And over heaps of slaughter'd walk his way?
Man That were a joy presumptuous to be thought
Chor Yet God hath wrought things as incredible
For his people of old, what hinders now?
Man He can I know, but doubt to think he will,
Yet Hope would fain subscribe, and tempts Belief
A little stay will bring some notice hither
Chor Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner,
For evil news rides post, while good news baits
And to our wish I see one hither speeding,
An *Ebrew*, as I guess, and of our Tribe
Mess O whither shall I run, or which way flie
The sight of this so horrid spectacle
Which earst my eyes beheld and yet behold,
For dire imagination still persues me
But providence or instinct of nature seems,
Or reason though disturb'd, and scarse consulted
To have guided me aright, I know not how,
To thee first reverend *Manoa*, and to these
My Countreymen, whom here I knew remaining,
As at some distance from the place of horrour,
So in the sad event too much concern'd
Man The accident was loud, & here before thee
With rueful cry, yet what it was we hear not,
No Preface needs, thou seest we long to know
Mess It would burst forth, but I recover breath
And sense distract, to know well what I utter
Man Tell us the sum, the circumstance defer
Mess *Gaza* yet stands, but all her Sons are fall'n,
All in a moment overwhelm'd and fall'n
Man Sad, but thou knowst to *Israelites* not saddest
The desolation of a Hostile City
Mess Feed on that first, there may in grief be surfet.
Man Relate by whom *Mess* By *Samson*
Man That still lessens
The sorrow, and converts it nigh to joy
Mess Ah *Manoa* I refrain, too suddenly
To utter what will come at last too soon,
Lest evil tidings with too rude irruption
Hitting thy aged ear should pierce too deep
Man Suspense in news is torture, speak them out

Mess Then take the worst in brief *Samson* is dead
Man The worst indeed O all my hope's defeated
To free him hence! but death who sets all free
Hath paid his ransom now and full discharge
What windy joy this day had I conceiv'd
Hopeful of his Delivery which now proves
Abortive as the first born bloom of spring
Nipt with the lagging rear of winters frost
Yet e're I give the rains to grief say first
How dy'd he? death to life is crown or shame
All by him fell thou say'st by whom fell he
What glorious hand gave *Samson* his deaths wound?
Mess Unwounded of his enemies he fell
Man Wearied with slaughter then or how? explain
Mess By his own hands *Man* Self violence? what cause
Brought him so soon at variance with himself
Among his foes? *Mess* Inevitable cause
At once both to destroy and be destroy'd
The Edifice where all were met to see him
Upon thir heads and on his own he pull'd
Man O lastly over strong against thy self!
A dreadful way thou took'st to thy revenge
More than anough we know but while things yet
Are in confusion give us if thou canst
Eye witness of what first or last was done
Relation more particular and distinct
Mess Occasions drew me early to this City
And as the gates I enter'd with Sun rise
The morning Trumpets Festival proclaim'd
Through each high street little I had dispatch't
When all abroad was rumour'd that this day
Samson should be brought forth to shew the people
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games
I sorrow'd at his captive state but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle
The building was a spacious Theatre
Half round on two main Pillars vaulted high
With seats where all the Lords and each degree
Of sort might sit in order to behold
The other side was op'n where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under Skie might stand
I among these aloof obscurely stood
The Feast and noon grew high and Sacrifice
Had fill'd thir hearts with mirth high chear & wine,
When to thir sports they turn'd Immediately
Was *Samson* as a public servant brought

In thir state Livery clad, before him Pipes
And Timbrels, on each side went armed guards,
Both horse and foot before him and behind
Archers, and Slingers, Cataphracts and Spears
At sight of him the people with a shout
Rifted the Air clamouring thir god with praise,
Who had made thir dreadful enemy thir thrall
He patient but undaunted where they led him,
Came to the place, and what was set before him
Which without help of eye, might be assay'd,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still perform'd
All with incredible, stupendious force,
None daring to appear Antagonist.
At length for intermission sake they led him
Between the pillars, he his guide requested
(For so from such as nearer stood we heard)
As over-tir'd to let him lean a while
With both his arms on those two massie Pillars
That to the arched roof gave main support.
He unsuspitious led him, which when *Samson*
Felt in his arms, with head a while enclin'd,
And eyes fast fixt he stood, as one who pray'd,
Or some great matter in his mind revolv'd
At last with head erect thus cryed aloud,
Hitherto, Lords, what your commands impos'd
I have perform'd, as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld
Now of my own accord such other tryal
I mean to shew you of my strength, yet greater,
As with amaze shall strike all who behold
This utter'd, straining all his nerves he bow'd,
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When Mountains tremble, those two massie Pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro,
He tugg'd, he shook, till down they came and drew
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder
Upon the heads of all who sate beneath,
Lords, Ladies, Captains, Councellors, or Priests,
Thir choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this but each *Philistian* City round
Met from all parts to solemnize this Feast.
Samson with these immixt, inevitably
Pulld down the same destruction on himself,
The vulgar only scap'd who stood without
Chor. O dearly-bought revenge, yet glorious!
Living or dying thou hast fulfill'd

The work for which thou wast foretold
To *Israel* and now ly'st victorious
Among thy slain self-kill'd
Not willingly but tangl'd in the fold
Of dire necessity whose law in death conjoin'd
Thee with thy slaughter'd foes in number more
Then all thy life had slain before
Semichor While thir hearts were jocund and sublime
Drunk with Idolatry drunk with Wine
And fat regorg'd of Bulls and Goats
Chaunting thir Idol and preferring
Before our living Dread who dwells
In *Silo* his bright Sanctuary
Among them he a spirit of phrenzie sent,
Who hurt thir minds
And urg'd them on with mad desire
To call in hast for thir destroyer
They only set on sport and play
Unweetingly importun'd
Thir own destruction to come speedy upon them
So fond are mortal men
Fall'n into wrath divine
As thir own ruin on themselves to invite
Insensate left or to sense reprobate
And with blindness internal struck
Semichor But he though blind of sight,
Despis'd and thought extinguish't quite
With inward eyes illuminated
His fierie vertue rouz'd
From under ashes into sudden flame
And as an ev'ning Dragon came
Assailant on the perched roosts
And nests in order rang'd
Of tame villatic Fowl but as an Eagle
His cloudless thunder bolted on thir heads.
So vertue giv'n for lost
Deprest and overthrown as seem'd
Like that self-begott'n bird
In the *Arabian* woods embost,
That no second knows nor third
And lay e're while a Holocaust
From out her ashie womb now teem'd
Revives reflourishes then vigorous most
When most unactive deem'd
And though her body die her fame survives,
A secular bird ages of lives

Man Come, come, no time for lamentation now,
Nor much more cause, *Samson* hath quit himself
Like *Samson*, and heroicly hath finish'd
A life Heroic, on his Enemies
Fully reveng'd, hath left them years of mourning,
And lamentation to the Sons of *Caphtor*
Through all *Philistian* bounds To *Israel*
Honour hath left, and freedom, let but them
Find courage to lay hold on this occasion,
To himself and Fathers house eternal fame,
And which is best and happiest yet, all this
With God not parted from him, as was feard,
But favouring and assisting to the end
Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast, no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise, or blame, nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble
Let us go find the body where it lies
Sok't in his enemies blood, and from the stream
With lavers pure and cleansing herbs wash off
The clotted gore I with what speed the while
(*Gaza* is not in plight to say us nay)
Will send for all my kindred, all my friends
To fetch him hence and solemnly attend
With silent obsequie and funeral train
Home to his Fathers house there will I build him
A Monument, and plant it round with shade
Of Laurel ever green, and branching Palm,
With all his Trophies hung, and Acts enroll'd
In copious Legend, or sweet Lyric Song
Thither shall all the valiant youth resort,
And from his memory inflame thir breasts
To matchless valour, and adventures high
The Virgins also shall on feastful days
Visit his Tomb with flowers, only bewailing
His lot unfortunate in nuptial choice,
From whence captivity and loss of eyes
Chor All is best though we oft doubt,
What th' unsearchable dispose
Of highest wisdom brings about,
And ever best found in the close
Oft he seems to hide his face,
But unexpectedly returns
And to his faithful Champion hath in place
Bore witness gloriously whence *Gaza* mourns
And all that band them to resist

His uncontroulable intent
His servants he with new acquist
Of true experience from this great event
With peace and consolation hath dismist,
And calm of mind all passion spent

AREOPAGITICA

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Analysis of the Order of Parliament (June 14, 1643), Against which the Areopagitica was Directed

1 The Preamble recounts that "many false . . . scandalous seditious and libellous" works have lately been published "to the great defamation of Religion and government", that many private printing presses have been set up, and that "divers of the Stationers' Company" have infringed the rights of the Company

2 "It is therefore ordered by the Lords and Commons in Parliament," (1) that no Order "of both or either House shall be printed" except by command (2) that no Book, etc, "*shall from henceforth be printed or put to sale, unless the same be first approved of and licensed by such person or persons as both or either of the said Houses shall appoint for the licensing of the same*", (3) that no book of which the copyright has been granted to the Company "for their relief and the maintenance of their poor" be printed by any person or persons "without the license and consent of the Master Warden, and assistants of the said Company" (4) that no book "formerly printed here" be imported from beyond seas "upon pain of forfeiting the same to the Owner of the Copyright" and such further punishment as shall be thought fit

3 The Stationers Company and the officers of the two Houses are authorised to search for unlicensed Presses and to break them up, to search for unlicensed Books etc and confiscate them and to apprehend all authors printers and others concerned in publishing unlicensed books and to bring them before the Houses or the Committee of Examination "for further punishments," such persons not to be released till they have given satisfaction and also "sufficient caution not to offend in like sort for the future"

4 "All Justices of the Peace Captains Constables and other officers" are ordered to give aid in the execution of the above

A SPEECH FOR THE LIBERTY OF UNLICENSED PRINTING, TO THE PARLIAMENT OF ENGLAND (1644)

THEY, who to states and governors of the Commonwealth direct their speech, High Court of Parliament, or, wanting such access in a private condition, write that which they foresee may advance the public good I suppose them, as at the beginning of no mean endeavour, not a little altered and moved inwardly in their minds some with doubt of what will be the success, others with fear of what will be the censure, some with hope others with confidence of what they have to speak And me perhaps each of these dispositions, as the subject was whereon I entered, may have at other times variously affected, and likely might in these foremost expressions now also disclose which of them swayed most but that the very attempt of this address thus made, and the thought of whom it hath recourse to, hath got the power within me to a passion far more welcome than incidental to a preface.

Which though I stay not to confess ere any ask I shall be blameless if it be no other than the joy and gratulation which it brings to all who wish and promote their country s liberty whereof this whole discourse proposed will be a certain testimony if not a trophy For this is not the liberty which we can hope that no grievance ever should arise in the Commonwealth— that let no man in this world expect but when complaints are freely heard deeply considered and speedily reformed then is the utmost bound of civil liberty attained that wise men look for To which if I now manifest by the very sound of this which I shall utter that we are already in good part arrived and yet from such a steep disadvantage of tyranny and superstition grounded into our principles as was beyond the manhood of a Roman recovery it will be attributed first as is most due to the strong assistance of God our deliverer next to your faithful guidance and undaunted wisdom Lords and Commons of England Neither is it in God s esteem the diminution of His glory when honourable things are spoken of good men and worthy magistrates which if I now first should begin to do after so fair a progress of your laudable deeds and such a long obligement upon the whole realm to your indefatigable virtues I might be justly reckoned among the tardiest and the unwillingest of them that praise ye

Nevertheless there being three principal things without which all praising is but courtship and flattery First when that only is praised which is solidly worth praise next when greatest likelihoods are brought that such things are truly and really in those persons to whom they are ascribed the other when he who praises by showing that such his actual persuasion is of whom he writes can demonstrate that he flatters not the former two of these I have heretofore endeavoured rescuing the employment from him who went about to impair your merits with a trivial and malignant encomium the latter as belonging chiefly to mine own acquittal that whom I so extolled I did not flatter hath been reserved opportunely to this occasion

For he who freely magnifies what hath been nobly done and fears not to declare as freely what might be done better gives ye the best covenant of his fidelity and that his loyalist affection and his hope waits on your proceedings. His highest praising is not flattery and his plainest advice is a kind of praising For though I should affirm and hold by argument that it would fare better with truth with learning and the Commonwealth if one of your published Orders which I should name were called in yet at the same time it could not but much redound to the lustre of your mild and equal government whenas private persons are hereby animated to think ye better pleased with public advice than other statists have been delighted heretofore with public flattery And men will then see what difference there is between the magnanimity of a triennial Parliament and that jealous haughtiness of prelates and Cabin Counsellors that usurped of late whenas they shall observe ye in the midst of your victories and successes more gently brooking written exceptions against a voted Order than other Courts, which had produced nothing worth memory but the weak ostenta

tion of wealth, would have endured the least signified dislike at any sudden Proclamation.

If I should thus far presume upon the meek demeanour of your civil and gentle greatness, Lords and Commons, as what your published Order hath directly said, that to gainsay, I might defend myself with ease, if any should accuse me of being new or insolent, did they but know how much better I find ye esteem it to imitate the old and elegant humanity of Greece, than the barbaric pride of a Hunnish and Norwegian stateliness. And out of those ages, to whose polite wisdom and letters we owe that we are not yet Goths and Jutlanders, I could name him who from his private house wrote that discourse to the Parliament of Athens, that persuades them to change the form of democraty which was then established. Such honour was done in those days to men who professed the study of wisdom and eloquence, not only in their own country, but in other lands, that cities and signiories heard them gladly, and with great respect, if they had aught in public to admonish the state. Thus did Dion Prusæus, a stranger and a private orator, counsel the Rhodians against a former edict; and I abound with other like examples, which to set here would be superfluous.

But if from the industry of a life wholly dedicated to studious labours, and those natural endowments haply not the worse for two and fifty degrees of northern latitude, so much must be derogated, as to count me not equal to any of those who had this privilege, I would obtain to be thought not so inferior, as yourselves are superior to the most of them who received their counsel; and how far you excel them, be assured, Lords and Commons, there can no greater testimony appear, than when your prudent spirit acknowledges and obeys the voice of reason from what quarter soever it be heard speaking, and renders ye as willing to repeal any Act of your own setting forth, as any set forth by your predecessors.

If ye be thus resolved, as it were injury to think ye were not, I know not what should withhold me from presenting ye with a fit instance wherein to show both that love of truth which ye eminently profess, and that uprightness of your judgment which is not wont to be partial to yourselves, by judging over again that Order which ye have ordained to regulate Printing:—that no book, pamphlet, or paper shall be henceforth printed, unless the same be first approved and licensed by such, or at least one of such, as shall be thereto appointed. For that part which preserves justly every man's copy to himself, or provides for the poor, I touch not, only wish they be not made pretences to abuse and persecute honest and painful men, who offend not in either of these particulars. But that other clause of Licensing Books, which we thought had died with his brother quadragesimal and matrimonial when the prelates expired, I shall now attend with such a homily, as shall lay before ye, first the inventors of it to be those whom ye will be loth to own; next what is to be thought in general of reading, whatever sort the books be; and that this Order avails nothing to the suppressing of scandalous, seditious, and libellous books, which were mainly intended to be suppressed. Last, that it will be primely to the discouragement of all

learning and the stop of Truth not only by disexercising and blunting our abilities in what we know already but by hindering and cropping the discovery that might be yet further made both in religious and civil Wisdom

I deny not but that it is of greatest concernment in the Church and Commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men and thereafter to confine imprison and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors For books are not absolutely dead things but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are nay they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon s teeth and being sown up and down may chance to spring up armed men And yet on the other hand unless wariness be used as good almost kill a man as kill a good book Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature God s image but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself kills the image of God as it were in the eye Many a man lives a burden to the earth but a good book is the precious life blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life 'Tis true no age can restore a life whereof perhaps there is no great loss and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth for the want of which whole nations fare the worse

We should be wary therefore what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men how we spill that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed sometimes a martyrdom and if it extend to the whole impression a kind of massacre whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life but strikes at that ethereal and fifth essence the breath of reason itself slays an immortality rather than a life But lest I should be condemned of introducing licence while I oppose licensing I refuse not the pains to be so much historical as will serve to show what hath been done by ancient and famous commonwealths against this disorder till the very time that this project of licensing crept out of the inquisition was catched up by our prelates and hath caught some of our presbyters

In Athens where books and wits were ever busier than in any other part of Greece I find but only two sorts of writings which the magistrate cared to take notice of those either blasphemous and atheistical or libellous. Thus the books of Protagoras were by the judges of Areopagus commanded to be burnt and himself banished the territory for a discourse begun with his confessing not to know whether there were gods, or whether not And against defaming it was agreed that none should be traduced by name as was the manner of *Vetus Comœdia* whereby we may guess how they censured libelling And this course was quick enough as Cicero writes to quell both the desperate wits of other atheists and the open way of defaming as the event showed. Of other sects and opinions though tending to voluptuousness, and the denying of Divine Providence they took no heed.

Therefore we do not read that either Epicurus, or that libertine school of Cyrene, or what the Cynic impudence uttered, was ever questioned by the laws. Neither is it recorded that the writings of those old comedians were suppressed, though the acting of them were forbid; and that Plato commended the reading of Aristophanes, the loosest of them all, to his royal scholar Dionysius, is commonly known, and may be excused, if holy Chrysostom, as is reported, nightly studied so much the same author and had the art to cleanse a scurrilous vehemence into the style of a rousing sermon.

That other leading city of Greece, Lacedæmon, considering that Lycurgus their lawgiver was so addicted to elegant learning, as to have been the first that brought out of Ionia the scattered works of Homer, and sent the poet Thales from Crete to prepare and mollify the Spartan surliness with his smooth songs and odes, the better to plant among them law and civility, it is to be wondered how museless and unbookish they were, minding nought but the feats of war. There needed no licensing of books among them, for they disliked all but their own laconic apothegms, and took a slight occasion to chase Archilochus out of their city, perhaps for composing in a higher strain than their own soldierly ballads and roundels could reach to. Or if it were for his broad verses, they were not therein so cautious but they were as dissolute in their promiscuous conversing; whence Euripides affirms in *Andromache*, that their women were all unchaste. Thus much may give us light after what sort of books were prohibited among the Greeks.

The Romans also, for many ages trained up only to a military roughness resembling most the Lacedæmonian guise, knew of learning little but what their twelve Tables, and the Pontific College with their augurs and flamens taught them in religion and law, so unacquainted with other learning that when Carneades and Critolaus, with the Stoic Diogenes coming ambassadors to Rome, took thereby occasion to give the city a taste of their philosophy, they were suspected for seducers by no less a man than Cato the Censor, who moved it in the Senate to dismiss them speedily, and to banish all such Attic babblers out of Italy. But Scipio and others of the noblest senators withstood him and his old Sabine austerity, honoured and admired the men; and the censor himself at last, in his old age, fell to the study of that whereof before he was so scrupulous. And yet at the same time Nævius and Plautus, the first Latin comedians, had filled the city with all the borrowed scenes of Menander and Philemon. Then began to be considered there also what was to be done to libellous books and authors; for Nævius was quickly cast into prison for his unbridled pen, and released by the tribunes upon his recantation; we read also that libels were burnt, and the makers punished by Augustus. The like severity, no doubt, was used if aught were impiously written against their esteemed gods. Except in these two points, how the world went in books the magistrate kept no reckoning.

And therefore Lucretius without impeachment versifies his Epicurism to

Memmius and had the honour to be set forth the second time by Cicero so great a father of the commonwealth although himself disputes against that opinion in his own writings Nor was the satirical sharpness or naked plainness of Lucilius or Catullus or Flaccus by any order prohibited And for matters of state the story of Titus Livius though it extolled that part which Pompey held was not therefore suppressed by Octavius Cæsar of the other faction But that Naso was by him banished in his old age for the wanton poems of his youth was but a mere covert of state over some secret cause and besides the books were *neither banished nor called in From* hence we shall meet with little else but tyranny in the Roman empire that we may not marvel if not so often bad as good books were silenced I shall therefore deem to have been large enough in producing what among the ancients was punishable to write save only which all other arguments were free to treat on

By this time the emperors were become Christians whose discipline in this point I do not find to have been more severe than what was formerly in practice The books of those whom they took to be grand heretics were examined refuted and condemned in the general Councils and not till then were prohibited or burnt by authority of the emperor As for the writings of heathen authors unless they were plain invectives against Christianity as those of Porphyrius and Proclus they met with no interdict that can be cited till about the year 400 in a Carthaginian Council wherein bishops themselves were forbid to read the books of Gentiles but heresies they might read while others long before them on the contrary scrupled more the books of heretics than of Gentiles And that the primitive Councils and bishops were wont only to declare what books were not commendable passing no further but leaving it to each one s conscience to read or to lay by till after the year 800 is observed already by Padre Paolo the great unmasker of the Trentine Council

After which time the Popes of Rome engrossing what they pleased of political rule into their own hands extended their dominion over men s eyes as they had before over their judgments burning and prohibiting to be read what they fancied not yet sparing in their censures and the books not many which they so dealt with till Martin V by his bull not only prohibited, but was the first that excommunicated the reading of heretical books for about that time Wickliffe and Huss growing terrible were they who first drove the Papal Court to a stricter policy of prohibiting Which course Leo X and his successors followed until the Council of Trent and the Spanish Inquisition engendering together brought forth or perfected those Catalogues and expurging Indexes that rake through the entrails of many an old good author with a violation worse than any could be offered to his tomb Nor did they stay in matters heretical but any subject that was not to their palate, they either condemned in a Prohibition or had it straight into the new Purgatory of an Index

To fill up the measure of encroachment their last invention was to ordain that no book pamphlet or paper should be printed (as if St Peter had

bequeathed them the keys of the press also out of Paradise) unless it were approved and licensed under the hands of two or three glutton friars For example

> Let the Chancellor Cini be pleased to see if in this present work be contained aught that may withstand the printing
>
> Vincent Rabbatta, Vicar of Florence

> I have seen this present work, and find nothing athwart the Catholic faith and good manners in witness whereof I have given, etc
>
> Nicolo Cini, Chancellor of Florence

> Attending the precedent relation, it is allowed that this present work of Davanzati *may be printed* *Vincent Rabbatta, etc*

> It may be printed, July 15
>
> Friar Simon Mompei d'Amelia, Chancellor of the holy office in Florence

Sure they have a conceit, if he of the bottomless pit had not long since broke prison, that this quadruple exorcism would bar him down I fear their next design will be to get into their custody the licensing of that which they say Claudius intended, but went not through with Vouchsafe to see another of their forms, the Roman stamp

> Imprimatur, If it seem good to the reverend master of the holy Palace
>
> Belcastro, Vicegerent.

> Imprimatur, Friar Nicolo Rodolphi, Master of the holy Palace

Sometimes five Imprimaturs are seen together dialogue-wise in the piazza *of one title-page, complimenting and ducking each to other with their* shaven reverences, whether the author, who stands by in perplexity at the foot of his epistle, shall to the press or to the sponge These are the pretty responsories, these are the dear antiphonies, that so bewitched of late our Prelates and their chaplains with the goodly echo they made, and besotted us to the gay imitation of a lordly Imprimatur, one from Lambeth House another from the west end of Paul s, so apishly romanising, that the word of command still was set down in Latin, as if the learned grammatical pen that wrote it would cast no ink without Latin, or perhaps, as they thought, because no vulgar tongue was worthy to express the pure conceit of an Imprimatur, but rather, as I hope, for that our English the language of men, ever famous and foremost in the achievements of liberty, will not easily find servile letters enow to spell such a dictatory presumption English

And thus ye have the inventors and the original of book-licensing ripped up and drawn as lineally as any *pedigree* We have it not, that can be heard of, from any ancient state or polity or church nor by any statute left us by our ancestors elder or later, nor from the modern custom of any reformed city or church abroad, but from the most antichristian council and the most tyrannous inquisition that ever inquired Till then books were

ever as freely admitted into the world as any other birth the issue of the brain was no more stifled than the issue of the womb no envious Juno sat cross legged over the nativity of any man s intellectual offspring but if it proved a monster who denies but that it was justly burnt or sunk into the sea? But that a book in worse condition than a peccant soul should be to stand before a jury ere it be born to the world and undergo yet in darkness the judgment of Radamanth and his colleagues ere it can pass the ferry backward into light was never heard before till that mysterious iniquity provoked and troubled at the first entrance of Reformation sought out new limbos and new hells wherein they might include our books also within the number of their damned And this was the rare morsel so officiously snatched up and so ill favouredly imitated by our inquisiturient bishops and the attendant minorities their chaplains That ye like not now these most certain authors of this licensing order and that all sinister intention was far distant from your thoughts when ye were importuned the passing it all men who know the integrity of your actions and how ye honour Truth will clear ye readily

But some will say What though the inventors were bad the thing for all that may be good? It may be so yet if that thing be no such deep invention but obvious and easy for any man to light on and yet best and wisest commonwealths through all ages and occasions have foreborne to use it and falsest seducers and oppressors of men were the first who took it up and to no other purpose but to obstruct and hinder the first approach of Reformation I am of those who believe it will be a harder alchymy than Lullius ever knew to sublimate any good use out of such an invention Yet this only is what I request to gain from this reason that it may be held a dangerous and suspicious fruit as certainly it deserves for the tree that bore it until I can dissect one by one the properties it has But I have first to finish as was propounded what is to be thought in general of reading books whatever sort they be and whether be more the benefit or the harm that thence proceeds

Not to insist upon the examples of Moses Daniel and Paul who were skilful in all the learning of the Egyptians Chaldeans and Greeks which could not probably be without reading their books of all sorts in Paul especially who thought it no defilement to insert into Holy Scripture the sentences of three Greek poets, and one of them a tragedian the question was notwithstanding sometimes controverted among the primitive doctors, but with great odds on that side which affirmed it both lawful and profitable as was then evidently perceived when Julian the Apostate and subtlest enemy to our faith made a decree forbidding Christians the study of heathen learning for said he they wound us with our own weapons and with our own arts and sciences they overcome us. And indeed the Christians were put so to their shifts by this crafty means and so much in danger to decline into all ignorance that the two Apollinarii were fain as a man may say to coin all the seven liberal sciences out of the Bible reducing it into divers forms of orations, poems dialogues, even to the calculating of

a new Christian grammar. But, saith the historian Socrates, the providence of God provided better than the industry of Apollinarius and his son, by taking away that illiterate law with the life of him who devised it. So great an injury they then held it to be deprived of Hellenic learning, and thought it a persecution more undermining, and secretly decaying the Church, than the open cruelty of Decius or Diocletian.

And perhaps it was the same politic drift that the devil whipped St Jerome in a Lenten dream, for reading Cicero, or else it was a phantasm bred by the fever which had then seized him. For had an angel been his discipliner, unless it were for dwelling too much upon Ciceronianisms, and had chastised the reading, not the vanity, it had been plainly partial, first to correct him for grave Cicero, and not for scurril Plautus, whom he confesses to have been reading, not long before, next to correct him only, and let so many more ancient fathers wax old in those pleasant and florid studies without the lash of such a tutoring apparition, insomuch that Basil teaches how some good use may be made of Margites, a sportful poem, not now extant, writ by Homer, and why not then of Morgante, an Italian romance much to the same purpose?

But if it be agreed we shall be tried by visions, there is a vision recorded by Eusebius, far ancienter than this tale of Jerome to the nun Eustochium, and, besides, has nothing of a fever in it. Dionysius Alexandrinus was about the year 240 a person of great name in the Church for piety and learning, who had wont to avail himself much against heretics by being conversant in their books, until a certain presbyter laid it scrupulously to his conscience, how he durst venture himself among those defiling volumes. The worthy man, loth to give offence, fell into a new debate with himself what was to be thought, when suddenly a vision sent from God (it is his own epistle that so avers it) confirmed him in these words: Read any books whatever come to thy hands, for thou art sufficient both to judge aright, and to examine each matter. To this revelation he assented the sooner, as he confesses, because it was answerable to that of the Apostle to the Thessalonians, Prove all things, hold fast that which is good. And he might have added another remarkable saying of the same author: To the pure all things are pure, not only meats and drinks, but all kind of knowledge whether of good or evil; the knowledge cannot defile, nor consequently the books, if the will and conscience be not defiled.

For books are as meats and viands are; some of good, some of evil substance; and yet God, in that unapocryphal vision, said without exception, Rise, Peter, kill and eat, leaving the choice to each man's discretion. Wholesome meats to a vitiated stomach differ little or nothing from unwholesome; and best books to a naughty mind are not unappliable to occasions of evil. Bad meats will scarce breed good nourishment in the healthiest concoction; but herein the difference is of bad books, that they to a discreet and judicious reader serve in many respects to discover, to confute, to forewarn, and to illustrate. Whereof what better witness can ye expect I should produce, than one of your own now sitting in Parliament, the chief of

learned men reputed in this land Mr Selden whose volume of natural and national laws proves not only by great authorities brought together but by exquisite reasons and theorems almost mathematically demonstrative that all opinions yea errors known read and collated are of main service and assistance toward the speedy attainment of what is truest I conceive therefore that when God did enlarge the universal diet of man s body saving ever the rules of temperance He then also as before left arbitrary the dieting and repasting of our minds as wherein every mature man might have to exercise his own leading capacity

How great a virtue is temperance how much of moment through the whole life of man! Yet God commits the managing so great a trust with out particular law or prescription wholly to the demeanour of every grown man And therefore when He Himself tabled the Jews from heaven that omer which was every man s daily portion of manna is computed to have been more than might have well sufficed the heartiest feeder thrice as many meals For those actions which enter into a man rather than issue out of him and therefore defile not God uses not to captivate under a perpetual childhood of prescription but trusts him with the gift of reason to be his own chooser there were but little work left for preaching if law and compulsion should grow so fast upon those things which heretofore were governed only by exhortation Solomon informs us that much read ing is a weariness to the flesh but neither he nor other inspired author tells us that such or such reading is unlawful yet certainly had God thought good to limit us herein it had been much more expedient to have told us what was unlawful than what was wearisome As for the burning of those Ephesian books by St Paul s converts tis replied the books were magic the Syriac so renders them It was a private act a voluntary act and leaves us to a voluntary imitation the men in remorse burnt those books which were their own the magistrate by this example is not appointed these men practised the books another might perhaps have read them in some sort usefully

Good and evil we know in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably and the knowledge of good is so involved and inter woven with the knowledge of evil and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned that those confused seeds which were imposed upon Psyche as an incessant labour to cull out and sort asunder were not more intermixed It was from out the rind of one apple tasted that the knowledge of good and evil as two twins cleaving together leaped forth into the world And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil that is to say of knowing good by evil As there fore the state of man now is what wisdom can there be to choose what continence to forbear without the knowledge of evil He that can appre hend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish and yet prefer that which is truly better he is the true wayfaring Christian

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue unexercised and un

breathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race, where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue therefore which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an *excremental whiteness*. Which was the reason why our sage and serious poet Spenser, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas, describing true temperance under the person of Guion, brings him in with his palmer through the cave of Mammon, and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain. Since therefore the knowledge and survey of vice is in this world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth, how can we more safely, and with less danger, scout into the regions of sin and falsity than by reading all manner of tractates and hearing all manner of reason? And this is the benefit which may be had of books promiscuously read.

But of the harm that may result hence three kinds are usually reckoned. First, is feared the infection that may spread; but then all human learning and controversy in religious points must remove out of the world, yea the Bible itself; for that ofttimes relates blasphemy not nicely, it describes the carnal sense of wicked men not unelegantly, it brings in holiest men passionately murmuring against Providence through all the arguments of Epicurus: in other great disputes it answers dubiously and darkly to the common reader. And ask a Talmudist what ails the modesty of his marginal Keri, that Moses and all the prophets cannot persuade him to pronounce the textual Chetiv. For these causes we all know the Bible itself put by the Papist into the first rank of prohibited books. The ancientest fathers must be next removed, as Clement of Alexandria, and that Eusebian book of Evangelic preparation, transmitting our ears through a hoard of heathenish obscenities to receive the Gospel. Who finds not that Irenæus, Epiphanius, Jerome, and others discover more heresies than they well confute, and that oft for heresy which is the truer opinion?

Nor boots it to say for these, and all the heathen writers of greatest infection, if it must be thought so, with whom is bound up the life of human learning, that they writ in an unknown tongue, so long as we are sure those languages are known as well to the worst of men, who are both most able and most diligent to instil the poison they suck, first into the courts of princes, acquainting them with the choicest delights and criticisms of sin. As perhaps did that Petronius whom Nero called his Arbiter, the master of his revels; and the notorious ribald of *Arezzo*, dreaded and yet dear to the Italian courtiers. I name not him for posterity's sake, whom Henry VIII named in merriment his Vicar of hell. By which compendious way all the contagion that foreign books can infuse will find a passage to the people far easier and shorter than an Indian voyage, though it could be sailed either

by the north of Cataio eastward or of Canada westward while our Spanish licensing gags the English press never so severely

But on the other side that infection which is from books of controversy in religion is more doubtful and dangerous to the learned than to the ignorant and yet those books must be permitted untouched by the licenser It will be hard to instance where any ignorant man hath been ever seduced by papistical book in English unless it were commended and expounded to him by some of that clergy and indeed all such tractates, whether false or true are as the prophecy of Isaiah was to the eunuch not to be understood without a guide But of our priests and doctors how many have been corrupted by studying the comments of Jesuits and Sorbonists and how fast they could transfuse that corruption into the people our experience is both late and sad It is not forgot since the acute and distinct Arminius was perverted merely by the perusing of a nameless discourse written at Delft which at first he took in hand to confute

Seeing therefore that those books and those in great abundance which are likeliest to taint both life and doctrine cannot be suppressed without the fall of learning and of all ability in disputation and that these books of either sort are most and soonest catching to the learned from whom to the common people whatever is heretical or dissolute may quickly be conveyed and that evil manners are as perfectly learnt without books a thousand other ways which cannot be stopped and evil doctrine not with books can propagate except a teacher guide which he might also do without writing and so beyond prohibiting I am not able to unfold how this cautelous enterprise of licensing can be exempted from the number of vain and impossible attempts And he who were pleasantly disposed could not well avoid to liken it to the exploit of that gallant man who thought to pound up the crows by shutting his park gate

Besides another inconvenience if learned men be the first receivers out of books and dispreaders both of vice and error how shall the licensers themselves be confided in unless we can confer upon them or they assume to themselves above all others in the land the grace of infallibility and uncorruptedness And again if it be true that a wise man like a good refiner can gather gold out of the drossiest volume and that a fool will be a fool with the best book yea or without book there is no reason that we should deprive a wise man of any advantage to his wisdom while we seek to restrain from a fool that which being restrained will be no hindrance to his folly For if there should be so much exactness always used to keep that from him which is unfit for his reading we should in the judgment of Aristotle not only but of Solomon and of our Saviour not vouchsafe him good precepts and by consequence not willingly admit him to good books as being certain that a wise man will make better use of an idle pamphlet, than a fool will do of sacred Scripture

'Tis next alleged we must not expose ourselves to temptations without necessity and next to that not employ our time in vain things. To both these objections one answer will serve out of the grounds already laid

that to all men such books are not temptations, nor vanities, but useful drugs and materials wherewith to temper and compose effective and strong medicines, which man's life cannot want The rest, as children and childish men, who have not the art to qualify and prepare these working minerals, well may be exhorted to forbear, but hindered forcibly they cannot be by all the licensing that Sainted Inquisition could ever yet contrive Which is what I promised to deliver next, That this order of licensing conduces nothing to the end for which it was framed, and hath almost prevented me by being clear already while thus much hath been explaining See the ingenuity of Truth, who, when she gets a free and willing hand, opens herself faster than the pace of method and discourse can overtake her

It was the task which I began with, to show that no nation, or well-instituted state, if they valued books at all, did ever use this way of licensing, and it might be answered, that this is a piece of prudence lately discovered To which I return, that as it was a thing slight and obvious to think on, so if it had been difficult to find out, there wanted not among them long since who suggested such a course, which they not following, leave us a pattern of their judgment that it was not the not knowing, but the not approving, which was the cause of their not using it

Plato, a man of high authority, indeed, but least of all for his commonwealth, in the book of his Laws, which no city ever yet received, fed his fancy by making many edicts to his airy burgomasters, which they who otherwise admire him wish had been rather buried and excused in the genial cups of an Academic night sitting By which laws he seems to tolerate no kind of learning but by unalterable decree, consisting most of practical traditions to the attainment whereof a library of smaller bulk than his own Dialogues would be abundant And there also enacts, that no poet should so much as read to any private man what he had written, until the judges and law-keepers had seen it, and allowed it But that Plato meant this law peculiarly to that commonwealth which he had imagined, and to no other, is evident Why was he not else a lawgiver to himself, but a transgressor, and to be expelled by his own magistrates, both for the wanton epigrams and dialogues which he made, and his perpetual reading of Sophron Mimus and Aristophanes, books of grossest infamy, and also for commending the latter of them, though he were the malicious libeller of his chief friends, to be read by the tyrant Dionysius, who had little need of such trash to spend his time on? But that he knew this licensing of poems had reference and dependence to many other provisos there set down in his fancied republic, which in this world could have no place and so neither he himself nor any magistrate, or city ever imitated that course, which, taken apart from those other collateral injunctions must needs be vain and fruitless For if they fell upon one kind of strictness unless their care were equal to regulate all other things of like aptness to corrupt the mind, that single endeavour they knew would be but a fond labour, to shut and fortify one gate against corruption, and be necessitated to leave others round about wide open

If we think to regulate printing thereby to rectify manners we must regulate all recreations and pastimes all that is delightful to man No music must be heard no song be set or sung but what is grave and Doric There must be licensing dancers that no gesture motion or deportment be taught our youth but what by their allowance shall be thought honest for such Plato was provided of it will ask more than the work of twenty licensers to examine all the lutes the violins and the guitars in every house they must not be suffered to prattle as they do but must be licensed what they may say And who shall silence all the airs and madrigals that whisper softness in chambers The windows also and the balconies must be thought on there are shrewd books with dangerous frontispieces set to sale who shall prohibit them shall twenty licensers? The villages also must have their visitors to inquire what lectures the bagpipe and the rebeck reads, even to the ballatry and the gamut of every municipal fiddler for these are the countryman s Arcadias and his Monte Mayors

Next what more national corruption for which England hears ill abroad than household gluttony who shall be the rectors of our daily rioting And what shall be done to inhibit the multitudes that frequent those houses where drunkenness is sold and harboured? Our garments also should be referred to the licensing of some more sober workmasters to see them cut into a less wanton garb Who shall regulate all the mixed conversation of our youth male and female together as is the fashion of this country? Who shall still appoint what shall be discoursed what presumed and no further? Lastly who shall forbid and separate all idle resort all evil company? These things will be and must be but how they shall be least hurtful how least enticing herein consists the grave and governing wisdom of a state

To sequester out of the world into Atlantic and Utopian polities which never can be drawn into use will not mend our condition but to ordain wisely as in this world of evil in the midst whereof God hath placed us unavoidably Nor is it Plato s licensing of books will do this which necessarily pulls along with it so many other kinds of licensing as will make us all both ridiculous and weary and yet frustrate but those unwritten or at least unconstraining laws of virtuous education religious and civil nurture which Plato there mentions as the bonds and ligaments of the commonwealth the pillars and the sustainers of every written statute these they be which will bear chief sway in such matters as these when all licensing will be easily eluded Impunity and remissness for certain are the bane of a commonwealth but here the great art lies, to discern in what the law is to bid restraint and punishment and in what things persuasion only is to work

If every action which is good or evil in man at ripe years were to be under pittance and prescription and compulsion what were virtue but a name what praise could be then due to well doing what gramercy to be sober just or continent Many there be that complain of Divine Providence for suffering Adam to transgress foolish tongues! When God gave him reason He gave him freedom to choose for reason is but choosing

he had been else a mere artificial Adam, such an Adam as he is in the motions. We ourselves esteem not of that obedience, or love, or gift, which is of force. God therefore left him free, set before him a provoking object, ever almost in his eyes, herein consisted his merit, herein the right of his reward, the praise of his abstinence. Wherefore did He create passions within us, pleasures round about us, but that these rightly tempered are the very ingredients of virtue?

They are not skilful considerers of human things, who imagine to remove sin by removing the matter of sin, for, besides that it is a huge heap increasing under the very act of diminishing, though some part of it may for a time be withdrawn from some persons, it cannot from all, in such a universal thing as books are, and when this is done, yet the sin remains entire. Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure, he has yet one jewel left, ye cannot bereave him of his covetousness. Banish all objects of lust, shut up all youth into the severest discipline that can be exercised in any hermitage, ye cannot make them chaste, that came not thither so: such great care and wisdom is required to the right managing of this point. Suppose we could expel sin by this means, look how much we thus expel of sin, so much we expel of virtue: for the matter of them both is the same, remove that, and ye remove them both alike.

This justifies the high providence of God, who, though He commands us temperance, justice, continence, yet pours out before us, even to a profuseness, all desirable things, and gives us minds that can wander beyond all limit and satiety. Why should we then affect a rigour contrary to the manner of God and of nature, by abridging or scanting those means, which books freely permitted are, both to the trial of virtue and the exercise of truth? It would be better done, to learn that the law must needs be frivolous, which goes to restrain things, uncertainly and yet equally working to good and to evil. And were I the chooser, a dram of well-doing should be preferred before many times as much the forcible hindrance of evil-doing. For God sure esteems the growth and completing of one virtuous person more than the restraint of ten vicious.

And albeit whatever thing we hear or see, sitting, walking, travelling, or conversing, may be fitly called our book, and is of the same effect that writings are, yet grant the thing to be prohibited were only books, it appears that this order hitherto is far insufficient to the end which it intends. Do we not see, not once or oftener, but weekly, that continued court-libel against the Parliament and City, printed, as the wet sheets can witness, and dispersed among us, for all that licensing can do? yet this is the prime service a man would think, wherein this Order should give proof of itself. If it were executed, you'll say. But certain, if execution be remiss or blindfold now, and in this particular, what will it be hereafter and in other books? If then the Order shall not be vain and frustrate, behold a new labour, Lords and Commons, ye must repeal and proscribe all scandalous and unlicensed books already printed and divulged; after ye have drawn them up into a list, that all may know which are condemned, and which

not and ordain that no *foreign books be delivered out of custody till they have been read over* This office will require the whole time of not a few overseers and those no vulgar men There be also books which are partly useful and excellent *partly culpable and pernicious* this work will ask as many more officials to make expurgations and expunctions that the Commonwealth of Learning be not damnified In fine when the multitude of books *increase upon their hands ye must be fain to catalogue all those* printers who are found frequently offending and forbid the importation of their whole suspected typography In a word that thus your Order may be exact and not deficient *ye must reform it perfectly according to the* model of Trent and Seville which I know ye abhor to do

Yet though ye should condescend to this which God forbid the Order still would be but fruitless and defective to that end whereto ye meant it If to prevent sects and schisms who is so unread or so uncatechised in story that hath not heard of many sects refusing books as a hindrance and preserving their doctrine unmixed for many ages only by unwritten *traditions*? The Christian faith *for that was once a schism is not unknown* to have spread all over Asia ere any Gospel or Epistle was seen in writing If the amendment of manners be aimed at look into Italy and Spain whether *those places* be one scruple the better the honester the wiser the chaster since all the inquisitional rigour that hath been executed upon books

Another reason whereby to make it plain that this Order will miss the end it seeks *consider by the quality which ought to be in every licenser* It cannot be denied but that he who is made judge to sit upon the birth or death of books whether they may be wafted into this world or not had *need to be a man above the common measure* both studious *learned and* judicious there may be else no mean mistakes in the censure of what is passable or not which is also no mean injury If he be of such worth as behoves him there cannot be a more tedious and unpleasing journey work *a greater loss of time levied upon his head than to be made the perpetual* reader of unchosen books and pamphlets ofttimes huge volumes There is no book that is acceptable unless at certain seasons but to be enjoined the *reading of that at all times and in a hand scarce legible* whereof three pages would not down at any time in the fairest print is an imposition which I cannot believe how he that values time and his own studies or is but of a sensible nostril should be able to endure In this one thing I crave leave of the present licensers to be pardoned *for so thinking* who doubtless took this office up looking on it through their obedience to the Parliament whose command perhaps made all things seem easy and unlaborious to them but that this short trial hath wearied them out already their own expressions and excuses to them who make so many journeys *to solicit* their licence are testimony enough Seeing therefore those who now possess the employment by all evident signs wish themselves well rid of it and that no man of worth *none that is not a plain unthrift of his own* hours is ever likely to succeed them, except he mean to put himself to the

salary of a press corrector, we may easily foresee what kind of licensers we are to expect hereafter, either ignorant, imperious, and remiss, or basely pecuniary. This is what I had to show, wherein this Order cannot conduce to that end whereof it bears the intention.

I lastly proceed from the no good it can do, to the manifest hurt it causes, in being first the greatest discouragement and affront that can be offered to learning, and to learned men.

It was the complaint and lamentation of prelates, upon every least breath of a motion to remove pluralities, and distribute more equally Church revenues, that then all learning would be for ever dashed and discouraged. But as for that opinion, I never found cause to think that the tenth part of learning stood or fell with the clergy: nor could I ever but hold it for a sordid and unworthy speech of any churchman who had a competency left him. If therefore ye be loth to dishearten heartily and discontent, not the mercenary crew of false pretenders to learning, but the free and ingenuous sort of such as evidently were born to study, and love learning for itself, not for lucre or any other end but the service of God and of truth, and perhaps that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labours advance the good of mankind, then know that, so far to distrust the judgment and the honesty of one who hath but a common repute in learning, and never yet offended, as not to count him fit to print his mind without a tutor and examiner, lest he should drop a schism, or something of corruption, is the greatest displeasure and indignity to a free and knowing spirit that can be put upon him.

What advantage is it to be a man over it is to be a boy at school, if we have only escaped the ferula to come under the fescue of an Imprimatur, if serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammar-lad under his pedagogue, must not be uttered without the cursory eyes of a temporising and extemporising licenser? He who is not trusted with his own actions, his drift not being known to be evil, and standing to the hazard of law and penalty, has no great argument to think himself reputed in the Commonwealth, wherein he was born, for other than a fool or a foreigner. When a man writes to the world, he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends; after all which done he takes himself to be informed in what he writes, as well as any that writ before him. If in this the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities can bring him to that state of maturity, as not to be still mistrusted and suspected (unless he carry all his considerate diligence, all his midnight watchings and expense of Palladian oil, to the hasty view of an unleisured licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps far his inferior in judgment, perhaps one who never knew the labour of book-writing), and if he be not repulsed or slighted, must appear in print like a puny with his guardian, and his censor's hand on the back of his title to be his bail and surety that he is no

idiot or seducer it cannot be but a dishonour and derogation to the author to the book to the privilege and dignity of Learning

And what if the author shall be one so copious of fancy as to have many things well worth the adding come into his mind after licensing while the book is yet under the press which not seldom happens to the best and diligentest writers and that perhaps a dozen times in one book? The printer dares not go beyond his licensed copy so often then must the author trudge to his leave giver that those his new insertions may be viewed and many a jaunt will be made ere that licenser for it must be the same man can either be found or found at leisure meanwhile either the press must stand still which is no small damage or the author lose his accuratest thoughts and send the book forth worse than he had made it which to a diligent writer is the greatest melancholy and vexation that can befall

And how can a man teach with authority which is the life of teaching how can he be a doctor in his book as he ought to be or else had better be silent whenas all he teaches all he delivers is but under the tuition under the correction of his patriarchal licenser to blot or alter what precisely accords not with the hidebound humour which he calls his judgment? When every acute reader upon the first sight of a pedantic licence will be ready with these like words to ding the book a quoit s distance from him I hate a pupil teacher I endure not an instructor that comes to me under the wardship of an overseeing fist I know nothing of the licenser but that I have his own hand here for his arrogance who shall warrant me his judgment? The State sir replies the stationer but has a quick return The State shall be my governors but not my critics they may be mistaken in the choice of a licenser as easily as this licenser may be mistaken in an author this is some common stuff and he might add from Sir Francis Bacon That such authorised books are but the language of the times For though a licenser should happen to be judicious more than ordinary which will be a great jeopardy of the next succession yet his very office and his commission enjoins him to let pass nothing but what is vulgarly received already

Nay which is more lamentable if the work of any deceased author though never so famous in his lifetime and even to this day come to their hands for licence to be printed or reprinted if there be found in his book one sentence of a venturous edge uttered in the height of zeal and who knows whether it might not be the dictate of a divine spirit yet not suiting with every low decrepit humour of their own though it were Knox himself *the Reformer of a Kingdom that spake it* they will not pardon him their dash the sense of that great man shall to all posterity be lost for the fearfulness or the presumptuous rashness of a perfunctory licenser And to what an author this violence hath been lately done and in what book of greatest consequence to be faithfully published I could now instance but shall forbear till a more convenient season.

Yet if these things be not resented seriously and timely by them who

have the remedy in their power, but that such iron moulds as these shall have authority to gnaw out the choicest periods of exquisitest books, and to commit such a treacherous fraud against the orphan remainders of worthiest men after death, the more sorrow will belong to that hapless race of men, whose misfortune it is to have understanding. Henceforth let no man care to learn, or care to be more than worldly-wise, for certainly in higher matters to be ignorant and slothful, to be a common steadfast dunce, will be the only pleasant life, and only in request.

And as it is a particular disesteem of every knowing person alive, and most injurious to the written labours and monuments of the dead, so to me it seems an undervaluing and vilifying of the whole Nation. I cannot set so light by all the invention, the art, the wit, the grave and solid judgment which is in England, as that it can be comprehended in any twenty capacities how good soever, much less that it should not pass except their superintendence be over it, except it be sifted and strained with their strainers, that it should be uncurrent without their manual stamp. Truth and understanding are not such wares as to be monopolised and traded in by tickets and statutes and standards. We must not think to make a staple commodity of all the knowledge in the land, to mark and licence it like our broadcloth and our woolpacks. What is it but a servitude like that imposed by the Philistines, not to be allowed the sharpening of our own axes and coulters, but we must repair from all quarters to twenty licensing forges? Had anyone written and divulged erroneous things and scandalous to honest life, misusing and forfeiting the esteem had of his reason among men, if after conviction this only censure were adjudged him that he should never henceforth write but what were first examined by an appointed officer, whose hand should be annexed to pass his credit for him that now he might be safely read, it could not be apprehended less than a disgraceful punishment. Whence to include the whole Nation, and those that never yet thus offended, under such a diffident and suspectful prohibition, may plainly be understood what a disparagement it is. So much the more, whenas debtors and delinquents may walk abroad without a keeper, but unoffensive books must not stir forth without a visible jailer in their title.

Nor is it to the common people less than a reproach; for if we be so jealous over them as that we dare not trust them with an English pamphlet, what do we but censure them for a giddy, vicious, and ungrounded people, in such a sick and weak state of faith and discretion as to be able to take nothing down but through the pipe of a licenser? That this is care or love of them we cannot pretend, whenas in those popish places where the laity are most hated and despised the same strictness is used over them. Wisdom we cannot call it, because it stops but one breach of licence, nor that neither: whenas those corruptions, which it seeks to prevent, break in faster at other doors which cannot be shut.

And in conclusion it reflects to the disrepute of our Ministers also, of whose labours we should hope better, and of the proficiency which their flock reaps by them, than that after all this light of the Gospel which is

and is to be and all this continual preaching they should still be *frequented* with such an unprincipled unedified and laic rabble as that the whiff of every new pamphlet should stagger them out of their catechism and Christian walking This may have much reason to discourage the Ministers when such a low conceit is had of all their exhortations and the benefiting of their hearers as that they are not thought fit to be turned loose to three sheets of paper without a licenser that all the sermons all the lectures preached printed vented in such numbers and such volumes as have now well nigh made all other books unsaleable should not be armour enough against one single Enchiridion without the castle of St Angelo of an Imprimatur

And lest some should persuade ye Lords and Commons that these arguments of learned men's discouragement at this your Order are mere flourishes and not real I could recount what I have seen and heard in other countries where this kind of inquisition tyrannises when I have sat among their learned men for that honour I had and been counted happy to be born in such a place of philosophic freedom as they supposed England was, while themselves did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into which learning amongst them was brought that this was it which had damped the glory of Italian wits that nothing had been there written now these many years but flattery and fustian There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo grown old a prisoner to the Inquisition for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought.

And though I knew that England then was groaning loudest under the prelatical yoke nevertheless I took it as a pledge of future happiness that other nations were so persuaded of her liberty Yet was it beyond my hope that those Worthies were then breathing in her air who should be her leaders to such a deliverance as shall never be forgotten by any revolution of time that this world hath to finish When that was once begun it was as little in my fear that what words of complaint I heard among learned men of other parts uttered against the Inquisition the same I should hear by as learned men at home uttered in time of Parliament against an order of licensing and that so generally that when I had disclosed myself a companion of their discontent I might say if without envy that he whom an honest quaestorship had endeared to the Sicilians was not more by them importuned against Verres than the favourable opinion which I had among many who honour ye and are known and respected by ye loaded me with entreaties and persuasions that I would not despair to lay together that which just reason should bring into my mind toward the removal of an undeserved thraldom upon learning That this is not therefore the disburdening of a particular fancy but the common grievance of all those who had prepared their minds and studies above the vulgar pitch to advance truth in others, and from others to entertain it thus much may satisfy

And in their name I shall for neither friend nor foe conceal what the general murmur is that if it come to inquisitioning again and licensing

and that we are so timorous of ourselves, and so suspicious of all men, as to fear each book and the shaking of every leaf, before we know what the contents are, if some who but of late were little better than silenced from preaching shall come now to silence us from reading, except what they please, it cannot be guessed what is intended by some but a second tyranny over learning and will soon put it out of controversy, that Bishops and Presbyters are the same to us, both name and thing. That those evils of Prelaty, which before from five or six and twenty sees were distributively charged upon the whole people, will now light wholly upon learning, is not obscure to us: whenas now the Pastor of a small unlearned Parish on the sudden shall be exalted Archbishop over a large diocese of books, and yet not remove, but keep his other cure too, a mystical pluralist. He who but of late cried down the sole ordination of every novice Bachelor of Art, and denied sole jurisdiction over the simplest parishioner, shall now at home in his private chair assume both these over worthiest and excellentest books and ablest authors that write them.

This is not, ye Covenants and Protestations that we have made! this is not to put down Prelaty; this is but to chop an Episcopacy; this is but to translate the Palace Metropolitan from one kind of dominion into another, this is but an old canonical sleight of commuting our penance. To startle thus betimes at a mere unlicensed pamphlet will after a while be afraid of every conventicle, and a while after will make a conventicle of every Christian meeting. But I am certain that a State governed by the rules of justice and fortitude, or a Church built and founded upon the rock of faith and true knowledge, cannot be so pusillanimous. While things are yet not constituted in Religion, that freedom of writing should be restrained by a discipline imitated from the Prelates and learnt by them from the Inquisition, to shut us up all again into the breast of a licenser, must needs give cause of doubt and discouragement to all learned and religious men.

Who cannot but discern the fineness of this politic drift, and who are the contrivers; that while Bishops were to be baited down, then all Presses might be open; it was the people's birthright and privilege in time of Parliament, it was the breaking forth of light. But now, the Bishops abrogated and voided out the Church, as if our Reformation sought no more but to make room for others into their seats under another name, the episcopal arts begin to bud again, the cruse of truth must run no more oil, liberty of Printing must be enthralled again under a prelatical commission of twenty, the privilege of the people nullified, and, which is worse, the freedom of learning must groan again and to her old fetters: all this the Parliament yet sitting. Although their own late arguments and defences against the Prelates might remember them, that this obstructing violence meets for the most part with an event utterly opposite to the end which it drives at: instead of suppressing sects and schisms, it raises them and invests them with a reputation. "The punishing of wits enhances their authority," saith the Viscount St. Albans; "and a forbidden writing is thought to be a certain spark of truth that flies up in the faces of them who seek to tread it out."

This Order therefore may prove a nursing mother to sects but I shall easily show how it will be a stepdame to Truth and first by disenabling us to the maintenance of what is known already

Well knows he who uses to consider that our faith and knowledge thrives by exercise as well as our limbs and complexion Truth is compared in Scripture to a streaming fountain if her waters flow not in a perpetual progression they sicken into a muddy pool of conformity and tradition A man may be a heretic in the truth and if he believe things only because his Pastor says so or the Assembly so determines without knowing other reason though his belief be true yet the very truth he holds becomes his heresy

There is not any burden that some would gladlier post off to another than the charge and care of their Religion There be—who knows not that there be?—of Protestants and professors who live and die in as arrant an implicit faith as any lay Papist of Loretto A wealthy man addicted to his pleasure and to his profits finds Religion to be a traffic so entangled and of so many piddling accounts that of all mysteries he cannot skill to keep a stock going upon that trade *What should he do* fain he *would have the* name to be religious fain he would bear up with his neighbours in that What does he therefore but resolve to give over toiling and to find him self out some factor to whose care and credit he may commit the whole *managing of his religious affairs some Divine of note and estimation that* must be To him he adheres resigns the whole warehouse of his religion with all the locks and keys into his custody and indeed makes the very person of that man his religion esteems his associating with him a sufficient *evidence and commendatory of his own piety So that a man may say his* religion is now no more within himself but is become a dividual movable and goes and comes near him according as that good man frequents the house He entertains him gives him gifts feasts him lodges him his religion comes home at night prays *is liberally supped and sumptuously* laid to sleep rises is saluted and after the malmsey or some well spiced brewage and better breakfasted than he whose morning appetite would have gladly fed on green figs between Bethany and Jerusalem his Religion walks abroad at eight *and leaves his kind entertainer in the shop trading all* day without his Religion

Another sort there be who when they hear that all things shall be ordered all things regulated and settled nothing written but what passes through the custom house of certain *Publicans that have the tonnaging* and poundaging of all free spoken truth will straight give themselves up into your hands make em and cut em out what religion ye please there be delights there be recreations and jolly pastimes that will fetch the day about from sun to sun and rock the tedious year *as in a delightful dream* What need they torture their heads with that which others have taken so strictly and so unalterably into their own purveying These are the fruits which a dull ease and cessation of our knowledge will bring forth among the people How goodly and how to be *wished were such an obedient*

unanimity as this, what a fine conformity would it starch us all into! Doubtless a staunch and solid piece of framework, as any January could freeze together.

Nor much better will be the consequence even among the clergy themselves. It is no new thing never heard of before, for a parochial Minister, who has his reward and is at his Hercules' pillars in a warm benefice, to be easily inclinable, if he have nothing else that may rouse up his studies, to finish his circuit in an English Concordance and a topic folio, the gatherings and savings of a sober graduateship, a Harmony and a Catena, treading the constant round of certain common doctrinal heads, attended with the uses, motives, marks, and means, out of which, as out of an alphabet, or sol-fa, by forming and transforming, joining and disjoining variously, a little bookcraft, and two hours' meditation, might furnish him unspeakably to the performance of more than a weekly charge of sermoning: not to reckon up the infinite helps of interlinearies, breviaries, synopses, and other loitering gear. But as for the multitude of sermons ready printed and piled up, on every text that is not difficult, our London trading St. Thomas in his vestry, and add to boot St. Martin and St. Hugh, have not within their hallowed limits more vendible ware of all sorts ready made: so that penury he never need fear of pulpit provision, having where so plenteously to refresh his magazine. But if his rear and flanks be not impaled, if his back door be not secured by the rigid licenser, but that a bold book may now and then issue forth and give the assault to some of his old collections in their trenches, it will concern him then to keep waking, to stand in watch, to set good guards and sentinels about his received opinions, to walk the round and counter-round with his fellow inspectors, fearing lest any of his flock be seduced, who also then would be better instructed, better exercised and disciplined. And God send that the fear of this diligence, which must then be used, do not make us affect the laziness of a licensing Church.

For if we be sure we are in the right, and do not hold the truth guiltily, which becomes not, if we ourselves condemn not our own weak and frivolous teaching, and the people for an untaught and irreligious gadding rout, what can be more fair than when a man judicious, learned, and of a conscience, for aught we know, as good as theirs that taught us what we know, shall not privily from house to house, which is more dangerous, but openly by writing publish to the world what his opinion is, what his reasons, and wherefore that which is now thought cannot be sound? Christ urged it as wherewith to justify himself, that he preached in public; yet writing is more public than preaching, and more easy to refutation, if need be, there being so many whose business and profession merely it is to be the champions of Truth; which if they neglect, what can be imputed but their sloth, or unability?

Thus much we are hindered and disinured by this course of licensing toward the true knowledge of what we seem to know. For how much it hurts and hinders the licensers themselves in the calling of their ministry, more than any secular employment, if they will discharge that office as

they ought so that of necessity they *must neglect either the one duty* or the other I insist not because it is a particular but leave it to their own conscience how they will decide it there

There is yet behind of what I proposed to lay open the incredible loss and detriment that this plot of licensing puts us to more than if some *enemy at sea should* stop up all our havens and ports and creeks it hinders and retards the importation of our richest Merchandise Truth nay it was *first established and put in practice* by *Antichristian malice and mystery* on set purpose to extinguish if it were possible the light of Reformation and to settle falsehood little differing from that policy wherewith the Turk upholds his Alcoran by the prohibition of Printing 'Tis not denied but gladly confessed we are to send our thanks and vows to Heaven louder *than most of nations* for that great measure of truth which we enjoy especially in those main points between us and the Pope with his appurtenances the Prelates but he who thinks we are to pitch our tent here and have attained the utmost prospect of reformation that the mortal glass wherein we contemplate can show us till we come to beatific vision that man by this very opinion declares that he is yet far short of Truth

Truth indeed came once into the world with her Divine Master and was a *perfect shape most glorious to look on* but when *He ascended* and *His* Apostles *after Him* were laid asleep then straight arose a *wicked race of deceivers* who as that *story goes of the Egyptian Typhon* with his conspirators how they dealt with the good *Osiris* took the virgin Truth hewed her lovely *form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them* to the four wind From that time ever since the sad friends of Truth such as durst appear imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris went up and down gathering up limb by limb still as they could *find them* We have not yet *found them all* Lords and Commons, nor ever shall do till her Master s second coming He shall bring together every joint and member and shall mould them into *an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection Suffer not these licensing prohibitions to stand at every place of opportunity* forbidding and disturbing them that continue seeking that continue to do our obsequies to the torn body *of our* martyred saint

We boast our light but if we look not wisely on the Sun itself it smites us into darkness Who can discern those planets that are oft combust and those stars of brightest magnitude that rise and set with the Sun until the *opposite motion of their orbs bring them to such a place in the firmament* where they may be seen evening or morning? The light which we have gained was given us not to be ever staring on but by it to discover onward things *more remote from our knowledge It is not the unfrocking of* a priest, the unmitring of a bishop and the removing him *from off the presbyterian shoulders* that will make us a happy Nation No if other things as great in the Church and in the rule of life both economical and political be not looked into and reformed we have looked *so long upon the blaze* that Zuinglius and Calvin hath beaconed *up to us* that we are stark blind.

There be who perpetually complain of schisms and sects, and make it such a calamity that any man dissents from their maxims. 'Tis their own pride and ignorance which causes the disturbing, who neither will hear with meekness, nor can convince, yet all must be suppressed which is not found in their Syntagma. They are the troublers, they are the dividers of unity, who neglect and permit not others to unite those dissevered pieces which are yet wanting to the body of Truth. To be still searching what we know not by what we know, still closing up truth to truth as we find it (for all her body is homogeneal and proportional), this is the golden rule in theology as well as in arithmetic, and makes up the best harmony in a Church, not the forced and outward union of cold and neutral, and inwardly divided minds.

Lords and Commons of England, consider what Nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors: a Nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious and piercing spirit, acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point, the highest that human capacity can soar to. Therefore the studies of Learning in her deepest sciences have been so ancient and so eminent among us, that writers of good antiquity and ablest judgment have been persuaded that even the school of Pythagoras and the Persian wisdom took beginning from the old philosophy of this island. And that wise and civil Roman, Julius Agricola, who governed once here for Cæsar, preferred the natural wits of Britain before the laboured studies of the French. Nor is it for nothing that the grave and frugal Transylvanian sends out yearly from as far as the mountainous borders of Russia, and beyond the Hercynian wilderness, not their youth, but their staid men, to learn our language and our theologic arts.

Yet that which is above all this, the favour and the love of Heaven, we have great argument to think in a peculiar manner propitious and propending towards us. Why else was this Nation chosen before any other, that out of her, as out of Sion, should be proclaimed and sounded forth the first tidings and trumpet of Reformation to all Europe? And had it not been the obstinate perverseness of our prelates against the divine and admirable spirit of Wiclif, to suppress him as a schismatic and innovator, perhaps neither the Bohemian Huss and Jerome, no nor the name of Luther or of Calvin, had been ever known: the glory of reforming all our neighbours had been completely ours. But now, as our obdurate clergy have with violence demeaned the matter, we are become hitherto the latest and backwardest scholars, of whom God offered to have made us the teachers. Now once again by all concurrence of signs, and by the general instinct of holy and devout men, as they daily and solemnly express their thoughts, God is decreeing to begin some new and great period in His Church, even to the reforming of Reformation itself: what does He then but reveal Himself to His servants, and as His manner is, first to His Englishmen? I say, as His manner is, first to us, though we mark not the method of His counsels, and are unworthy.

Behold now this vast City: a city of refuge, the mansion house of liberty,

encompassed and surrounded with His protection the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers waking to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed Justice in defence of beleaguered Truth than there be pens and heads there sitting by their studious lamps musing searching revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present as with their homage and their fealty the approaching Reformation others as fast reading trying all things assenting to the force of reason and convincement What could a man require more from a Nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil but wise and faithful labourers to make a knowing people a Nation of Prophets of Sages and of Worthies? We reckon more than five months yet to harvest there need not be five weeks had we but eyes to lift up the fields are white already

Where there is much desire to learn there of necessity will be much arguing much writing *many opinions for opinion in good men is but* knowledge in the making Under these fantastic terrors of sect and schism we wrong the earnest *and zealous thirst after knowledge and understanding* which God hath stirred up in this city What some lament of we rather *should rejoice at should rather praise this pious forwardness among men* to reassume the ill reputed care of their Religion into their own hands *again A little generous prudence a little forbearance of one another and* some grain of charity might win all these diligences to join and unite in *one general and brotherly search after Truth could we but forego this* prelatical tradition of crowding free consciences and Christian liberties *into canons and precepts of men I doubt not if some great and worthy* stranger should come among us wise to discern the mould and temper of a people and how *to govern it observing the high hopes and aims* the diligent alacrity of our extended thoughts and reasonings in the pursuance of truth and freedom but that he would cry *out as Pyrrhus did admiring* the Roman docility and courage If such were my Epirots I would not despair the greatest *design that could be attempted to make a Church or* Kingdom happy

Yet these are the men cried out against *for schismatics and sectaries* as if while the temple of the Lord was building some cutting some squaring the marble, others hewing the cedars *there should be a sort of irrational* men who could not consider there must be many schisms and many dissections made in the quarry and in the timber *ere the house of God can be* built And when every stone is laid artfully together it cannot be united into a continuity it can but be contiguous in this world *neither can every* piece of the building be of one form nay rather the perfection consists in this that out of many moderate varieties and brotherly *dissimilitudes that* are not vastly disproportional arises the goodly and the graceful symmetry that commends the whole pile and structure

Let us therefore be more considerate builders more wise in spiritual architecture when great reformation is expected *For now the time seems* come wherein Moses the great prophet may sit in heaven rejoicing to see

that memorable and glorious wish of his fulfilled, when not only our seventy Elders, but all the Lord's people, are become prophets. No marvel then though some men, and some good men too perhaps, but young in goodness, as Joshua then was, envy them. They fret, and out of their own weakness are in agony, lest these divisions and subdivisions will undo us. The adversary again applauds, and waits the hour: When they have branched themselves out, saith he, small enough into parties and partitions, then will be our time. Fool! he sees not the firm root, out of which we all grow, though into branches: nor will beware until he see our small divided maniples cutting through at every angle of his ill-united and unwieldy brigade. And that we are to hope better of all these supposed sects and schisms, and that we shall not need that solicitude, honest perhaps though over-timorous of them that vex in this behalf, but shall laugh in the end at those malicious applauders of our differences, I have these reasons to persuade me.

First, when a City shall be as it were besieged and blocked about, her navigable river infested, inroads and incursions round, defiance and battle oft rumoured to be marching up even to her walls and suburb trenches, that then the people, or the greater part, more than at other times, wholly taken up with the study of highest and most important matters to be reformed, should be disputing, reasoning, reading, inventing, discoursing, even to a rarity and admiration, things not before discoursed or written of, argues first a singular goodwill, contentedness and confidence in your prudent foresight and safe government, Lords and Commons; and from thence derives itself to a gallant bravery and well-grounded contempt of their enemies, as if there were no small number of as great spirits among us, as his was, who when Rome was nigh besieged by Hannibal, being in the city, bought that piece of ground at no cheap rate, whereon Hannibal himself encamped his own regiment.

Next, it is a lively and cheerful presage of our happy success and victory. For as in a body, when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous not only to vital but to rational faculties, and those in the acutest and the pertest operations of wit and subtlety, it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is; so when the cheerfulness of the people is so sprightly up, as that it has not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare, and to bestow upon the solidest and sublimest points of controversy and new invention, it betokens us not degenerated, nor drooping to a fatal decay, but casting off the old and wrinkled skin of corruption to outlive these pangs and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of truth and prosperous virtue, destined to become great and honourable in these latter ages. Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks. Methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those

also that love the twilight flutter about amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms.

What would ye do then? should ye suppress all this flowery crop of knowledge and new light sprung up and yet springing daily in this city? should ye set an oligarchy of twenty engrossers over it to bring a famine upon our minds again when we shall know nothing but what is measured to us by their bushel Believe it Lords and Commons they who counsel ye to such a suppressing do as good as bid ye suppress yourselves and I will soon show how If it be desired to know the immediate cause of all this free writing and free speaking there cannot be assigned a truer than your own mild and free and humane government It is the liberty Lords and Commons which your own valorous and happy counsels have purchased us liberty which is the nurse of all great wits this is that which hath rarefied and enlightened our spirits like the influence of heaven this is that which hath enfranchised enlarged and lifted up our apprehensions degrees above themselves

Ye cannot make us now less capable less knowing less eagerly pursuing of the truth unless ye first make yourselves that made us so less the lovers less the founders of our true liberty We can grow ignorant again brutish formal and slavish as ye found us but you then must first become that which ye cannot be oppressive arbitrary and tyrannous as they were from whom ye have freed us That our hearts are now more capacious our thoughts more erected to the search and expectation of greatest and exactest things is the issue of your own virtue propagated in us ye cannot suppress that unless ye reinforce an abrogated and merciless law that fathers may despatch at will their own children And who shall then stick closest to ye and excite others not he who takes up arms for coat and conduct and his four nobles of Danegelt Although I dispraise not the defence of just immunities yet love my peace better if that were all Give me the liberty to know to utter and to argue freely according to conscience above all liberties

What would be best advised then if it be found so hurtful and so unequal to suppress opinions for the newness or the unsuitableness to a customary acceptance will not be my task to say I only shall repeat what I have learned from one of your own honourable number a right noble and pious lord who had he not sacrificed his life and fortunes to the Church and Commonwealth we had not now missed and bewailed a worthy and undoubted patron of this argument Ye know him I am sure yet I for honour's sake and may it be eternal to him shall name him the Lord Brook He writing of Episcopacy and by the way treating of sects and schisms left ye his vote or rather now the last words of his dying charge which I know will ever be of dear and honoured regard with ye so full of meekness and breathing charity that next to His last testament who bequeathed love and peace to His disciples I cannot call to mind where I have read or heard words more mild and peaceful He there exhorts us to hear with patience and humility those however they be miscalled that

desire to live purely, in such a use of God's ordinances, as the best guidance of their conscience gives them, and to tolerate them, though in some disconformity to ourselves. The book itself will tell us more at large, being published to the world, and dedicated to the Parliament by him who, both for his life and for his death, deserves that what advice he left be not laid by without perusal.

And now the time in special is, by privilege to write and speak what may help to the further discussing of matters in agitation. The temple of Janus with his two controversial faces might now not unsignificantly be set open. And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. He who hears what praying there is for light and clearer knowledge to be sent down among us, would think of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Geneva, framed and fabricked already to our hands. Yet when the new light which we beg for shines in upon us, there be who envy and oppose, if it come not first in at their casements. What a collusion is this, whenas we are exhorted by the wise man to use diligence, to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasures early and late, that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute? When a man hath been labouring the hardest labour in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons as it were a battle ranged, scattered and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please, only that he may try the matter by dint of argument; for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valour enough in soldiership, is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of Truth.

For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power. Give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps, for then she speaks not true, as the old Proteus did, who spake oracles only when he was caught and bound, but then rather she turns herself into all shapes, except her own, and perhaps tunes her voice according to the time, as Micaiah did before Ahab, until she be adjured into her own likeness. Yet is it not impossible that she may have more shapes than one. What else is all that rank of things indifferent, wherein Truth may be on this side or on the other, without being unlike herself? What but a vain shadow else is the abolition of those ordinances, that hand writing nailed to the cross? What great purchase is this Christian liberty which Paul so often boasts of? His doctrine is, that he who eats or eats not, regards a day or regards it not, may do either to the Lord. How many other things might be tolerated in peace, and left to conscience, had we but charity, and were it not the chief strong-

they themselves have begun by transgressing it be not enough but that they will persuade and execute the most *Dominican part of the Inquisition* over us and are already with one foot in the stirrup so active at suppressing it would be no unequal distribution in the first place to suppress the suppressors themselves *whom the change of their condition hath puffed up* more than their late experience of harder times hath made wise

And as for regulating the Press let no man think to have the honour of advising ye better than yourselves have done in that Order published next before this that no book be Printed unless the Printer s and the Author s name or at least the Printer s be registered Those which otherwise come forth if they be found mischievous and libellous the fire and the executioner will be the timeliest and the most effectual remedy that man s prevention can use For this authentic Spanish policy of licensing books if I have said aught will prove the most unlicensed book itself within a short while and was the immediate image of a Star Chamber decree to that purpose made in those very times when that Court did the rest of those her *pious works for which she is now fallen from the stars with Lucifer* Whereby ye may guess what kind of state prudence what love of the people *what care of Religion or good manners there was at the contriving* although with singular hypocrisy it pretended to bind books to their good behaviour And how it got the upper hand of your precedent Order so *well constituted before if we may believe those men whose profession* gives them cause to enquire most it may be doubted there was in it the fraud of some old patentees and monopolisers in the trade of bookselling who under pretence of the poor in their Company not to be defrauded and the just retaining of each man his several copy which God forbid should be gainsaid brought divers glosing colours to the House which were indeed but colours and serving to no end except it be to exercise a superiority over their neighbours men who do not therefore labour in an honest profession to which learning is indebted that they should be made other men s vassals Another end is thought was aimed at by some of them in procuring by petition this Order that having power in their hands, malignant books might the easier scape abroad as the event shows

But of these sophisms and elenchs of merchandise I skill not This I know that errors in a good government and in a bad are equally almost incident for what Magistrate may not be misinformed and much the sooner if Liberty of Printing be reduced into the power of a few? But to redress willingly and speedily what hath been erred and in highest authority to *esteem a plain advertisement more than others have done a sumptuous bribe* is a virtue (honoured Lords and Commons) answerable to your highest actions and whereof none can participate but greatest and wisest men.